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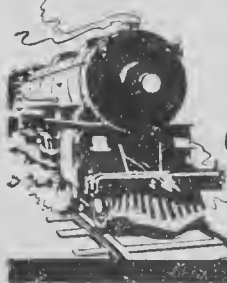
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THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year, or three years for \$2.00 to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

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The Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG, CANADA

Dear Reader,

At this time resolutions for the New Year are in order, and might we suggest that one worthy of consideration is a determination to be sure and have The Western Home Monthly visit your family regularly during 1925. I wish I could sit down beside you this morning, and tell you about the many good things which will be found in the forthcoming issues of The Western Home Monthly. They will be packed with the kind of articles and short stories for which the Western Home Monthly is justly famous, and you will also find the other features exceptionally interesting.

Our plans for the year promise you more than ever before of fiction by well-known writers; of articles on subjects worthwhile; of service in home-keeping and dress.

In over 55,000 homes (our family has increased considerably during the past year) The Western Home Monthly is a necessity. That is a very large quantity of magazines to distribute, and there can be only one good reason why this enormous number of Western Canadian readers buy and read it month after month. That reason is a sincere appreciation for the quality and quantity of the stories, special articles and features for which we spend thousands of dollars annually.

Most of our readers are in good standing on our books, but, of course, there are a certain number of subscriptions falling due all the time, and this letter is intended principally for those subscribers whose names are in danger of being dropped from our mailing list, and so, right now, while you are thinking about it turn to the cover, and make sure that you are paid up in advance.

If your subscription expires with the current issue--or is going to do so in the near future--just fill in and send us the attached coupon together with a dollar bill, and we wager you won't regret it. And in conclusion we would like to say that many of our present readers whose subscriptions do not fall due for quite a long time may feel disposed to make the New Year happier and brighter for one of their friends by sending along a subscription on his or her behalf. An increasing number of gift orders reach us every year, and of course, we always send a nicely engraved card to the new subscriber explaining through whose courtesy The Western Home Monthly is being forwarded.

But whether you are a reader of The Western Home Monthly or not, whether you intend to subscribe or whether you don't--a Very Happy New Year anyway!

Yours very truly,

The Editor

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EDITORIAL

The Cross-Word Puzzle

THERE is something very interesting in making and solving cross word puzzles. The time devoted to the pastime is not altogether wasted. To begin with, the sport has killed bridge and mah-jong, and that is something to be thankful for. Then, it has united families in common problems, and that is a gain, even if the cause is not an altogether worthy one. Nor is it all loss to get acquainted with the English dictionary. The vocabulary of the average citizen is not just as extensive as it might be, and it contains many words that are not justified by good usage—words such as guy, jake, nit, simp, sap. Familiarity with a good dictionary is to be encouraged. As a matter of fact, there are few books more educative than a dictionary such as the Concise Oxford.

Then, too, there is another value in attempting to solve a cross word puzzle. A word looks all right till it is tested in the other direction. Then it fails. This leads to fresh trial. Some word has to be found that will accommodate itself in two ways. So is it in life. The first idea of a man may not be workable. His wife or neighbor may not agree with him. He must seek another solution of his difficulty. In other words, he must learn to adapt himself to conditions. The cross word educates him in power of adaptation.

Of course, the fad will have its day, but in the meantime, the book stores will sell copies of Roget's Thesaurus and the Unabridged Dictionary by the hundred, and perhaps this will be a step towards better English. Should not everyone know the meaning of abye, co-opt, phrenetic, plangent, ruddle, sapid, tarn, vituline, and guilloche?

Home Life

ONE of the very best things that can be said about any country is that it is rich in good homes. Nothing that contributes to home-building is insignificant, nothing that makes for deterioration can be ignored. Therefore, at this season of the year, when men and women are making good resolutions, it is to be hoped they will keep in mind the first and greatest of all institutions.

Among the elements that must be considered in home-making are the relationships of parents and children, the opportunities for culture, the contact with the outside world. All of these are important, but the first is most important of all.

First of all, the parents in themselves should be models for their offspring—in speech, in manner, in temper and in industry. There is no greater comfort to a young child than the voice of a mother sweetly tuned. Shakespeare knew this when he wrote of the voice: "Gentle, sweet and low, an excellent thing in woman." And there are few things that contribute more to roughness, irreverence and misrule, than the careless, profane utterance of a coarse father. A home can be measured by the speech of the parents—the vocabulary employed, the pitch of the voices, the varying phraseology. Manner is equally important. Courtesy breeds courtesy, and affection ever returns upon itself. So, too, are the tempers of father and mother reflected in the children. The habits of life, are they not always formed in childhood through imitation? The very strength of a home, therefore, is in the parents—their character and characteristics, their relationship to each other, and their attitude towards the children. Given a nation in which parents love their children truly and tenderly, there need be little worrying as to the future.

But parents who wish well for their offspring will endeavor to provide opportunities for culture, in so far as means and conditions will permit. These may be summed up in the words reading and recreation. It is not necessary for a home to possess a large library, but the books should be of the right kind. When parents of a district combine to make purchases and freely exchange volumes, reading matter is not so very expensive. Combination might also in villages ensure the setting up of a radio, and, of course, gramophones are now fairly common, and good records may be had on reasonable terms. But, in the end, true recreation necessitates opportunity for play or handwork, and in both rural and urban communities there may be abundance of both, if parents exercise a little thought. One thing is certain, if the home is not made attractive for the young people, if they have nothing to see and hear and do, they will soon leave and look for more attractive surroundings. Are they to be blamed?

Step Up, Ladies!

A MAN who was visiting at an asylum and shown about by one of the guards, was astounded to see how unconcerned and unafraid the two guards were in the face of the large number of patients. The visitor expressed his fears.

"What would happen to you," he said, to the guard, "if these fellows should ever organize against you?"

The guard replied:

"There's no danger. These men cannot organize; that's why they are here."

Women are beginning to believe there is something in this; and so we have springing up all over, women's political clubs. I believe women have an intuitive understanding of politics. I mean particularly, the woman who has done her own work: raised a family and financed on small means. Wealth has a corroding effect on the brain, but the dire need of economy sharpens our wits, and develops a sturdy independence and resourcefulness that cannot come any other way.

The rugged battle of life is a great place to learn. I don't believe any woman who has faced her own problems would, if she were called to administer her country's affairs, economise on the health of the people, or in the matter of actual necessities, to any class receiving state aid or in the matter of education. A wise mother will not cut down on milk and butter; nor will she cut out the school books, or boots for the children. Usually if there is going to be any department of the household scrimped it will be her own. She will put the first cut on her own allowance. Governments of the present day, do not follow this procedure. The psalmist has a comprehensive phrase which I shall borrow here: "The ungodly are not so."

Public affairs are not governed by other laws than private affairs. All life is relative and coherent so I see no reason for women being afraid of public life. Harder things they have done.

A Methodist Minister's wife whom I know, has already moved 27 times and raised six children. Can any one believe that it would bother her to move a resolution or raise a point of order?

A woman who can take her summer hat and cover the straw with velvet and put back the trimming with a dab of fur, and make it into a winter hat, more beautiful in its second incarnation than it was in the first, surely she could put a bill through its second reading?

The old question was often raised: Will women want to sit in Parliament? Anna Howard Shaw used to say that women had stood at the ironing board and bent over the wash tub so long, that they would be glad to sit anywhere.

Political Clubs for women can be of great service if they plan an educational program. The unforgivable mental sin is the closed mind; the thinking around in circles, beginning and ending at the same place; the use of canned thoughts instead of digging up fresh ones. A new idea is as welcome to some souls as a draft on the back of their necks. Their first instinct is to get up and shut the door.

Here is a great field for women—and one that is not overworked—to start the movement for organized, intelligent, systematic thinking on all public questions: not threshing over the old straw and reiterating old prejudices, but assembling all possible knowledge, summoning all available witnesses, and arriving at logical conclusions. Step up, Ladies!

Rellie L. McClung

For the big outside world is always calling, and the call is seductive to young ears. Wise the parents who endeavor to bring that world into their homes. For if the children decide to live on in the home district, they will at least be broad in their sympathies and charitable in their judgments, and if they decide to leave for other fields they will be forewarned and forearmed. Whether a child goes or remains, parents owe it to him that in knowledge and thought he should not forever move around in the small circle of his immediate interests.

It is not easy to provide ideal home conditions in Western Canada, but it is easier than it was a few years ago. This year we are to have a return of prosperous times. Everything points that way. May we not resolve that the first fruits of prosperity will mean additional comforts and privileges for the homes?

Religious Differences

LOOKING through one of the book stores I was struck with the number of books dealing with religious questions. The writers are hopelessly antagonistic in their views, but all are certain they are right. They remind one of the blind men of Hindustan who went to see the elephant. Each felt a different part of the animal and of course each protested that his description was right. It is even so with these writers. There are the literalists who worship the written word, overlooking the fact that the Living Word which it attempts to glorify is greater. There are the worshippers of figures of speech who see spiritual truths only in similes. There are ritualists who reduce all religion to beauty of sound and motion and mystics who dream away their days in fancied devotion. Then there are faithhealers and men possessed with the gift of tongues, holiness people, children of the flying roll, adventists, pentecostals, and what not. And they are all right and all the others are wrong. Yet they all acknowledge God as their Head and Father, yet bicker and quarrel in His presence to prove their orthodoxy and devotion. It is fortunate that there are some simple Christians who are not unduly worried over theology but who have a zeal for righteousness. They can see good in their neighbors, and can appreciate differences of opinion, because they know that worthy opinion is built on experience, and the experiences of men must of necessity differ.

May it not be laid down as a fundamental principle that a religion which does not beautify, enrich and ennoble the life is spurious, and that religion which emphasizes fear rather than love is morally degrading, that a religion which breeds superstition and destroys the right of the individual to deal directly with his God is damaging in the extreme, and that a religion which makes one daily live as in the presence of the Almighty and work, humble and reverently, in the service of his fellows is a religion that has something in its favor?

All men need God. They need the God personally. They do not have to take as theirs the God of somebody else. Their God must grow with every changing experience. The God of yesterday cannot be the God of today, much less the God of tomorrow, and the God of no two people can be the same. So maybe it is not such a calamity if people differ, if only they are honest in their expression. When a man differs from me, I should either envy his higher wealth of experience or be sorry for his lack of development, I can gain nothing by trying to browbeat him into acquiescence with my views. He cannot honestly assume my views. He must through experience grow to be what he is. The good preacher never wants people to repeat "Credo." He wants them so to live that from their own hearts they will say, "Credo."

So most of these books on the shelves we put to one side, for their mission is not to develop spiritual life in the readers, but to make them think as the authors think, without going through the labor of thinking. Nevertheless there are a few really helpful volumes that give valuable information and suggest lines of interpretation. They are books in which great souls show how they have attained the heights. They do not ask us to follow, for some of us must ever be dwellers in the valleys, but useful even there. But why not let every man find God in his own way?

The Lone Hand

By EDITH G. BAYNE

JUST as the finished artist, the great master-craftsman, may be pardoned for smiling at the crude work of a mere amateur, so might Mercuria Milson, *artiste supreme* in her chosen calling have been absolved for the little smile of mingled superiority and contempt with which she regarded, *via* a pillar mirror, the bungling method employed by a lady in purple velvet and Kolinsky who sought to annex unto herself *sans* obligations a pink georgette blouse from the select stock of a woman's-wear department. Mercuria, who knew by sight every store detective in the city, turned expectantly, and still with that tiny smile of amusement and pity, to the tall, clean-shaved, dark man in plain clothes who had been talking to a saleswoman, nearby. It was even so! With hardly any fuss at all the bungler was presently led away in the direction of the office.

Mercuria yawned, delicately tapping her lips with slim tan-gloved fingers. Her smiles faded as boredly she turned to receive her change.

"What did that dame pinch?" asked the smart little salesgirl, eyeing the two retreating figures in curiosity.

"Blouse," returned Mercuria briefly. "Stuffed it into her muff. So stupid!"

At the great revolving doors Mercuria hesitated. Snow turning to sleet as it fell was driving sharply down. The late afternoon crowds were breasting the winds with bent heads, hurrying, slipping, pressing on in that epic stampede which chokes Broadway and its tributaries from the hour of five on. Where should she go for supper? Standing there in the blaze of the portico and tapping an impatient foot, Mercuria Milson considered for the first time in a number of years, the contents of her purse. Longingly she gazed at the row of taxis drawn up before the shop. Habits formed in times of affluence are hard to break! Mercuria sighed and then frowned. The nearest good cafe was five blocks distant.

Not that she couldn't have "raised" a goodly amount in a very few minutes simply by melting into the crowds! Only one thing deterred her. She was afraid! Released only two days ago from a three-year sentence, Mercuria was moving warily. She had no desire to bury any more of her bright youth behind stone walls and they had told her that next time it would be ten years at least. A complete outer transformation and the fact that she had met and looked directly into the eyes of a score of old acquaintances, including store detectives, without being recognized brought her a little of her old, gay confidence. She had learned a kind of fatalism while in durance vile which, had she put it into aetnal words might have been expressed thus: "You may get away with it nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine times but look out for the thousandth!"

Suddenly she remembered a little tea-room on the edge of the Washington Square district where food was well-cooked and fair-priced and where she could perhaps escape that feeling that she was being watched. So, snuggling her hands into her muff she bent her head and stepped out against the icy wind into the surge and roar of Broadway. Three blocks further up as she swung into an intersection and was free of the blast for a moment or two she paused to regain her breath and at that instant almost collided with a thin young man in a brown ulster who stepped back with a mumbled apology. The next moment she heard him draw in his breath sharply. Turning, she looked up into the smooth blond face of Bud Lewis, an old "partner."

"Little Quicksilver, as I live!" he exclaimed.

"Shut up!" hissed Mercuria.

He looked blinking at her a moment, his heavy lips fallen open.

"What's up? What's the game?" he demanded, softly. "And say! What've you done to yourself?"

"How'd you know me, anyway?" she asked, pettishly.

With the henna gone from her hair and another shade of rouge and her eyebrows *au naturel* instead of shaved and high curved, to Mercuria there was some reason for her question. She had not, however, lost her old air of dash and decorum combined, nor a certain imperious way of carrying her head and one still got the impression, looking at her, of a volcano thinly coated with ice. Hidden fire slumbered in her lazy, level, grey eyes—unwavering eyes that were never furtive but always curiously speculative like the eyes of a child asking questions. Her face was thinly oval, of a clear pallor when unruffled and still bearing the curves of youth, but her mouth was a trifle hard; and although she was still short of thirty by some years, her coppery-brown hair was streaked with grey. She was a degree or two larger than what is called *petite*, with the quick, lithe grace of movement like a cat or a young panther.

Altogether there was a definite distinctiveness about her, which, while not of the arresting sort, was unforgettable.

"How'd I know *you*!" said Bud, with a short laugh. "You might fool the whole world, little one, but

never *me*. I'd pick you out of a masked mob. Ain'ta going to tell me you're glad to see me, after—"

"I'm in a hurry."

"Listen, little one. It wasn't *me* squealed. I'll tell the world that. You know—"

"I know," Mercuria put in wearily, impatiently. "It was Jerry and he wouldn't have only they gave him the third degree. I haven't any hard feelings, Bud. It's—it's all in the game."

"Thassright. All in the game, little one, we take our bouquets and our bricks with the same grin, eh? And say! Talking of games—" he added in a much lower tone.

"I'm in a hurry, Bud."

"Jussaminnit, little one," he pleaded, drawing her by her elbow, aside into the shelter of a shop lobby. "I gotta pippin of a plan. I was thinking about you all day and here like this meeting you—why it sure must be Fate! This sure is a corking tip I got, believe me! Swellest thing ever came my way. It's a crib in a small town up north. Millionaire merchant. Owns nearly all of the town—"

"Small town!" cried Mercuria, scornfully.

"Yeh, but wait till you hear! I'm not asking you to leave the bright lights for *nothing*. If we steer this right we stand to cash in eighty thou. at the lowest."

"And—and if we *don't* steer it right?"

"What's wrong? Lost your superb nerve?" he inquired with a mixture of scorn and concern. "And you the best little combination-queen on the continent!"

"It's a safe, then?" she whispered, quickly.

"Sure. Just your job. No man could handle this as clean as *you*—a clever woman, smart in appearance, and a stranger to the place—"

Mercuria seemed to recollect something. Momentarily she had displayed interest and even curiosity. But she swiftly remembered that she must be careful.

"It's no use, Bud. I'm off the game for good," she said, firmly, shaking off his hand.

He drew back puzzled. He eyed her closely.

"Always the world's best little joshier!"

"No josh, Bud. I'm dead serious."

"Been attending a camp meeting?" he scoffed.

"I must run now," said Mercuria as she drew her collar closer and turned away. "But get this Bud: even if I did think of going back to—the old life—"

She paused and looked back up at him with a hard little smile.

"—if I did think of doing that *it would be lone hand*, Bud. He travels quickest who travels alone!"

He listened, half in amusement.

"Oh I see! Well, good luck. But you'll find pickings mighty poor, alone, girlie. If ever you need any help—no wait!—or if you repent of turning my offer down cold why ring me up at the old address. Any time inside two weeks for this offer."

"Bye."

"Eighty thou. remember!"

Mercuria, however, had sped on her way. With a look compounded of regret, chargin and annoyance Bud gazed after her a moment. Then he wheeled and pulling his collar up around his ears stalked off in the opposite direction.

IN a little Hungarian restaurant in Greenwich Village Mercuria had a satisfying meal of goulash, brown bread, cheese and coffee. It was a dingy place with a sawdust floor but the orchestra was a good one. Little Quicksilver would have preferred an uptown cafe where she could have feasted her starved soul upon all of those sensations once so necessary—still so essential—to her being, viz: light, color, warmth, bustle, the clink of ice against delicate glassware, music of the 32-piece kind, and admiration. For many an eye had been wont to rest upon her with at least approval. Here, amid these freakish, self-centered Bohemians her vividness was lost.

As she gathered up her gloves and straightened the black velvet hat with its vermilion feather the first violin swung softly into a haunting little melody, a simple melody that always touches the hard hearts of the world, if they pause to listen long enough, as well as the more receptive ones. Mercuria's hands dropped to her lap. She listened.

After that she came to the dark little eating-place every day. This wasn't hard for she spent her days in and about that section of the city looking for work. Never had work been harder to procure. Disappointed, discouraged, baffled, Mercuria nightly sought the little cafe, not so much for the food as for that intangible sustenance, that food of the spirit, that heave solace which the "first violin" gave to her. He was so supremely the artist that the most casual might have recognized the vast gap between his music and that of the rest, excellent as that was.

"Maybe he's one of those things they call a genius," mused Mercuria on an evening when her funds were at a very low visibility.

Without references it is a depressing experience, this search for honest work. Mercuria had about decided that good intentions gather no moss and were therefore not worthwhile. Inevitably—but she fought back the thought—she must return to the old roads. Some sinister, compelling force was already urging her that way. As she dawdled spiritlessly over her coffee the first violin suddenly began to play the melody which had arrested her that first evening.

"I'm a fool!" she told herself between clenched teeth when he had stopped and the orchestra was playing a march. "To think a sawed-off fiddler from the Village earning his bones in a chop-joint like this could get me locoed! *Me!*"

But she dallied so that she might hear him again. He always stood up to play his solos. He was small, and slight of build with a large head. The only remarkable point about his appearance was a pair of very dark eyes that upon occasion smoldered and burned with feeling. At such times his meagre face was lightened with a strange, ineffable glow, a look almost not of earth. Mercuria then reflected, in only a lesser degree, this exaltation. She was stirred to the very depths of her stunted, starved soul. This pale youth had the power of making her grow hot and cold merely by drawing a bow over violin strings. It was incredible! That she who had passed salamander-like through fire and frost and back, had thrown the dice with destiny so often, playing for big stakes and pitting her wits against the world, had tricked some of the sharpest minds on the continent—that she, Mercuria Milson, should be in thrall to a sickly youth with a fiddle, who had never looked her way!

She fell to wondering about him—where he lived, what his name was, if he were native or foreign. At last, as he didn't play alone again, she rose and went hurriedly up the little aisle between the rows of artificial palms to the orchestra dais.

"What—what was the name of the piece you played a little while ago?" she asked, leaning over the rail.

With a clatter the "first violin" dropped his bow. He regarded Mercuria gravely and then smiled a slow, friendly smile.

"A little while ago?" he repeated. "I guess you mean *Traumerei*. I frequently play it. Everybody likes it."

Traumerei! Why of course! She had been so out touch with the musical and artistic side of life—

"Do you like the music?" he asked politely, impersonally.

"I only hear *you*," said Mercuria, eagerly, her hands gripping the rail. "Oh, why do you play here—in orchestra—you who could—"

She broke off, uncertain of her voice. She was annoyed to find that her eyes were full of tears.

"I must," said the violinist, simply.

A pause. At close quarters his face seemed thinner and paler, his eyes bigger. Something almost maternal awoke in Mercuria. He was only a boy and so talented!

"But it's a shame!" she cried hotly. "You're not like the rest. *You* could sway multitudes—be a *virtuoso*—"

He smiled sadly and shook his head. But she had seen a flame in his eyes for just an instant.

"It takes money," he said, then, and sighed a little.

When she reached her table again Mercuria found that her hands were trembling. Thought processes were checked and her mental faculties in a turmoil. She could only *feel*. What was this strange, new, half-terrifying emotion that threatened to engulf her? Money, he had said. Money! And for lack of money he must forever remain obscure!

MERCURIA paid her bill. Half-blindly she went out into the street, walking stumbingly, aimlessly along until at length she was able to shake off some degree of her agitation, and to think clearly. She told herself that she was no proper judge of music, that she was allowing her feeling to run away with her sense of balances. Yet—yet that pale, spiritual face, young and yet old—old with the bitter philosophy of the balked artist—kept rising before her at every turn. She thought of her own early days in the great pitiless city, of her own aspirations, hopes and fears, of how she had worked to become a great artist and—had failed! Failed for lack of money to push her ahead, to pay for lessons, to keep her in board-and-lodging till her pictures found a market! Failed as he must fail! She remembered how she had drifted step by step from honest toil, studying and starving and fighting, till she had stolen the first article to pawn. When she had become one of the city's cleverest female criminals—pick-pocketing a specialty—and had tasted of luxury and "independence" the thought of real work had become abhorrent. Her clever fingers, balked at the easel,

had found ample encouragement in less legitimate channels.

This violinist might have a stronger moral nature, one that was incapable of being warped. But why should it be put to the test? And something told her—something she had no power to challenge—that a great future might be his. She felt it rather than reasoned it out logically. It was not the first time her woman's intuition had signalled her a cogent truth.

Robin Hood was the world's first practical socialist. He stole from the rich to give to the deserving poor. He was wrong of course. Undoubtedly there was something not quite right in his methods, but basically his sense of values was sound, and there are modern hold-up artists who are less straightforward and harder to catch.

Mercuria Milson had heard socialist orators who had propounded the same doctrine from soap-box platforms. Take from the rich to give to the poor! Only, these fiery theorists neglected to put their doctrine to the test. Mercuria had always had the courage of her convictions.

She quickened her pace and at the next corner saw by a church-tower clock that the hour was seven-thirty. She crossed to a drug-store on the opposite corner, entered a telephone-booth and without consulting the directory called a number.

"That you, Bud?" she asked cautiously, when she had gotten her connection.

"This is me, Little Q," answered the voice of Bud Lewis.

"Well, I'll take that offer—if I'm not too late."

"I thought you would. Can you leave town in three hours?"

"Half that."

"Aw' right. But you're just in the nick of time, little one. After tonight it'd been too late. I knew your voice the minute you spoke. Something had been telling me all day—"

"Where can I see you, then?" she cut in, briskly.

"Meet me at the Grand Central at ten-fifteen," he said after a moment's consideration. "I can't get there any sooner but I'll be at the big entrance then with your ticket and full instructions. Your train leaves at ten-thirty."

"Bring some jack too. I'm dead broke, Bud."

"Sure. I'll jack you up for a month. G'bye."

They met at the time specified. Mercuria, by some means known only to those of her craft, had obtained a full outfit of fashionable clothes, supplemented by a handsome alligator suitcase. A little gold velvet hat with a crimson wing on it was the finishing touch in a very distinguished appearance. She lifted her veil slightly when she met him and smiled in the old comradely way. Bud was in great spirits. After the first hurried greeting, he swept a casual, furtive glance about and began to speak in a language so full of idioms and picturesque phrasing that the English in it seemed merely accidental and inconsequential. Mercuria, however, listening carefully, nodded in understanding.

"What did you say the name of the town is?" she asked, once.

They had walked to the gates and a heavy truck was rumbling past toward a waiting train. Bud put a hand to his mouth and cautiously glancing round spoke a name. It sounded like Millerville or Merivale. Mercuria nodded resignedly. Some little clump with a perfectly awful hotel!

"This old crab," Bud went on hurriedly, "pretty nearly owns the place so you won't run any chance of missing him. When you've given him the o.o. you'll know what treatment to apply. I leave it to you, birdie. We ought to have a better chance to talk it over. You just spoke up in time, believe me! A pal of mine from the Bronx was all set for the job and was pulling out tonight but I headed him off. Gold bullion and unregistered bonds remember—eight packets of the last. He lives alone except for a couple of servants, but he'll be as suspicious as

hades and as well guarded as the Kaiser's cook. There were five of 'em in this and we got all the others. So keep your eye peeled for traps."

"I've never fallen down on the safe-cracking stunt yet and you know it," declared Mercuria. "Why don't you hand me something hard?"

"You'll likely find this hard enough," he said, "before you're finished with it. All depends on yourself whether it takes two days or two months, remember. But here's enough for a starter," and he gave her a roll of bills.

"Canadian!" she cried, sharply.

"Yeh. I had it changed to avoid bother at the border. You can sleep right through. Oh, didn't I tell you this place is up in Canada?"

"You said 'up north.' Why don't you find a crib at the Arctic Circle?" she jeered.

"Thassa nice little patriot! You told me once, if I remember right, that you were born up above the border! Forty below weather shouldn't throw a scare in to you."

"I'd have brought furs."

"I can send 'em after you."

"All right. White fox, Bud."

"Go as far as you like, Little Q."

"I'll wire you where to send anything. But if I pull it off soon I'll be right back pronto."

"Say! What made you change your mind?" he

Her berth was already made up, and she retired at once. It seemed no time at all till the porter was calling: "Seven o'clock, lady."

Mercuria was never very bright, mentally, in the early morning. But Bud had said the train got in at this little jerkwater place before eight so she rose and dressed swiftly, going into the cafe car for a cup of coffee and a roll. As the porter brushed her she stood drawing on her gloves and peering out at the winter landscape, yawning now and then. It was a morning of clear sunshine. The great, level, white expanse of country dotted with pine and spruce that flitted past her windows was Canada. A long time a long time since she had last been on her native soil!

She wanted to laugh, shrilly. She wasn't feeling at all sentimental. No breathes-there-the-man bunk could ever come between Little Quicksilver and "business." It ought to be dead easy to put anything over on the Canadians. This was going to be pie for Mercuria. The train whistled.

"Here y'are, lady!" said the porter, taking her suitcase and also her generous tip.

"Oh, is this my station *already*?" asked Mercuria was only partly awake yet.

She followed in his wake.

"This is Minterville," he said.

They were at the steps. The train was slowing down. But Mercuria was gazing at the negro.

"This is—*what*?" she cried, sharply.

"Minterville, lady. Better hurry. She barely stops."

And the darky will never know why the "classy young dame" after a dazed look first at him and then out at the little station suddenly threw back her head and broke into wild laughter.

Mercuria Milson stood on the little platform as the train went on and stared up at the sign which proclaimed in large white letters on a black board—"Minterville."

"My Gawd!" she murmured softly. "My old home town!"

She picked up her suitcase and went inside to the telegraph window, avoiding an old man with "Grand Hotel" on his worn beaver cap who was about to approach her. She called for a telegraph blank, drew up her veil slightly and scribbled a message to Mr. Bernard Hall (this being one of Bud's respectable aliases) which said: "This is a dud. Laugh is on me. Meet next train back."

She eyed the agent askance. He looked like somebody with whom she had gone to school. When he turned back to her again from the instrument she thought her-



As he leaned over interestedly, she whipped from her handbag the small phial.

asked, grinning, then without waiting for a reply went on: "It's just like I said! This lone hand stuff is nix for a woman. Y' can't make it go. Gotta have a male partner—a head—"

"Is that so! Well, this job is lone hand. I do all the work."

"Yeh, but little Bud scared it up—tried it for you. I ferret out the game Little Q, and your crack gunning does the other half. I've sweated like a dray horse over this one crib alone. And it's all mine—yours and mine."

"Eighty thousand isn't such a chunk."

"It listens good to me. And you always say the firm means as much as the haul—to you."

"What do I get out of this? You didn't say."

"It's a fifty-fifty split—as usual. And when we cash in—" he began, meaningly.

"If I pull this off clean, Bud, I'll insist on a seventy-five per cent. share. Maybe we'd better have it down in black and white, too. Got a pen?"

"Left mine at home. Gee!" jerking his head back and up at the great clock. "You've only got half a minute!"

She had placed her ticket and the money in her bag, barely glancing at them. Now before she could search for her own pen, the porter hustled her up the steps and the train commenced to move. Never mind. She could get around Bud any time. She'd need most of that eighty—*must* have it!

self mistaken, however.

"When can I get a train back to—Pittsburg?" she asked, having almost said New York.

"Tomorrow noon. Only a tri-weekly service on this line."

She would have to stay in this place all night!

"We have a good hotel," he suggested. "All the rooms with running water. And a fair cuisine. Moderate prices too."

He hesitated a little before adding the last. It seemed so unnecessary. Birds of this feather didn't blow into Minterville every day and he rather felt that this one wouldn't care what she had to pay. But you never could tell!

Mercuria considered, tapping her fine white teeth with her pencil and gazing out of the window. A plan was swiftly forming in her mind. Suddenly she appeared to come to a decision. She tore the penciled message up and told the agent she had changed her mind. Then she went out and climbed into the ramshackle old bus of the "Grand Hotel." The old man separated himself from a knot of cronies and loungers, swarmed up to his perch, "clicked" at the horses, a pair of ancient bays, and they teetered off up the road, the runners squeaking harshly on the hard-packed snow, the bells jingling merrily and Mercuria peering curiously about her, her veil down

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Out of the Storm

By FRANK C. STEELE

IT was one o'clock in the morning when Sharkey O'Connor snowshoed into Fort Saskatchewan. The journey from Lac la Biche had been a hard one, and Sharkey, famished and fatigued, sought refuge on the south side of the Hudson's Bay store. He crouched low as if to conceal his presence although no one seemed stirring in the frontier settlement.

From his rude haven Sharkey looked out into the night. Out there brooded the Great Lone Land from which he had come. A heavy snow was falling, whipped before a biting wind from the Arctic wastes. Out there were the Silent Places. Out there, and how well Sharkey knew, was a limitless world of snow, pitiless and mocking; out there was loneliness, hunger, death. The great white wilderness, locked with mystery, filled with the bones of men and huskies, grinned back at Sharkey. So did the reds and whites, males and females, steeped in dirt and blood and sin, struggling, ever struggling against relentless forces, grin at Sharkey out of the gloom. Out there, and how well Sharkey knew, men and women were as hard as the land they called home.

The village surrounding the Fort was wrapped in sleep. Winter evening parties had broken up at midnight and not a sign of life was visible as Sharkey O'Connor peered into the storm. Not a single light broke the deathly monotony of the place. The houses were black patches in the falling snow, while the single row of stores, straggling and evil-looking, soon lost itself in the darkness. Dimly and weirdly the little chapel loomed against the snow, and from its cross-tipped belfry a clock struck in slow, sombre measures.

Two o'clock! Sharkey shuddered, pulling his greatcoat closer around him. Once he started to leave the protection of the trading post, but came back. An hour passed and with the striking of the clock he ventured forth, feeling his way cautiously through the storm.

A dark mass suddenly towered above him, a giant in the gloom. His outstretched hand touched a hard, cold surface. And then Sharkey knew where he was. Ah, yes, he was familiar with those walls. The man groped his way along to the end of the wall, then turned round the corner to the south side of the building. Glancing upward, Sharkey saw a speck of light issuing from the grated window on the top floor.

"The death cell!" he cried. And he crossed himself as his closed eyes turned heavenward.

And that very moment a doomed man in the cell gave a sudden start, and wonderingly looked through the iron bars into the world of shadows.

For a moment Sharkey halted, only to stumble once more into the storm. He was soon too faint to press on. Hunger and exhaustion, like allied foes, seized him, and he fell into the drifts of snow and crawled. Soon he felt the fatal numbness of freezing creeping up through his extremities. The gnawing in his stomach was slowly leaving. For the first time in many days—ah, those fearful days on the Lac la Biche trail—he felt at rest. But Sharkey, man of the north country, knew what all this relief meant, and rousing himself shouted:

"Help! Save me!"

But the winds alone answered.

A second time Sharkey shouted, and a third. Still no answer except the mocking shriek of the north wind. Sharkey's strength was now rapidly failing, and in reckless abandon he laughed and cried in turn, and then, sobering a little, shouted once more:

"Help! Save me—save me—out of the storm!"

SCARCELY had the last word been whirled into space than the door of a nearby cottage opened, a friendly light gleamed through the opening, and a moment later someone was bending over the prostrate form of Sharkey.

"Come inside, kind sir, come inside out of the storm. Surely the good Lord and the saints sent me to you," a kindly voice said. "Come, get up on your feet."

Instinctively, the man obeyed, struggling painfully to his feet. Supported by his gentle rescuer Sharkey moved toward the open cottage door.

Once inside the log abode, the good woman led Sharkey to the wooden bed, made him as comfortable as possible, piled fresh fuel on the fire, and hurriedly set about preparing something hot.

The rescued man lay silent on the bed, watching the little, stooped figure move about the room. The indescribable odor of habitation revived him. A warm thrill went through his aching body as the fire in the grate burned higher and higher.

"You must be almost dead, you poor soul," the old lady said, during a pause in her preparations for the meal. Her silver hair shone bright and her face was crowned with a saintly sweetness.

Sharkey made no reply but his eyes were moist.

"But you're welcome, my boy, welcome to our little home."

And Sharkey twitched nervously.

"No one has ever been turned away from Mother Devine's home, my son."

"Mother Devine!" cried the man on the bed, and horror marked his dark countenance.

"So you know, my boy. I'm not surprised. Every one of the boys from the post to the Bay knows Mother Devine. And she loves all the boys."

Sharkey crouched deeper into the half-darkness of his corner.

"I'm so glad the good Lord sent you to me tonight, my boy," the old lady continued, a few moments later, as she watched the bearded Sharkey eat ravenously of the food she had prepared. "I was so lonely here—here—alone—and—"

She stopped to wipe the tears from her eyes.

"And, my boy, it wasn't any trouble to get you this meal 'cause I had to get Jerry his breakfast."

The Old Red River Cart

By CLARA HOPPER

*Some folks go a-courting
To the voice of the violin,
The orchestra at the cinema,
The band, or a mandolin;
But the sweetest call, and it beats them
all
For it won my Mary's heart.
Is the matchless song, as you jog along,
Of an old Red River cart.*

*For the wheel went squeak
And the wheel went squeak,
So first we'd speak
And then we'd talk.
"If you'd win her heart you must act right
smart."
Sang the old Red River cart.
So I kissed her cheek
To the axles' creak,
While the hub did shriek
Till its voice grew weak;
And that was the art that won her heart
In the old Red River cart.*

*Some folks go a-rooing
To the swish of the light canoe,
To the honking horn on the highway
At a rate that is quite taboo;
But the sweetest note from a songbird's
throat
Cannot melt a maiden's heart
Like the wondrous tune, the piercing croom
Of an old Red River cart.*

*For the wheel goes squeak
And the wheel goes squeak,
As first you speak
And then you talk.
"It's hit or miss when you give her a
kiss."
'Twas the old cart told me this.
Oh, the axle screams
Till it almost seems
It would move an ox—
But Buck, he balks!
And before he'll start you may win her
heart
In an old Red River cart.*

A fork fell noisily to the floor out of Sharkey's trembling fingers, but Mother Devine did not notice it for she was now weeping violently.

"I—I—promised Jerry I'd send him his breakfast at five o'clock—with—the father. Father Forget has been so good to us since the—trouble. Poor Jerry boy, he always liked his mammy's cooking best, and—and this is the first time he's been away from home for any length of time. He was such a thoughtful boy—was Jerry."

And the frail form shook as the little mother gazed into the flames in the grate. Her strange visitor had retreated to another corner of the room crouching low on an empty packing case.

"Oh, my boy, my poor Jerry boy, taken from your mammy—forever—when we should all be so happy. Gone, gone! But no, surely Jesus who suffered so much and loved so much, surely He will save my Jerry."

And the figure in the corner buried his face in his hands as the streaming eyes of Mother Devine turned towards him.

"Jerry didn't kill that Mounted Police corporal. No, Jerry didn't do it, my boy. He wasn't that kind of a lad. I aimed to make him a school teacher or a priest, for he was such a student. Yes, he was a poet, too, for he saw the things we couldn't see. I've seen Jerry at night when this north country was as still as death, and the Northern Lights were adancin' till I was most afraid; I've seen him, I say, sit lookin' up at the lights adreamin' and playin' his violin and not heedin' me or anythin' around him."

And again the pinched little form broke into sobbing. It was pain that the mother was feeling, the pain that breaks hearts, the pain that only a mother can experience.

"I guess the poor lad'll need his topcoat—it'll be cold at six o'clock."

And slowly, tenderly the trembling hands browsed through Jerry's clothes, extracting a brown topcoat. This she patted and kissed and hugged to her heart.

"He looked so big and handsome—so like his poor, dead daddy in this," she cried, as she placed it on the table. And just then the striking of the chapel clock was heard.

"Four o'clock! O, dear Lord, won't you hold back the time for dear Jerry's sake?" And she burst into tears as she commenced filling an open basket sitting close to the topcoat.

Through a little window on the east end of the cottage a stream of silver light came for the storm had cleared, leaving the white world glistening beneath a sky spangled with stars and flooded with the mellow glory of a full moon.

Sharkey shuffled uneasily toward the door.

"Don't go, my son, don't go. You wouldn't leave me, would you, alone? Then too, if the father is late you must take Jerry his—his—breakfast. No, I can't stay—alone."

And the chapel clock struck five.

"I guess they're wakin' Jerry now. I wonder if the little feller slept—my poor Jerry boy! He never could sleep well away from home. Poor little lad, did you think of your lonely old mammy waitin' for the mornin' and hopin' it would never come? Waitin' and watchin' with this kind man—did you, Jerry boy?"

Footsteps were heard on the crusted snow.

"It's the priest acomin' for Jerry's breakfast. I hope it'll keep hot till the father gets to—the—"

She choked, and Sharkey groaned as he looked at the two hands closing the lid of the basket.

But it wasn't the priest. It was only a couple of early risers.

"Surely the father is late in comin'. O, my poor little Jerry, you're as innocent as the day your curly head lay on my breast—you are. And surely the good Lord'll never suffer my poor boy to be—to be—taken—from his—mammy—like this!"

And the clock tolled five-thirty.

"O, my poor Jerry, my poor Jerry! O, Lord, save—save—save—my dear boy—"

And Mother Devine dropped in a heap to the floor. And Sharkey O'Connor, in a single bound, cleared the length of the room, and dashed into the street.

HOURS later when Mother Devine came to, she felt the warm sunshine on her face, and as she looked up her eyes met the clear, frank eyes of her boy, her Jerry, who was leaning over her bedside.

"Jerry!"

"Mother!"

And, too overcome for speech, mother and son rejoiced, each in the other's embrace.

"But tell me, Jerry dear, how did it all happen—happen so strange and so wonderful?" cried the little mother, stroking her son's face.

"Sharkey O'Connor confessed—he killed the corporal in a fight."

"Sharkey O'Connor! Poor, poor Sharkey. Another of my boys. Can it be possible—I wonder—"

And a strange light came into the kind eyes of Mother Devine.

"Poor Sharkey, he was always reckless, Jerry. And yet—somehow—he always played the man's part, Jerry."

And as she pulled Jerry down against her heart she softly cried:

"Jerry, let's pray for Sharkey. The lad wasn't all bad, and like as not, he has a mother somewhere. Jerry. Yes, son, let's pray—maybe God and the law will have mercy on him."

Within Four Walls

By LESLIE GRANT SCOTT

I AM old and musty now, and my ceiling is full of cracks; but I can remember the time when my walls were freshly papered, and I glistened with new paint, and the joy of youth was in me. It was at this time that I was occupied by Joy of my Heart and Peter. Joy of my Heart had another name, but Peter never called her by it. Peter was a writer and, according to Joy of my Heart, he was the greatest writer that the world had ever had—only the world had not yet recognized him. That it would in time, neither she nor Peter doubted. Meanwhile they loved each other and were happy.

Joy of my Heart loved me too, and she kept me beautifully clean. She made pretty curtains for my windows and kept red geraniums on the sills. Sometimes she cooked mysterious dishes over an alcohol lamp, but she never spattered me as do the vulgar people who live in me now.

Sometimes Peter and Joy of my Heart were hungry. That was when there was a long time between cheques which came to Peter through the mail. When a cheque did arrive they always went out and, from their remarks afterwards, I judged that they had had the most wonderful table d'hôte dinner in London—and all for two and six, wine included.

Often Peter would tell Joy of my Heart where they would live and how they would dine when the world had recognized him, and he would glowingly describe the gowns and jewels that she would wear. The eyes of Joy of my Heart shone as she listened but, with a little sigh of contentment, she never failed to say:

"I love this little room, Peter dear, and nothing will ever taste better than the chicken and salad at Franeois."

"You just wait and see," he would reply as he pulled one of her curls.

Joy of my Heart had soft, little curls all over her head, a nose that tilted up ever so slightly, and the most adorable mouth in the world. Her eyes were enquiring, enticing, wondering eyes with a hint of wistfulness in their depths. Peter thought no mortal had ever before seen eyes like those—and perhaps Peter was right.

As time went on, Peter's cheques became more numerous and larger. He and Joy of my Heart dined out every night. I had new geraniums for my sills and a beautiful picture for my wall. Joy of my Heart had an Easter hat such as was never seen before upon the Avenue, and Peter—well, Peter smoked cigars.

One day they left me. I suppose that I should have rejoiced, knowing as I did that their dreams were coming true and that the world was beginning to recognize Peter; but I could not. I felt terribly sad as if, with their going, my youth were leaving me forever. Peter was very gay and never thought of me at all, but Joy of my Heart laid her cheek against my wall and whispered:

"Good-bye, dear room. I love you. I have been so happy with you."

And she pressed a kiss on my pretty paper.

I longed to cry out to her:

"Come back to me sometimes, Joy of my Heart!"

But I could not speak.

A STRUGGLING musician soon moved in, but I grieved so for Peter and Joy of my Heart that I scarcely noticed him at first. He was a very untidy person with long, greasy hair and a dirty collar. He took no interest in me at all and he let the red geraniums, that Joy of my Heart had put on my sills, wither and die. He was to change the whole idea of music by his compositions but, after awhile, he cut his hair and put on a clean collar—having become a travelling salesman—and then he, too, left. I was rather sorry, for although I had never liked him, I had become used to him, and he to me.

After him came a succession of people that I was obliged to endure. Not one of them cared for me or had the slightest consideration for me. I was a place to sleep in; that was all. There were quarrelsome couples who spattered my walls with frying grease; girls who smoked cigarettes and drank beer, or red wine, all night; kind hearted creatures, some of them, but their language was terrible and the nails that they drove into me hurt me and spoiled what beauty I had left.

As the years passed I grew shabbier and shabbier, and each time new paper was put on my walls—which was seldom—I became uglier and uglier. I began to lose interest in life. I even began to forget Peter and Joy of my Heart or, at least, I ceased to think of them and to grieve for them.

It was then that the little dancer came and, for the first time since Peter and Joy of my Heart had left me, someone took an interest in me. I began to feel that life was, perhaps, not so bad after all. She, too, put curtains at my windows and pictures on my walls and, once more, red geraniums bloomed on my sills. She had a pretty, yellow tea-set, in

which she made tea—and every morning she fed a hungry sparrow a part of her roll.

She worked hard, this little dancer, and to me her dancing was very beautiful, like a bit of thistle-down in the wind. She worked and worked and worked. Sometimes she wept a little from sheer loneliness, but mostly she smiled and sang little snatches of song.

One day she had a visitor. It was a great event for us. Her cheeks were flushed with excitement and she wore her very best gown for which she had bought a new ribbon. As for me, I hadn't looked so nice, nor felt so young, since Joy of my Heart and Peter had left me. He was a handsome, young man, very well dressed and he had an air which told me at once that he had never known what it was to be either lonely or hungry. In some indescribable way he reminded me of Peter, and there was something about his eyes that spoke to me of Joy of my Heart; yet there was something about him that was different—utterly different.

The little dancer gave him tea out of the yellow tea-set and cake from the French shop around the corner. She looked at him as Joy of my Heart used to look at Peter and he looked at her—but not the way Peter looked at Joy of my Heart.

"I wanted to meet you," he said, "the very instant

THAT night the little dancer did not sleep. She was too happy. All night she saw herself in her own home with her lover. She planned her wedding gown and shyly imagined herself in her bridal veil. She felt, again and again, his arms around her, his lips on hers.

For three days she waited breathlessly for him to come and claim her. At last there came a brief note which read:

"Dear Girl:

When you receive this I shall have sailed for India. An old college chum turned up and asked me to go around the world with him. My father thought it a good idea before settling down to business. Had to leave in a hurry; so had no time to say 'Good-bye.' Love and the best of luck to you."

She tried her best to be brave, to go on living. She went on working but the light joyousness, which had been the chief charm of her art, was gone. She could no longer dance. She tried—but it was useless. The something which had made her an artist, a possible genius, was gone. She could not recall it.

One night she went out and came back with a small parcel in her hand. When she was ready for bed she unwrapped the parcel and took out a bottle. On it was printed: "Landannm for Toothache." She poured all the liquid it contained into a glass. After drinking it she knelt down and said her prayers, and quietly got into bed.

The next morning she slept late. The hungry sparrow came for his breakfast. He twittered angrily when he found none, but the little dancer slept on. I thought how white and peaceful she looked. Later the woman who rents me came in and she couldn't wake her any more than the hungry sparrow. It seems that the little dancer was dead.

The woman who rents me was very angry with her for dying. She said it was bad luck and that it made it hard to rent a room in which anything like that had happened. All the same I saw her whisk a tear out of her eye and I heard her mutter something which consigned all men to eternal fire. As for me, I felt stunned and numb. Never before had I seen death and I was shaken to my very foundations.

After they had taken her away, with great hurry and secrecy, I fell into a kind of lethargy. I remained empty for, although the woman who rents me concealed the tragedy, no one seemed to want to live in me. They felt that something unusual had happened within my walls.

I WAS aroused from my apathy by the voice of a man outside my door.

"No," he was saying, "I don't want to rent the room. I only want to stay in it for a few hours. I will pay you well for it."

My door opened and in walked Peter. His hair was gray and his shoulders slightly bent, but no one could look at those youthful, honest eyes and not know that it was Peter—unmistakably Peter.

I was so excited and my heart beat so fast that I cracked my ceiling straight across where it had never been cracked before, and a piece of plaster fell on the floor.

"My, my!" mused Peter, "how shabby and rickety the old room has grown. I would scarcely know it. I suppose I was foolish to want to see it again."

"When I first lost her I couldn't bear to think of this place. I never even walked down this street, but now that I am getting old and our boy has grown up and gone for a trip around the world, I live over, more and more, the days we spent here together. No prosperity ever gave us more joy than we had in this room. I felt an impelling desire to see it again."

"How proud she would have been of our boy. He has her eyes and yet there is something about him that worries me. He would have been different if she had lived to bring him up. Oh, Joy of my Heart, the whole of life would have been different if you had lived."

He walked toward the dressing table.

"I wonder if this is the same dressing table? Perhaps she looked into this very glass."

A sudden fear seized me lest he should open the drawer and find the photograph which still lay there, face downward. I knew now that he would see in it the face of his son.

"In here," he continued, "she kept her little handkerchiefs and her one best pair of white kid gloves."

His hand went out toward the drawer and from my soul went up a great prayer that he might never open it. I could not bear that he should know what the boy, with the eyes of Joy of my Heart, had done to the little dancer. His hand closed on the knob and then my prayer was answered. At that very moment the hungry sparrow lit on my sill. He twittered so loudly and so angrily at the lack of

Continued on page 21

The Transformation

Letice Bentley

*The poplar trees stood shivering.
In silhouette each naked limb
Appeared against a threatening sky.
Their giant branches gaunt and grim.*

*Bereft of all their laughing leaves—
So shortly russet brown and gold—
And now left lonely and forlorn,
Forsaken, desolate and cold.*

*And then the Frost King came in state.
A transformation soon was seen—
Each gaunt and naked poplar branch
Was covered with a silver sheen.*

*And when the sun arose next day,
From everywhere the people came
And on the beauty of the trees
They stopped in wonder to acclaim.*

*For every poplar tree was clothed
In lacy gown of filigree,
As if the fairies of the stars
Had scattered star-dust on each tree.*

I saw you dance. You dance wonderfully. You shouldn't be in a place like this." He glanced carelessly around my walls. "It isn't at all the right setting for you."

"I shall have that later," she laughed, "after I have studied and worked hard and am a great artist. In the meantime I am very happy here. I have grown quite fond of this old room and I believe it is fond of me. I often wish that it could talk to me and tell me the history of the people who have lived here."

He helped her to wash the tea things and they fed the hungry sparrow together. When he left it was with her promise that he could come soon again.

They saw each other almost every day and the old, old game of youth began. Her stake was her whole heart for he was her first love and she loved with all the fervor of her eager soul. He was too selfish to love anything very much save his own pleasure; but he thought she was the prettiest girl he had ever seen and he had never wanted anything quite so much as to kiss her mouth which curled so enticingly at the corners.

He lied to her as only a man can lie and she believed all he said and was happy. I hated him and longed to warn her against him but I could do nothing. Because he had eyes like Joy of my Heart and reminded me indescribably of Peter, I hoped, even against the thoughts that I could read in his brain, that the pure soul of the little dancer would awaken a spark of the love in him which Peter had had for Joy of my Heart.

One evening, as he was leaving, he suddenly took her in his arms and kissed her. For a moment I thought that the miracle I had hoped for had come to pass. He looked almost as Peter had looked when he kissed Joy of my Heart.

Beautiful Within

By JEAN McMICHAEL

JANE moved jerkily but silently upon her two wooden crutches down the winding stairway of the Reamer mansion, until her poor twisted feet sank deep in the Persian rug at its base, where the sound of someone's gay laughter reached her, mingling its melody with the yellow songsters that filled the golden-tinted breakfast room. It sent a delicious shiver through her small, crooked spine, for it was the most glorious laugh in the world, her mother's. As she reached the doorway the laughter ceased so suddenly that one would have half-believed that a mischievous fairy had in the twinkling of an eye entered, then nimbly flown out of one of the French doors to the sunken garden beyond. One glance at the little figure framed in the doorway had silenced the mirth of the beautiful woman seated opposite her husband at the breakfast table.

Somehow Jane wished that she had not come. Besides, she knew Mother never liked to be disturbed at breakfast. She shifted a crutch, which only brought an added frown to her mother's questioning face; lovely, even with the slight furrow that wrinkled her brow.

"I—came to ask if I might go to the Horse Show tonight to see Mother ride?" she finally addressed her father seated at the other side of the table, while an overwhelming sensation of shyness came over her as she half glanced at her mother whom she so utterly adored.

She shuffled closer.

Rae Reamer studied the pair in front of her, while a smothering feeling of hatred enveloped her as she thought of the trick fate had played upon her that fatal day six years ago, when like a grim reaper infantile paralysis had left its mark upon their one and only child.

"How absurd, dear, of course you cannot go. What ever put such an idea into your silly little head." She spoke quietly as she raised a hand to silence the fine looking man seated opposite her. John Reamer subsided; still there were times that he felt that the kiddie might be considered, yet she had everything that money could buy. He dismissed the subject, as he always did when anything of the kind arose.

Rae almost despised herself for the terrible effect the crippled child had upon her. Why must she, who loved the exquisite, who had known nothing else from babyhood, and had dreamed of a fairy-like daughter, actually ached for one, be the mother of—she never uttered it even to herself. It was strange that she should feel the child's deformity so deeply; she had always had the deepest sympathy for less fortunate beings than herself; sometimes she almost felt that she was a different personality since that fatal day; something had snapped within her—something that she had not regained. Still, the child had every comfort; she seemed a happy little thing among her many luxuries.

"Suppose we take a look at Pet," John spoke haltingly as he glanced at his daughter's brave little smile, while Rae moved restlessly as she arose from the breakfast table.

"Very well, you two go on ahead; I will join you in a moment." He knew by the tone of her voice that she did not approve of his suggestion.

Pet, a magnificent chestnut, pawed the ground nervously as Rae joined them a short time later, making her heart swell with pride as she viewed his majestic mien, while Jane's poor little body was only enhanced beside the horse's unusual beauty. She ignored the child as she crossed to the horse's side.

"You old beautiful darling. John, was he not marvellous last night?"

Nervously John Reamer flicked the ashes from a half-smoked cigar as he replied:

"Rae, dear, this idea of yours may be a thriller, but suppose something should happen?"

"John, you silly goose, I trust Pet absolutely. Just look at the way he cleared the car last night; there is not the slightest bit of danger."

She laughed gaily as she petted the horse's velvet nose, while he whinnied softly.

Jane's blue eyes sparkled as she watched them. She had inherited the love of the beautiful from her mother, but Nanny, her old nurse, had once told her that the greater beauty came from within, and as she confided to Judd, her rag doll, she was trying hard to grow that way. But the joy of seeing them together was short-

lived, for Rae had many things to attend to before the evening's programme, and soon departed.

THERE was no doubt about it, the horse show at Burlington that year had been a tremendous success, but the jumping of the McLaughlin-Buick by Mrs. John Reamer on that famous Pet had undoubtedly been its main attraction, and no less famous was the dinner given the last night of the show by John Reamer.

The tinkling of glass and hilarious laughter reached Jane where she crouched in the upper hallway, waiting for a glimpse of Mother before she left. At least she could see her depart, but it seemed hours before a superb figure in a dove-colored riding costume, with mauve velour sailor, descended the stairway amid a volley of cheers by admiring friends at the foot.

John nearly tumbled over Jane as she leaned nearer to get a better view.

"Hello, kiddie, another worshipper?"

Jane smiled timidly.

"Will Mother be perfectly safe?"

The question coming so unexpectedly brought a worried look to John Reamer's usually placid face. Funny that Jane should question the very thought that had been uppermost in his mind all day. It was a foolish business.

"Of course everything will be all right. Go to bed, Jane." In his anxiety he spoke abruptly.

Jane felt crushed; noiselessly she went to her exquisite but lonely little room, while her father hurried down the stairs to join the vivacious assembly below. Jane forgotten in the pride his popular wife gave him, during the hour that remained before they departed for the horse show.

The huge arena was crowded to capacity the last night of the horse show; red, white and blue lights circled the dome of the building, while a centre cluster made the Union Jack. Flags and bunting in wheel patterns made a fine effect, and a jazz band added to the evening's merriment; but somehow tonight it irritated John. He wished the fool performance were over.

Rae, on the other hand, felt buoyant. The music, lights—everything filled her with elation. Excitedly she waited beside Pet in his enclosure. A new stable boy had somewhat fussed the horse, but under Rae's soothing touch he had quieted down. The McLaughlin car had already been placed near the box occupied by the Reamers and their friends. Now the men busily adjusted the side wooden guards, while Rae listened feverishly for the first sound of the bugle. She had not long to wait, for suddenly it pealed shrilly. How she loved the thrill the thousands of spectators gave her, while the litesomeness of the pair brought forth deafening applause.

Clearheaded, Rae walked Pet up to the car, around every side, giving him plenty of time to know just what was expected of him, but she had taught him well. She was unafraid.

John Reamer sat forward as the horse started, while eyes everywhere watched fascinated the flying pair, hearts beating wildly. As Pet came near the take-off a slight unevenness in the earth-covered ring

caused him to hesitate. He miscalculated the distance, taking the jump a fraction too soon. There was a sudden sickening crash. Failing to clear the car, horse and rider fell headlong, plunging to the ground, while gasps of horror and the fainting of several women only added to the confusion. John sat petrified. A vision of a figure in grey rising in the air and the thud of a body brought him back to earth. How he ever reached her side through the turmoil and confusion he never knew.

LATER, as he waited like a person in another world, he paced the upper hallway like a caged beast, until the creaking of a door held him spell-bound; then somebody touched him on the shoulder.

"Sorry, Mr. Reamer—spine."

The specialist spoke quietly as he left John, stupefied.

Many hours later Rae opened her eyes on a world so full of pain and discomfort that she moaned weakly.

John moved nearer, while the nurse watched close by.

"Better, dear?"

"John, where am I; what happened?"

John looked nervously at the nurse.

She merely nodded.

"Pet threw you, dear."

"And Pet?"

"We couldn't save him."

She shuddered as she tried to move.

"John, I—can't; I—"

"Hush, dear, keep perfectly quiet, it is just a little injury to your spine."

"You don't mean—?"

Tenderly he stooped to kiss her as he replied with assumed cheerfulness:

"The doctor is going to put you in a plaster cast, dear, and we hope to have you better in no time." He turned aside as he spoke.

Rae made little progress for some time. The putting on of the cast had shattered her already weakened nerves to such an extent that it was several months before she would even sit in a wheel-chair. Stiff, weary, uncomfortable days followed. Rae took an interest in nothing, her many gay friends had long since deserted her, while John watched in silent despair.

It was during her rest hour in the afternoon that several times she had caught the glimpse of a dress and a wooden crutch leaving her room. It puzzled her for some time, but one day she awoke to find the figure of her little daughter seated like a small sentinel near her bed. She feigned sleep. For days the same thing happened until one day she caught the gentle murmur of a childish voice which aroused her curiosity as nothing had done since her tedious illness.

"You know, Judd, Mother's sick and we have to watch over her now, for she hurt her spine, just like me, only she doesn't understand some things, poor Mummy," the treble voice broke.

Rae lay thinking while the voice continued.

"It is just like this, Judd, girl; Mother loves all beautiful things and won't she be surprised when she knows that you and I are beautiful on the inside? At least I've tried so very hard to be," the voice finally trailed off as a step on the stairs made the girlie move like a scared rabbit on her two ever-ready crutches.

Rae dreamily repeated, "Beautiful on the inside."

John Reamer watched the small figure of his daughter disappear from sight as he reached the head of the stairs; for some time he had almost forgotten about her, Rae alone filled his thoughts night and day.

"Hello, beautiful; not sitting up?"

"John, I'm sick of it all."

"Hush, dear, what would the kiddie and I ever do without you?"

"John, I am beginning to see myself for the first time, I—"

Rae burst into hysterical tears while John held the beloved form in his strong arms until she lay quiet and exhausted.

"Rae, beautiful, don't fret, dear."

She kissed him passionately.

"Leave me, John, I want to be alone."

Quietly he left her to herself. Somehow Rae seemed dearer than ever. While the sickness had somewhat

Continued on page 40



A road scene in Bulgaria



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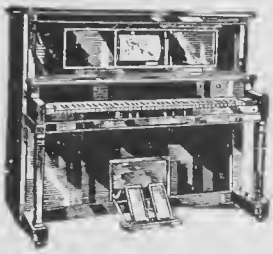
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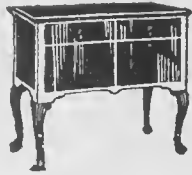


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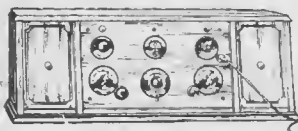
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Drift Inn

By Mrs. W. Garland Foster

Dark clouds lowered over Dr. Wendo's Sanitarium in the White Mountains. Weather prophets among the natives expressed themselves as certain the weather had changed and that dark would see the first snow storm of the season.

Margery Weston felt the imminence of weather change as she lay on her couch taking her rest hour, while she struggled between politeness and anxiety in her conversation with her friend Beatrice Evans, who had arrived a short time before.

"Oh, Bee, whatever possessed you to come out here on such a day? I shall not have a comfortable moment until I know you are safely home."

"I thought you would be glad to see me on Christmas eve," pouted Bee, as she swung a dainty silk and suede clad foot from her seat on the arm of a Morris chair. A lovely study she made, in orange and wood brown, her seal scarf thrown over the back of the chair, her cheeks scarlet from her ride.

"Child, child," admonished the invalid, "of course it is lovely to see you, and I appreciate the thought that brought you, but why did you not come by train and plan to stay over?"

"You see it was this way," explained Beatrice recklessly, swinging her foot, "I was lurching with Carleton Davis at the Country Club (you know we are planning all sorts of winter sports), and I happened to say how much I wished I could see you, just now, and he said if I was game he would run me out. Of course Aunt Marion would not in the least approve of me coming, but she need not know, and anyway what can she say when it's done?"

"Oh," groaned the invalid, "how indiscreet you are! Carleton Davis of all men. Bee, do you intend to marry him?"

"Why, no certainly not. He does very well to pass the time, but—"

"That is not the idea. If you accept his attentions you compromise yourself to an extent that may one day give him the advantage. This very trip may do just that."

"Nonsense, Marge, people are not so foolish about chaperones these days."

"That may be, but I know Carleton Davis and I know that he has a trick of turning everything to his advantage, whether socially or in business. I never told you before, Bee, but Carleton once said me a good deal of attention, in a quiet way. The stakes were not high enough in my case, but I learned considerable about his character."

"So that was it. I wondered why he did not want to come up to see you. I left him in the office talking with one of the doctors. Marge, I wish you would not worry yourself. You would think I was going to get engaged to him the way you worry."

"Well, I cannot see what possessed you to take such a long ride with him and not be. Whatever became of Harry Redmond, Bee?"

"I don't know," with studied carelessness returned Bee, while a flush spread over her face. "He went away after our engagement was broken and I haven't seen him since. Said he was going off to a climate that suited him better. He always fancied himself delicate," finished Bee, with her eyes fixed on the ceiling in an effort to appear unconscious of her blushes.

"I must confess, I would feel safer if he were your escort at the present time instead of Carleton Davis. It isn't safe to go back by car. I know it is going to snow."

"What nonsense Marge, as if a little snow would matter."

"Bee, you don't know these hills and how suddenly and fiercely these storms develop."

"Well, I know how it is at home and that is not more than twenty-five miles away. It can't be so very different," said Bee provokingly.

"If I see Dr. Wendo, will you stay over until the weather is settled?"

"Can't," replied Beatrice, carelessly, "tomorrow is Christmas, and with a house party at home they would have a fit."

"Then you must go at once. There are a few flakes now. Oh, I do hope you get home safely."

"All right, old thing, I am off, almost before I have arrived."

As the car rolled down the avenue of leafless trees, snowflakes fell with increasing frequency. Beatrice's friend said little, and she herself was unusually quiet, although once in awhile she made a remark meant to be funny. Mostly she studied the sky. The car, however, was making considerable speed, and she felt sure they would outrace the storm. At the moment, however, she was congratulating herself on getting out of an embarrassing—perhaps dangerous—predicament, a tire went off like a shot.

Carleton Davis swore audibly. Changing a tire in the falling darkness with snowflakes making their way down his neck was little to Carleton's liking. With all haste possible, he undertook his task, directing Beatrice to remain in the car and keep warm. At last the task was completed, but much precious time had been lost. Already the snow fell in blinding flakes, and not a habitation was to be seen along the deserted road. Smothered in white flakes, the car took its way through the ever deepening soft snow.

Thoroughly alarmed, Beatrice sat doing her best to keep down her growing anxiety as to the predicament her daring was likely to bring. Too late she regretted her folly. Her companion had been growing grimmer and grimmer, and as darkness settled about them, could conceal his anxiety no longer.

"I don't think we can make it, Bee," said he.

"Whatever shall we do?" asked she.

"Spend the night in the car, I suppose," returned he.

"That would be Drift Inn with a vengeance, and probably freeze to death," said she.

"Drift Inn, it's got to be, unless we can find another refuge. Do you remember any houses on the road after we left the turnpike?" asked Carleton.

"None except the little place about five miles after we turned. Don't you remember, you spoke of how isolated the country was?" asked Bee.

"Yes, I remember," returned he, "we must be on the wrong road, for we should have passed the place by now."

"Then, we are lost," gasped Bee.

"Looks like it," replied he.

"Carleton Davis, I will never forgive you for getting me into this," said she.

"Getting you into it? Wasn't it your own idea? You may have to thank me for getting you out of worse trouble," returned he, significantly.

At this Bee began to cry. All the time Carleton had been doing his best to keep the car going, although the heavy snow was clogging the wheels more and more. Finally it was no use, and they were forced to stop on what appeared to be the side of the road. Getting out with a flashlight, Carleton examined the surroundings and made out what appeared to be the outline of a building. Returning to the car, he told his companion that he would try to reach this building in case it afforded better shelter than the car. It might be a house, although there was no light apparent.

"Carleton Davis, I'd be scared sick to stay here all alone. I'll go too," exclaimed Bee.

"It would be much better to stay where you are," warned he, "for if there is no haven there, you will only have got your feet wet to no purpose. No one is abroad on a night like this."

"I'm coming," returned she. And together they set out to explore. Back from the road appeared the outlines of a small cottage, apparently uninhabited. With some anxiety, after repeated knocking, Carleton Davis forced an

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entrance by one of the windows opening on the veranda, and opened the door for Beatrice.

SOME exploration showed them what Beatrice decided must be a bachelor's quarters, quite recently occupied. There were several pairs of men's woolen socks which had evidently dried before the fire went out. However a hasty investigation of wearing apparel hanging about indicated that only one person occupied the place. After some speculation, they decided that they might as well make themselves at home, as even if the owner should return, he could hardly put them out on such a night.

After Davis had found lamps and wood, and succeeded in building a fire, Beatrice sat with her unknown host's socks in place of her own elegant footwear which had suffered in the trip from the car, drying her skirts before the fire. In her present state of comparative comfort, she was inclined to see the funny side of adventure. There was however, an undercurrent of anxiety in all her fun. Carleton Davis on the contrary made himself very comfortable, and there was an air of satisfaction in all he did that would have suggested to his business associates in town, that he was on the track of a best investment.

A tete a tete with Carleton was not a hardship in general, for he was good to look at from a physical point of view, and could be very entertaining. He was just a trifle too gushing at times to suit the most fastidious, but until the present Bee had not found this characteristic very annoying. Tonight, however, his defects were too plain to be ignored. Supper, which proved to be a very satisfactory meal as to quantity of food, was slightly forced as to conversation on Bee's part, although Carleton seemed to take everything quite as a matter of course. The

The idea grew more and more intolerant, the more she thought of it. But she must. There would be no way out after this. Like the talons of a huge bird of prey, she felt fate reaching out for her. Why had she accepted Carleton Davis's attentions in the first place, and secondly, why join him in such a foolhardy undertaking? Why had she not accepted Marge's offer to stay? Wringing her hands she walked back and forth across the small room, every minute, working herself up into a more nervous state of mind. Dropping the wrap from her shoulders, she realized the room was growing cold. At least he had left her plenty of wood. She would sit up until it was all gone, and then freeze, if need be. She could never spend the night asleep in a deserted house with Carleton Davis. How she hated him. And yet she must marry him. To her disordered fancy, he became the talons of fate.

She glanced nervously at the door as if she expected to see him enter. No lock, and it opened out. She could not even shut herself away from him. 'It must be growing very late.' Cautiously, she opened the door and listened. Only the heavy snores of her companion broke the silence. And he could sleep and take things easily like that! Suddenly, she was angry that he took things so coolly.

Then she thought of Harry Redmond, and of all he had meant to her. 'How cruel she had been to him. How dear he had always been about everything! And she had let him go. And now she would have to marry Carleton Davis, to save her reputation, while all the time she would think of Harry and wish it had been he.'

SUDDENLY, her heart stood still. Footsteps in the hallway! Had he pretended to snore or had she disturbed him? And she could not keep him out, there was no way, not even a



A street in Grasse, France, the centre of the perfume industry in Europe

search for a telephone had been unsuccessful, so there was no chance of getting in touch with the outside world for the present.

After supper, restless and ill at ease, Bee skipped idly over a number of magazines of which there seemed to be a great many, although there were no books. Carleton complained that there was not a sign to identify the owner of the place, and alternately smoked and stoked the fire. After one of his excursions to the shed for wood, he remarked that he had better make a fire in the only sleeping room, in case she cared to retire.

Bee mumbled something about, "just as soon sit up as not," but he went on with his preparation of the fire. When he returned, Bee asked: "But where will you sleep, Carleton?"

"Why, here, of course. This couch is all right."

So seeing that the sitting up idea did not appeal to her companion, she went off to her room. But not to retire. Keeping up a pretence of gaiety all evening, had not deceived Bee as to her position. Spending the night alone in a strange house with Carleton Davis, of all people! Even her set would not stand for that. Marry him?

latch that she could hold. On the point of hysteria, she rallied her senses with the idea that she could try a cold and stony manner and tence for time. At least that would be a more game way of meeting the situation. With sinking heart, but high courage in her bearing, she faced the intruder.

For two minutes, two people were turned to stone. The man was the first to recover.

"Merry Christmas, Bee!" exclaimed he, a happy smile irradiating his countenance.

"Harry, oh, Harry," gasped she, throwing herself in his arms, and suddenly remembering to say "Happy Christmas" as his lips reached hers.

"And now little girl, tell me how you got here, the most blessed Christmas box, that ever happened?" asked he, after some time.

Too relieved to even question in her old flippant way the fact that she was his Christmas box, she related the adventure from the beginning, while Carleton Davis snored the sleep of the exhausted chauffeur. When she had finished Harry Redmond's merry laugh echoed through the house.

Continued on page 43

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The Pig that Tried to Start a War

By Emma Mauritz Larson

ONCE there was a pig that tried to start a war between two great nations. That sounds like the beginning of a fairy tale but it isn't. It is a bit of the real history of the world, history that Canada was very much interested in. And the way that the story turned out was so unusual that it makes one of the best historical stories that can be told by any nation.

It all began because the men who settled the last boundary line question between the United States and Canada didn't make their descriptions plain enough. The line ran along the 49th parallel separating British Columbia from the state of Washington until it reached the coast. But there was the fine big Vancouver Island lying out beyond and if the boundary went straight west it would cut that island in two and give half of it to the United States and half to Canada. But the United States conceded a jog in the boundary here so as to give all of Vancouver Island to Canada.

The commissioners who were writing the Boundary Treaty now had to make a water boundary between the two great nations and they described it as "The channel separating Vancouver Island from the mainland." But there were two channels in Puget Sound that could be described exactly that way, the Canal De Haro and the Rosario Straits. Between the two lay a group of little islands, several hundred of them. Most of them were very small, some no bigger than a ship, but a few were larger. One of these, San Juan Island, gave its name to the whole group of islands, and it was perhaps fourteen miles long and half as wide.

potatoes," he said. "You keep the potatoes out of the pig."

So every day the pig helped himself more freely to the precious potatoes until at last Culver shot the pig, and went to its master offering to pay for it. The official wouldn't take the money and said he'd rather take the case to court. That might have satisfied both sides in this queer controversy between a pig and a potato patch, but the Hudson Bay official wished Lyman Culver to go before a Canadian Court and the American claimed the right to be tried in an American Court. "We are on British land," said the pig's master. "We are on American property," said the potatoes' owner.

The truth of it was no one knew which of the two men was right, but there was high feeling on both sides. Griffith, the pig's owner, called warships from Canada to come and take Culver to a Canadian Court. And the very same day that the three warships arrived, without either side knowing what the other was doing, some American soldiers landed on the south end of San Juan Island to protect Culver in what he claimed as his rights to an American trial.

It looked as though the greedy pig were starting a war between two big nations and indeed wars have been started over as small and foolish quarrels as this one. But fortunately the fighting couldn't begin until the British Admiral in command of the west coast of Canada gave the order, and he said "I will not plunge two great nations into war over a matter like this, or even over the question of the ownership of a group of isolated little islands."



The old barracks at English Camp sagging under its weight of roses. It contains the soldiers' mess-hall with the original furniture

Because the Boundary Treaty was so indefinite no one knew who really owned these little islands, and nobody cared very much because they were so small and so far away from the capitals of the two great nations. But another Commission was appointed to study the matter and settle it, and they were meeting in Victoria for several years, but they couldn't seem to decide anything.

At first no one lived on the San Juan Islands, which were rocky and picturesque but had some good land on the larger islands too. Then the Hudson Bay Company put large flocks of sheep and cattle on San Juan Island, with an official in charge, and helpers to work under him. Other men, both Englishmen and Americans, came after the Fraser River Gold excitement had died down, and started to clear farms on the same island.

The English official for the Hudson Bay Company had a pet pig, which he allowed to run loose. Some of the farmers had little gardens, and one of the Americans, Lyman Culver, was especially proud of his potato patch. It looked like it would supply him and the dozen other Americans with enough potatoes so that they would not have to row many miles across the rough water of Puget Sound to the mainland to buy potatoes for the next winter.

But the British piggie liked the looks of those potatoes too and he sampled them every day. When Lyman Culver protested and tried to get the pig shut up the official who owned him declined to do it. "I can't keep the pig out of the

When word went by the slow route of those days, for this was in the year 1859 before railroads crossed the continent from coast to coast, to the President of the United States, about this trouble on San Juan Island he took the same view. He felt it was important to have the Boundary question settled but until that could be accomplished the San Juan Islands must be free for both nations to live on in peace. He sent the Commander in Chief of the United States Army from the city of Washington to the far away north-west to see what could be done to settle this pig and potato matter.

The American General would not even land on San Juan Island, since it was disputed territory, but from across the Sound on the mainland he studied the queer quarrel and suggested that the American soldiers be allowed to stay on the south end of San Juan Island the that the British warships had the same number on any other point of the island. Each camp of soldiers could govern its own countrymen on the island for the short time that the Boundary question should remain unsettled. He suggested, too, that the slow Commission that had been meeting for years and that still had nothing settled about the two straits should be dismissed and an arbitrator chosen from among the rulers of foreign nations to arbitrate the question of the Boundary Line.

THE Canadians thought both these suggestions good, and one hundred British troops landed on San Juan and chose a beautiful landlocked bay on the north end of the island as the site of their camp. With real British thoroughness they began at once to make a fine camp, though they did not expect to stay long. On the hill-sides they built homes for the officers and doctor, with gardens and tennis courts around them, and a splendid roadway cut through the forest leading up to these homes. They called the road Broadway.

Down below on the more level land they put up wooden buildings for the soldiers, mess and quarters and a company store. And because they were really a fort and there might be active trouble they built a block house down at the water's edge to defend their harbor if the Americans should attack them.

Up further on the hill, back of these quarters and of the fine large level parade ground they put up a blacksmith shop and a sawmill, both very useful in their construction work on this little wilderness island. They took a great deal of pride in the whole camp, and built one thing after another on their northern end of San Juan.

Fourteen miles away the Americans had their camp, built much more simply but with a trench around it for defence in case the British should attack by land or sea.

too great, even for British soldiers to finish."

"Oh very well, then," said the Americans. "We will remove the plates and try to entertain you in some other way."

Not until many years afterward did one of the American soldiers let out the joke of that banquet. Those last fresh plates brought on by the Americans were only a part of a joke planned ahead of time. They didn't have a morsel more of food to offer their guests. But the bluff worked that time, and not for fifty years afterward did the secret leak out that the Americans hadn't really beaten the British after all in providing so enormous a feast that it could not even be finished.

After twelve years the Emperor of Germany was appointed Arbitrator and he took six months to go into all the legal evidence about the two channels, the Canal De Haro and the Rosario Straits. His decision in September 1872, was that the original Boundary Line Treaty had intended the Rosario Strait as the water boundary between the United States and Canada. So the San Juan Islands belonged to the United States, and the two opposing camps of soldiers that had been such good friends were recalled by their governments.

Today it is interesting to visit San Juan Island and see the remains of the old camps that were built simply because two great nations would not let a pig and



The old blacksmith forge at English Camp, standing sturdily though the building is gone. Mrs. Herbert Davis, in the picture, has carefully preserved the historic buildings of the camp, which her father homesteaded for a farm in 1872.

At the time that the two camps were started in 1860 no one dreamed it would be very long before the Boundary question would be settled. But it was not easy to find a foreign ruler to act as arbitrator, and the United States soon had more urgent matters on its hands in its own Civil War. So twelve long years went by before the question was settled by arbitration.

After the buildings of the British camp were put up it was hard to keep a hundred soldiers busy on the little island. There was nothing for them to do.

The Americans felt time very heavy on their hands, too, shut off here away from the real fighting of the Civil War that they would have been glad to help in. Both sides felt no bitterness any longer about this little matter about the pig, and were only anxious that the Boundary question should be settled so that they would be released from duty at the American camp and English camp on San Juan Island.

But the months dragged on, and finally word went from one camp to the other, "Let us meet half way on San Juan Island and have some athletic contests." Both camps welcomed this change from their dull lives, and went seven miles to a spot in the center of the island, where they had some lively contests. And they parted such good friends that they planned to do other things together.

The British camp then invited their friendly enemies to a banquet, and produced a wonderful feast. The Americans were in despair at being able to set such a table out of the limited food supplies on San Juan Island. But they sent a hearty invitation in return.

When the British soldiers sat down to the American banquet they found the food very delicious and plentiful too, and they ate heartily. Finally, when, after many courses, the Americans brought on fresh plates, the English soldiers protested, "No more. We have eaten all we possibly can already. You have prepared a banquet

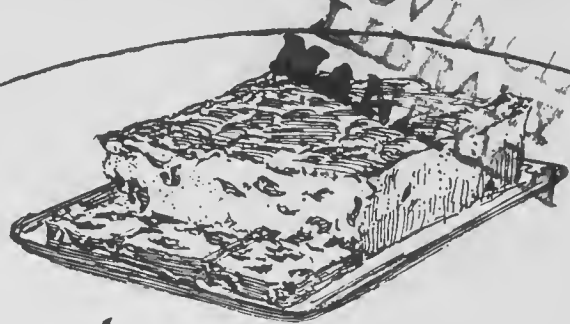
potatoes, nor even the question of the ownership of a group of small islands, plunge them into war. The south end of the island is low and bare, and but little of the American camp remains. There are just the remains of the old trenches and a stone monument put up by the State University of Washington.

The University has erected a marble monument, too, in honor of the British camp at the north end of the island. It stands high on the hillside up near the place where the officers' homes used to be. "Broadway" leads up to it, a wide roadway through the forest as lovely still as it was sixty-five years ago when it was laid out by the soldiers. The officers' homes are gone, some of them burned a few years after the British left and others were torn down to provide lumber for other uses in the Islands. But it is easy to see where they stood, overlooking the beautiful landlocked bay that still bears the name Garrison Bay.

DOWN on the shore there are several of the historic buildings still standing, preserved by Mrs. Davis, the owner of the farm that now included all of the ground once covered by the British camp. Just two years after the settlement of the Boundary question the United States government allowed the land to be homesteaded and Mrs. Davis' father took it. Later it came to Mrs. Davis herself, and she felt strongly that it was a place of international interest marking the friendship of two nations that would not fight each other if a question could be settled by arbitration.

And very happily it is true that the two nations, Great Britain and the United States, that wouldn't let a pig start war between them, have never let anything else either start disagreement since that day. The friendship has been lasting and the peace an honor to both nations. And the Canadian Boundary Line, both where it runs on the land and in the Canal De Haro, only marks where two friendly territories meet.

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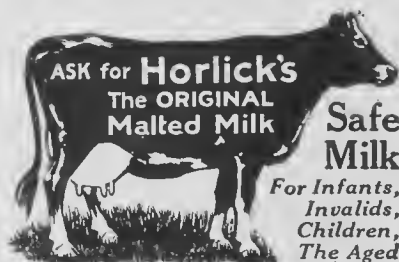
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The Tyranny of Offspring

By Phillip Crampton

AS Jack Lorrimer hurried to the "Interurban" at seven thirty-five that glorious June morning, his soul was rebellious. To begin with Kate had been cross, that is, she had seemed to him to be cross. Had he been imbued with that magic intuition which places common people on an almost equality with the gods, he would have known differently. It is not always easy to be sweet-tempered when a gnawing, persistent toothache jars every fibre; and especially so, when one has to keep the fact strictly to oneself—why? oh, just because!

"We can't possibly afford a dentist," Kate had reasoned inwardly, and in the Spartan mood had convinced herself that she could not afford her husband's sympathy either. "He's got enough to worry him now, poor dear, without me bothering him."

Secondly, there were the children; they were getting out of hand. Only yesterday when he had returned from work he had found the back porch and lawn littered with chips and rubbish. John was too old for that kind of thing; he should have known enough to clean up after his carpentering ventures. He had told him so, and Kate had taken John's part, she always did—oh well! The kids were not bad, but they might take a little more interest in things and their mother, and—well yes, in him too, he thought.

Carefully he picked his way through

casual greeting to the two men at right and left of him—he did this every morning—the motorman clanged his bell and they were off.

With longing eyes he scanned the fleeting fields, patches of woodland and cosy farmsteads, and at exactly seven fifty-five jumped out to the cement sidewalk, to be swallowed up in the surge of human cogs which go to the making of that great machine called "Industry."

Day after day, year after year, the same thing happened: to work in the morning, from work at night, with a day off once in seven, and even then there was generally work of some kind to be done at home, fixing things up—everlastingly fixing things up. It had not always been so: the first few years of married life had been garnished with hope, ambition almost, and his wife Kate had been less overwhelmed with maternal cares.

They had gone out of an evening sometimes, even danced; but before the first decade had slipped away things had taken a different twist. The children—bless 'em—had come along one after the other, and the paycheck that Jack brought home every second week, although slightly increased as the years flew by, had not kept pace with expenditure. Overtime had been resorted to; hope spread her wings and vanished, grim work stood before him; necessity pushed him from behind, and then old age, that implacable enemy of body and mind, began to pin him down. No wonder his soul rebelled.

DURING his service with Slogan Bros., he had seen many men come and go: some to other walks in life, others up into the office: one to become a junior partner in the firm, but he stayed on in the basement. At first there had been resentment, a secret hope, and then dull apathy and the dread of losing his job. You see, he had six children to feed!

"Lorrimer's a good enough man, but he'll never get anywhere," old Jake Slogan had said some few years after Jack had come to them.

"Why? Well, just because his mind is in something else, I guess," he had answered his brother's query.

Old Jake had been right, and although the old man himself had passed on and out, making room for a younger member of the firm, Jack Lorrimer still checked cases from the islands of the seven seas with strange cabalistic writings upon them in to the warehouse of Slogan Bros., as he had done twenty-five years ago.

After the first few years of hope and disappointment had passed, he had become resigned. They were getting along all right, he would argue to himself, after a while he would retire; but he had not counted his chickens well. He had not counted on old age creeping in, or the ever-increasing cost of clothing and educating his growing family; and now, with old age staring him in the face he was rebellious.

"What's eating you Dad?" It was a fellow workman at the lunch-hour who ejaculated this highly expressive phrase. "Dad," as Lorrimer was called in the shop had been particularly grumpy all morning, and young Jim Doolan, with the temerity of youth was demanding an explanation.

"Eat'n' me! What d'yer mean?" Lorrimer turned the contents of his dinner-pail out thoroughly, and then giving vent to his pent up feelings continued, "It's all very well for you, Jim. You're young yet—twenty years younger'n me I reckon, and—well, you haven't got any woman and kids to bother with."

Jim laughed, and then with a puzzled expression on his young face, said, "Woman and kids! One 'ud think you was sorry you had 'em, to hear you talk," and then in a lowered tone and in a burst of sweet confidence, "I'm getting married myself next week."

"Forget it. Take my advice and forget it, boy. You'll be sorry if you don't," and although Lorrimer smiled as he gave his admonition there was a tinge of bitterness in it.

With a flushed face Jim was quick to parry, "Why so? What have you got against marrying? Now, I think—"

Lorrimer cut him short, "Yes you think,—you're just like the rest of 'em when they're young. You think how nice it would be to have a wife waiting home with the tea all ready, and the buttons all sewed on and—and—" he was unnecessarily ruffled and a bunch of workmen scenting fun, edged up to where he and Jim were sitting.

"Go it, Dad! Rub it in! At-er-boy!"

But Lorrimer took no notice.

"But you just wait," he continued, "wait till you've been in the game as long as me; wait till you can't find time to do nothing—nothing you want to do, I mean, nothing but fix, and dig, and work—Oh hell!" his reason and grammar seemed to have left him simultaneously. "Why, I hasn't been fishing for morn' a year now, I—" A shout of merriment drowned this outburst and was only quelled when a junior clerk from the office pushed his way through the amused throng.

"Ah, here you are Dad! What are you handing the boys now?" he had a twinkle in his eye as he continued, "The Old Man wants to see you in the office as soon as he comes back from lunch."

Lorrimer paled as he answered, "All right sonny, I'll be there." The clerk went off whistling and Lorrimer went back to his work with a heavy heart.

Continued on page 45

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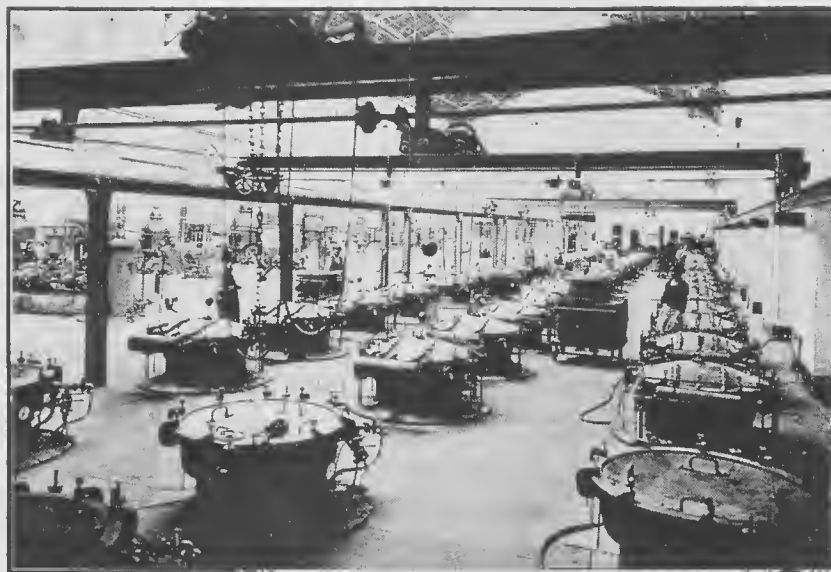
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the deep dust of the lane trying to keep his boots from getting smothered. From a neighboring apple tree a robin poured forth its morning song, every note breathing of freedom: freedom from work and having to do things, the freedom of the sky and the woods and the grassy fields. His soul registered another jolt. Crossing the little stream not far from the station he happened upon two of the neighbor boys digging worms; there was no need to ask what was their intention, the two willow rods lying by the roadside and the open tobacco-tin from which sundry wrigglers were trying to escape, being eloquent of fishing, and shady pools along the creek; and his hurried, "Mornin' boys!" was met with such a cheerful acknowledgment, and in a tone so brimful of the holiday spirit that right here again his soul received jolt number three.

"Why, oh why?" he lamented, as he neared the station, "does a fellow have to work an' work an' work—and on a morning like this 'too?"

From somewhere inside came the little whisper, "You've got six children to feed, and a wife."

Mechanically he dropped his little red ticket into the box and took his seat in exactly the same place as he had occupied the morning before, nursing his dinner pail between his knees: he gave

His was a quiet soul too, rejoicing in the great outdoors; seeing beauty where most saw only the material side, dreaming of halcyon days to come when necessity would no longer drive, and he would be free to wander at will through the woods and fields, listening to the song of the robin and the tap of the woodpecker on the hollow tree, far from the clang of bell and rattle of truck. And, strange trick of fate, this man whose very heart and soul were steeped in the love of nature, and to whose senses the woods and fields were as water to a parched land, was forced to pass eight hours of every day, six days a week, in an electrically lighted basement.

He had worked all his life for a large export house, wheeling huge packing cases from the door to the innermost recesses of the warehouse, and vice versa: reading the stencilled markings upon their sides telling of foreign lands where sago palms sweltered along some tropic river, or where the fragrant perfume of the spice islands was wafted a hundred miles across a summer sea to greet the incoming trader with its witchery. The faint sweet aroma which still clung to the rough packages of cinnamon and cloves with their superfluous lashings of rattan would set him dreaming as he trundled his truck back and forth.

Some of the Rare Things We Find Along the Atlantic

By Bonnycastle Dale

THE men who see the wonders of the deep spread before their eyes daily appreciate it but slightly. The "Bank" fishermen see Blue Dog sharks, Bottom sharks, huge Blackfish, Swordfish, whales pursuing their food every day along over the "Banks," and they take but little notice as they toil with oar or trawl or sheet, but to our wondering eyes the marvels are apparent.

Amid the huge seas, great rolling green masses with acres of "windchop" on their towering crests, we often see tiny black dots that spatter up and down the awful slopes of the troughs: "Mother Carey's Chickens" (Stormy Petrels) birds no larger than red-winged blackbirds, that feed and live and sleep on the open seas.

Then the sailors will say: "See them sea-geese," and we search the seas with our glasses, looking for huge Canada geese, finally into the focus comes a little, thin-necked thing just about the size of a "wagtoe," or "waterwitch," or "Grebe," as you know them in Ontario; the boys call them "divers." We are fully two hundred miles from land. The seas are gigantic "white horses," following one another with tumultuous precision. Along the current-riven troughs sweep these tiny birds, secure, contented, picking here and there at some morsel that means food to them, while the huge liner we are on rolls and tosses like a thing possessed.

At times when the men are fishing for cod off-shore, say ten to twenty miles off, they will see a "Portugese Man-of-war." "Rough weather away outside to see them big transparent jellyfish in so close," they will say. These men are used to seeing this marvellous thing raise its transparent pink-lued sail and go

building materials through their livers before they attach them to the growing pile. I trust modern builders will not cast this up at their employers when he chides them for their luxurious slowness; for Nature is slow but very sure.

It is odd to look at the great rocks that are rushed ashore in the surf and to examine the small brown stain-like blotches on it and to know that if the power of the storm had not torn that rock off the outer bottom it would have been the anchor-stone of numerous long waving bands of "kelp."

One of the most marvelous things we take from the ocean is the big, soft, flat, huge-mouthed Angler Fish. You know the bottom of the shorewise seas are all yellow colored masses of sand with here and there long "gardens" in which grow all the various kelps and fucis and amid which breed many of the great shellfish. In these waving underwater groves swim and hide large shoals of young cod and haddock, cusk and pollock, rock cod and tommy cod, and many others, actually millions of them. The Angler was quite evidently born lazy. Nature gave him a sandy spotted skin that exactly matches the sandy bottom of the sea. His mouth opens up like the lid of a box and it is studded with big flat-topped teeth, and every tooth has a tab of skin that hangs over and about it. Now, to make this ten to forty-pound trap attractive there is a long "fishpole" of muscular fibre extending in front of the awful yawning cavity, and to make these good fishing tools, Nature has actually hung a lump of transparent gristle on the end of each "fishing pole," and there it waves and the tabs on the teeth sway back and forward like other fishes. Into that cave, intent on eating these tooth tabs and lured by the swaying "bait," swim many a school of small fishes that



A proud Porcupine suspiciously watching the camera man

skimming past their dories when they are hauling trawls on the banks. Full well they know the danger of interfering with this big helpless looking thing. The numerous long blue strands, that look like purple beads irregularly strung, that are at once his anchor and rudder, are filled with stinging acids that make the intruding hand swell and pain. I have known of a man who was so badly "stung" by one of these wonders of the seas that he had to be rowed rapidly home for doctor's aid.

SOMETIMES, when Laddie and I are doing field work afoot, we come across big round bluish-white colored stones, about as big as a Rugby ball, that have been hurled upon the shore by the last storm. These are "Brain Corals" built by that tiny colony that pass all their

never swim out, for the great lid closes and the mass is gulped down.

"We was out with dad along 'George's Bank' and fishin' away for cod and thar was more dogfish nor cod, too, and we ups and tries 'nother place—I yells to brother for help when a big fish got on, and we tugs and pulls and Dad says 'It's a Goose-fish—look out, he'll pull you in!' An' he lays hold too and we hauled the monster in. Say, he was all mouth an' he snaps at my foot like a rat-trap. We lays him out wi' the killin' stick and if he was no good to eat, them six coot 'surfidicks' he had swallowed was as fresh as fresh. Dad say he'd a-weighed 40 pounds and he cut up good for lobster bait." This from one of the fishermen's sons.

Continued on page 45



Protect your gums and save your teeth

Just as a ship needs the closest attention under the water-line, so do the teeth under the gum-line. If the gums shrink, serious dangers result.

The teeth are loosened. They are exposed to tooth-base decay. The gums themselves become tender and bleed easily. They form sacs which become the doorways of organic disease for the whole system. They often disfigure the mouth as they recede.

Prevent Pyorrhea with Forhan's

If used in time and used consistently, Forhan's will prevent or check Pyorrhea's progress. Forhan's is safe, efficient and pleasant-tasting. It preserves gum health and corrects tender gum spots, hardens gum tissues so they will offer proper support to the teeth, and keeps your mouth fresh and healthy.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's twice a day and consult your dentist immediately for special treatment.

Forhan's is more than a tooth paste; it checks Pyorrhea. Thousands have found it beneficial for years. For your own sake ask for Forhan's For the Gums. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan's, Limited, Montreal

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—
it checks Pyorrhea



Tooth neglect demands its toll

Just as a ship needs the closest attention under the water-line, so do your teeth under the gum-line

Paint and Posies

Beguile Summer Cheer to Spend the Winter With Us

By SYLVIA SIMS

IT is only a few years since a piece of painted furniture was the unloved foster-child of hard times; even the chairs in the kitchen were a sort of sick brown color, due to the application of a yellow-tinted stain that for some reason had nothing to do with good appearance, that came into universal use on all cheap furniture. Low-priced bedroom and dining-room suites were also covered with it and whilst they no doubt served a useful purpose, they were certainly far from beautiful.

Today, painted furniture is the darling of the decorator. And rightfully so, for it offers unlimited scope to one of the most important means of achieving beauty. Color is as essential in our rooms as in our gardens, and painted furniture gives us splendid opportunities to use color effectively. Perhaps we only want a spot of it here and there, just enough to give life and color to a room so far not altogether satisfying. Again, we will furnish a room completely with painted furniture, though we shall not necessarily have it all the same color. We have the most authoritative examples to follow—not only in using paint as a finish but in combining colors in an interesting way. Just a short time ago, I saw a dining-room that had been done by a very prominent interior decorator: it contained no less than three finishings. The table only was in the accustomed polished wood; it was a really fine walnut table, rather light in design, and assorted admirably with rush-bottomed chairs painted a delightful pale yellow and a long console table, used in place of a sideboard and painted apple green. It was really a charming effect—cheerful in winter time and yet with great possibilities of coolness in summer, for the yellow was pale enough not to be aggressively warm looking and the green, I was informed, was given more emphasis in summer by the use of a single pair of curtains at the window, of apple green organdy in the new and satisfactory sunfast material. They are ruffled and are caught by exquisite tie-backs in the form of a single yellow glass rose.

The same principle is applied to the room in winter, when the warm color is strengthened instead of the cool one. Striped side curtains are introduced, showing yellow, russet, blue and green, over sash curtains of yellow that go far to create an illusion of eternal summer sunshine, and the lights, with their shades of glowing yellow silk, are lighted a great deal of the time that the room is occupied in winter.

The modern artist, who creates pictures with furnishings and fabrics, is by no means the discoverer of the value of finishes that glow with rich color. Centuries ago, the Chinese and Japanese made chests and boxes and cabinets and finished them by a process known only in the Orient which in due time became known in Europe as "lacquer." On a background of brilliant black, as a rule, beautiful decorations were applied in gold, silver and the natural colors of the flowers, landscapes and so forth. The enthusiasm with which Europe greeted the examples of lacquer which found their way there, urged continental craftsmen to the imitation of the Eastern art, and they found a way to reproduce the effects very fairly.

The same thing that carried those Eastern lacquers to fame in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, brings us today to a keen appreciation of paint as a finish for furniture—and that is the decorative value. It is true that we place our chief dependence in the dark woods, with their polished finishes (and it is also true that the mass of the people is becoming more critical than heretofore, and is demanding that the finishes be both beautiful and durable). But there is a very definite place in our furnishing schemes which may well be filled by the painted finish.

We can offer ourselves wide variety—not only in the matter of color, but in type and design. We can be severe as we please, when severity suits our mood; or we can plan an effect that is light, feminine, charming, gay. And when we would also keep economy in mind, there is no aid like the faithful and versatile paint pot.

Art and Economy

I DO not want to imply that the only uses of paint in the average household, are those which enable us to cover up deficiencies. As a matter of fact, the manufacturers of furniture, recognizing that people are looking for furniture that they can have finished

to suit themselves, are putting on the market chairs and tables, cabinets and bedroom furniture, in the natural wood, ready for whatever finish its new owner may decree. And, of course, furniture that is already painted, whether in plain white or grey, or in very elaborate designs, in woods of moderate price or others that are really costly, is offered now by every big dealer. Just as a matter of interest, let me quote from an advertisement in one of this month's magazines: "Spool bed, painted green with mauve stripes, \$69.50; in mahogany, \$42.50. Night table, painted, \$24.50; in mahogany, \$17.50." And we have long considered mahogany an aristocrat among woods—as indeed it is!

But having thus produced my evidence to show that the chief claim to virtue made by painted furniture is that of artistic merit and not merely a matter of comparative costs, it is surely safe to bring forward its delightfully economical possibilities. The fact that an amateur who would never dream of attempting to put a polish on a mahogany high-boy, for instance, will, without a qualm, tackle the job of painting an old maple chest, is not without significance. He (or quite as often, if not oftener, she, for women have developed into keen furniture painters), takes on the task, not in a spirit of diffidence, but feeling quite capable of making an excellent job of it.

So there is ground, at once, for a claim to real economy—the economy of being able to do something ourselves which heretofore lay strictly in the hands of specialists. We now buy a can or two of good paint, a suitable brush, some sandpaper—and at a total expense of a few cents, proceed to make a charming piece of furniture out of one that was shabby perhaps to the point of being relegated to the attic or the woodshed.

We can't help enjoying work of that kind. Some of us lack the patience that is necessary for creative work; many of us feel that we are not artistic or not "handy" enough to ever really make anything worth while; yet we find that we can wield a paint brush to excellent effect—that with a very little study and experience, we can produce something that bears no mark of the amateur. Of course there is a thrill in that!

It is worth while for every reader of this magazine to ask these questions:

"Have I a room that, in spite of my efforts to give it a pleasant atmosphere, in spite of the good furniture I have put in it, is not a success?"

"Have I a room in which the furniture has become shabby beyond help from polishing—a worn room or one in which the woods are poor and unattractive?"

"Have I a piece of furniture that is good in design, but for which in its present state, I cannot seem to find a suitable place? Or another which, with a change of complexion, would be extremely useful in some given spot?"

The question that calls out "yes" for answer, is a matter of rejoicing rather than regret.

The Cry for Paint

FOR the characterless room, the unsuccessful room, there is nothing more useful than a bit of color, cleverly placed. Perhaps the effect is too sombre. What would you say, then, to introducing a little drop-leaf table or a "nest of tables," painted in the Chinese lacquer red or in a lovely greeny-blue tone? Wouldn't it give just the touch of interest and life such a room would need, if it were a living room? Or, you might use your color note on a chair of the prized Windsor type or a comfortable old ladder-back rocker like the one at the upper right in our illustration.

Summer winters here as the guest of Jack Frost, when sunny yellow enamel and spring flowers dispute the calendar's right to call this December.

If it is a dining room that seems dull and uninteresting to you, what would you think of building a little corner cupboard, or a pair of them, to balance, using small glass panes in the door and painting the rest of it yellow, green, blue, terra cotta, or any other color in the spectrum that would accord with your rug, hangings, etcetera, and bring the room to life? I have seen the same result successfully achieved by painting the inside of such a cupboard in a brilliant tone, and then making careful selection of the china that was to stand against the new background.

Perhaps the same room lacks a sideboard, or, what is more serious, possesses one which is a hindrance rather than a help. In the latter case, why not be strong minded and banish the offender? Chairs and table may be much less offensive, even when belonging to the same suite. A poor designer always seems to do his very worst when he reaches the sideboard. The next step is to find a narrow table, of plain lines and pleasing proportions, and paint it to our taste—whether we intend to carry the redeeming coat of color to the other pieces or not. This table, with a runner and not more than three pieces of pottery or silver upon it, will make a charming console and act as a serving table at meal time.

Our main illustration shows a variation of the Welsh dresser that might frequently commend itself to the householder who is engaged in improving her dining room by some such methods as these. This one piece of furniture would cheerfully do the work of both sideboard and china cupboard. It would be no great trick for a handy man to construct it from a drop-leaf table of any wood, and a few feet of dressed lumber. It amounts to making a set of shelves the width of the table and fastening them on it. Usually this would leave a narrow space of table top in front of the shelves, which is supplemented at meal times, for instance, by raising the front drop-leaf. If one makes a careful selection of the dishes that are to be given a place of honor on these shelves, this dresser can be a very decorative addition to the dining room.

How to Be Your Own Painter

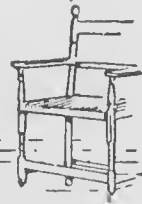
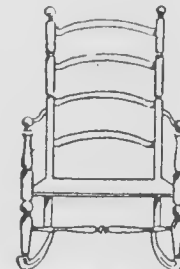
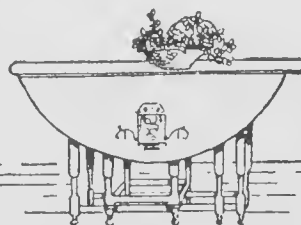
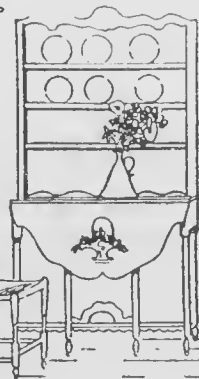
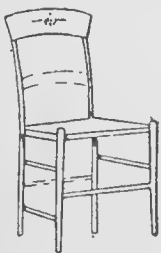
IT is a bit easier to paint a piece of furniture which has not been finished with varnish or stain of any kind. Of course if it was painted before, so much the better—no matter what the color. The old paint will make an excellent base for the new, and its color is not difficult to cover. Varnish or similar finishes must be completely removed, however. A preparation for this purpose may be purchased from any paint dealer and used according to the directions on it; usually it is applied with a small brush to small portions of the surface at a time, allowed to remain a few minutes, and then scraped off with a putty knife or some similar tool. Every scrap of the old surface must be removed. Then the surface must be washed, dried, sandpapered and washed again, to make it perfectly smooth and free from dust. Sometimes a second application is necessary in spots.

It is advisable to go over the surface that was previously painted with sandpaper, as a rule, to make it quite smooth. A good washing has been declared by an old painter to be "the equal of a coat of the best paint." Powdered whiting, mixed to a paste with water, is an excellent cleaner. With the surfaces dried or dusted, as the case may be, we are ready to start laying on the first coat. Often there will be some left-over paint from some other job that will do for a priming coat. The final color, however,

is a matter for our best consideration.

The one that is chosen should be the color above all others which will give charm to the room it is going into; we do not need to follow the old lines at all. Of course it is frequently a dark color that is needed; black is often stunning; brown may be the best choice; but there is no reason at all why we should not use a rich old blue paint, if we want to, or a soft green; and if we want to trim them with a touch of bright color, no one will criticize us (so long as we choose our colors well). And for bedroom, kitchen, child's room or sunroom,

Continued on page 41



The Kidnapped Kelly Kid

By Richard S. Bond

"KITTY'S been kidnapped! Kitty's been kidnapped!" Mrs. Kelly's voice shrilled over the back fences and along the alley, bringing out at least a dozen inquisitive women and two or three times as many children.

"What, again?" inquired Mrs. Ferguson. "That's four times Kitty has been kidnapped since the Jones girl disappeared, and every time she has turned up in time for dinner. Are you sure?"

"Sure! I should say I was sure, this time," wailed the frantic mother. "I've looked in the cellar, underneath the inverted washtubs, fernindst the new vanity in the front bedroom, and back of that pile of weeds there."

She pointed a trembling finger to a mass of burdock in the corner of the garden, behind which the sleeping Kitty had been located on the occasion of her last suspected kidnapping.

"She's nowhere this time," continued Mrs. Kelly. "John Baloni saw two men in an automobile, a Ford, about an hour ago, looking up and down the street. It was just before that when I saw Kitty last. And Kitty's so pretty, anyone would choose her from a dozen."

Mrs. Ferguson snorted disgustedly. To her mind Kitty Kelly was the makings of about as homely a piece of humanity as the row had ever produced. But a mother's love covers a multitude of sins or even freckles and snub noses, so the peaceful neighbor said nothing.

But this time Kitty could not be found. Dinner in the Kelly household came and went. The sun began to sink over the top of Van Housen's mill. In another hour it would be dark.

"And Kitty didn't have her coat on neither," sobbed Mrs. Kelly. "There she'll be, dead probably, and nothing to keep her warm. I mean, if she ain't dead, she'll be frozen," added the frantic mother, endeavoring to correct her mistake.

"It's not cold enough for that," said Mrs. Ferguson who had been hunting for the child since the first announcement of her disappearance. By now she was beginning to worry herself, and her voice was more gentle. She kept a firm hold on the hand of her own Alice, just Kitty's age. "She couldn't freeze, but she could catch a fearful cold. And pneumonia is so common nowadays too. It's dreadful, Mrs. Kelly. I should think you would have been more careful and not let her through the gate. She wanders so."

Even little children had joined in the search. Boy scouts were attending to the distant woods, while smaller children were covering the nearby streets and even the back lots and fields. Police, firemen, neighbors, friends, even strangers from the hill section and the semi-aristocratic addition back of Huston Street—all were searching for one small red-headed, brown-frocked girl.



Picking the blossoms of the tuberose for use in the making of perfume near Grasse, France

"Probably by now she's laying dead in some culvert," wailed Mrs. Kelly. "That's what they did to the Jones girl. I'm going to telephone for Bill to come home from work and to find my Kitty."

Before another half hour had slipped by, everyone in the row was searching far and wide for the missing child. Flyers had been sent out from the nearest police station, announcing the disappearance of a red-headed, blue-eyed, brown-frocked girl of four, and the early editions of the evening papers were carrying scare heads about the latest kidnapping.

"It's true this time, so it is," affirmed Mrs. Kelly to a friend fifteen blocks away. "Did you see me picture in the Gazette and what the editor said about my Kitty? He sent a reporter or whatever you call him around to the house to learn all about it. It must be true or the Gazette wouldn't put it on the first page. Oh, Kitty, Kitty, why didn't you stay in the alley with the kitten and the turtle?"

As soon as the menfolk were home from work, they bolted hastily prepared suppers and joined in the search. Sewers were investigated, back alleys and lots hunted inch by inch, and half a dozen men even took shovels to investigate the dump back of Johnson's mill—a mass of fine coal dust in which almost anything might be hidden.

It seemed impossible to go half a block without finding a fellow searcher, and when darkness fell, the searchers increased rather than diminished.

A HUSKY fireman bumped into a muffled figure in a winter coat, fully a mile from the Kelly home.

"What ya' doing out so late, kid," he inquired kindly. "I nearly knocked you over."

"Huntin' for the little dirl that was lost," lisped the tiny one. "Got to find her so her mamma won't be 'fraid. Just a little dirl like me. I been hunting since long ago."

"You'd better beat it back to bed, kid," said the fireman kindly. "It's too late for a little girl like you to be out."

The tiny one drew herself up proudly. "I stays out till ten o'clock," she affirmed. "I ain't 'fraid around here where I knows everyone. I'm going to find the little lost dirl, that's what I'm going to do. You just go on and hunt her too."

Swinging indignant shoulders the child went up the street.

"She was just about as big as the Kelly girl," laughed the fireman later when he had called to see if the lost had been found. Mrs. Kelly was out, so he had dropped in to inquire of Mrs. Ferguson.

Continued on page 33



Constipation Nearly Took their Baby!

THE U. S. Government Life Tables show that one in every ten babies dies the first year, chiefly from diseases of the intestinal tract. Infant deaths are higher in the United States than in ten other leading countries. Sadder still are those thousands of cases where babies live and suffer all their lives from ailments that could have been prevented with proper care, adds a noted health authority.

The mother who permits constipation in her baby or older child is risking the health, even the life, of her little one, says an intestinal specialist. Poisons formed in the accumulated food waste are picked up by the blood and carried to all parts of the body. Just imagine the effect of these poisons upon your child's frail organs!

And side by side with this grave danger is that of constipation in the nursing mother. For intestinal poisons reach those organs in which milk for baby is produced, thus polluting baby's only source of nourishment. Laxatives taken by the nursing mother may also harm the infant through the milk.

Do Not Use Laxatives

Medical authorities are sounding a solemn warning against laxatives and cathartics. Whether in infants or adults, their continued use produces temporary results only at the expense of permanent injury.

In lubrication medical science has found the best means for maintaining internal cleanliness. The Nujol lubrication method is entirely different from that of laxatives and cathartics. Without griping, Nujol merely lubricates and softens the food waste, enabling Nature to secure regular and thorough elimination. Thus it both prevents and overcomes constipation.

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Mrs. John Bennett, Boggy Creek, Man., writes:

"My little girl had organic nervous trouble, could not sleep, had severe headaches and fainting spells. This went on for three years, and three doctors helped her very little. After reading of what Dr. Chase's Nerve Food had done for others, I got some for her. She is now so well that she is like a different child. She is fourteen years old and looks the picture of health."



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MOTHER'S PAGE



The Influence of Color

By Ida V. Walker

A PUBLIC school class which was usually very quiet and orderly had grown restless and almost unmanageable. The teacher could not understand it and was greatly puzzled and worried over the increasing misbehavior of her erstwhile model pupils. An artist friend visited the school-room and to her the teacher told her troubles. The artist suggested a change in the color of the teacher's dress, which was red. The following week she wore a dress of brown and sand. The effect was marvelous—the class settled back to its former condition of orderliness.

Since the beginning color has played an important part with persons of all ages and walks in life. It is part of the plan of creation. From the tiny and delicately tinted snowdrop of spring to the gorgeous coloring of autumn nature is most prodigal of her richness and variety of coloring. Its influence is felt in the physical life, the home, the school and community, in the commercial and musical life. The character of the individual is influenced by it. Certain colors excite the brain while others soothe. Scarlet is irritating. A short time in surroundings entirely scarlet produces homicidal mania. In their "dark rooms" photographers have discovered that often their workers are restless, noisy and quarrelsome. The experiment was made of substituting orange light, next strongest to red in power. The result was very marked.

Two college chums had not met for years. One was a business man, the other a color chemist. In the course of the visit the business man told his friend of incompatibility in his home and that he had serious thoughts of divorce. His friend dined with him and when he found an opportunity said: "This room is enough to drive anyone who lives in it quite mad. You do not need a change of wife; what you need is a change of wallpaper."

Blue excites the imagination and creates a craving for music and sensation. Yellow in excess excites hysteria, green has a tranquillizing effect. Violet, the insignia of grief and sadness, the emblem of death, is the most gloomy and depressing of all colors. People exposed exclusively to its influence suffer the most terrible dejection. A form of punishment used by the Russian government at one time were rooms where men of extraordinary mental attainments and opposed to Russia's government policies were asked "to retire." Only purple rays of

light were allowed to illumine the room, with the result that the inmate, once brilliantly alert, became unable to think for himself.

The effect of color upon the community life is to be noticed on a national holiday. Gaily colored streamers, waving banners with red and blue predominating free all the emotions, and a listless and apathetic crowd rouses to enthusiasm and patriotism.

The psychological impression of color upon the appetite is peculiar. Colored foods such as green and purple have a nauseating effect. Pink and red seem to stimulate. Chocolate sweets are invariably selected by the intellectual class.

The emotional value of color is shown in the story of a millionaire art collector, who ordered one of his buyers to go out and buy the ugliest wallpaper he could find for his bedroom. The buyer laughed and said: "Surely you would not exhibit bad taste in your own room." "That is my wish," said the dealer. "I want a paper so bad in color that when I open my eyes I shall have to get out of the room. I don't make my living lying in bed."

The commercial estimate cannot be overlooked. The facade of a building, its entrance, halls and stairways may be made more alluring and greatly enhanced in value through this application of color. Every business man should be a color artist. He may say color belongs to art, yet in a store which rents for four thousand the value of the show window may be said to be valued at two thousand. That window, a silent salesman, is either efficient, producing business, or inefficient, or business losing.

The resemblance between the ratio of vibrations existing in the seven primary colors and the seven tones of the diatonic scale, is most striking. Some have tried to show that the laws governing harmony by showing which tones when sounded together seem least offensive to the ear, may also be applied to combinations of color. The following ratios show the relation:

1st tone of scale, Do	450	Red	457
2nd " " "	Re 506	Orange	506
3rd " " "	Me 562	Yellow	545
4th " " "	Fa 600	Green	590
5th " " "	So 675	Blue	630
6th " " "	La 750	Indigo	672
7th " " "	Te 844	Violet	727

The great painters planned out their color harmonies in remarkable accordance with the musical harmonies.

The Woman with the Basket

By Edna Brown Baker

IT is an old story—that story of the man of holy orders who sent the penitent out to distribute feathers, one by one from his basket and later to gather them all together again. Like many old things, it is good, and would be good if it were repeated as often as the stories of Easter and Christmas, for there is part of the message of each of these incorporated in it; the story of Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men, and the vision of a new life.

Then, too, there is always The Woman in Our Town, the Woman with the Basket, who needs to hear it. Probably you are well acquainted with her. Like the penitent of the story she carries a basket, but her's is filled with little winged seeds of various kinds, very similar to the seeds of the dandelion, which go floating through the air like a miniature snowstorm in the early days of Spring and Summer.

The Woman in Our Town set out one

morning taking her basket of seeds with her. She was tired of cooking and cleaning and the other very commonplace things which often seem unimportant and unnecessary and she knew that it would be pleasant to stop at the gates of other people's homes and catch a glimpse of the life therein. That is really all she wanted—a glimpse of life here and there for the high lights in other people's lives interested her far more than the ordinary things which were her own business. She had never learned the value of impersonal things or the beauty of commonplace ones.

Into each yard as she passed she stopped and dropped a few seeds and occasionally gathered some. It amused her and helped to pass the time and it seemed a harmless form of activity for the seeds stayed where they dropped and did not harm anyone; that is, until a gust of wind sprang up and carried them along at a merry rate until a seed which

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LIVERPOOL

had been dropped in a yard in the East end of town came to rest in a yard in the most Westerly part of the city, and so it came about that she sowed a fine crop without meaning to do so.

THE penitent who came to the priest came because his mind was troubled. He had fallen into the too human error of repeating stories, good and bad, concerning his fellow townsmen. One day something happened which made him see that Gossip is a form of Crime and to the holy man he went to confess and seek pardon. The good man, who was also a wise man sent him out with a basket of feathers, telling him to distribute them one by one through the town and when he had finished to return to him, bringing the empty basket. Over the town went the penitent, and when his task was finished he returned to the priest.

"I have done what you told me to do, and now, am I to be forgiven and my sin blotted out?" he asked.

"You are to be forgiven, Simon, but your sin cannot be blotted out until you have gathered together again all the feathers you took away."

"But, Father, I could never do that for a wind has scattered my feathers to the four winds of the town."

"True, Simon, so with your bits of gossip. You could never gather them up, so you see your sin can never be blotted out, though it is forgiven."

That story should be told so often that The Woman in Our Town would hear and understand it, for some ugly plants grow from the seeds she has dropped though they appeared harmless enough at the time and she would have been the last person in the world to plan such a wretched crop. The truth is that her seed sowing helped to pass the time

for her, for she had an inactive mind which had never been trained to interest itself in the wholesome development and progress of the world around her. The "doings" and "sayings" of her little circle made up her world and I think that is why her basket of seeds interested her.

You will meet The Woman in Our Town at Church and very likely she will have a seed in her glove. You may meet her at benefit teas and bazaars or at the sewing circle's rooms, working well and faithfully with love and good intentions in her heart. She may be busy, but it seems that she cannot resist dropping a seed and I suspect that very often it grows. You may meet her in the street, in her own home, here, there, anywhere and you will usually find that she has her seed with her, sometimes a whole basketful, for no matter how many she sows her basket is always well replenished by the Spirit of Gossip.

He is a powerful fellow, that Spirit of Gossip, wonderfully full of energy, and he never lacks aid from the friendly gust of unthinking chatter which helps him to distribute seeds.

As for The Woman in Our Town and The Man in Our Town too, they are really good folks. They simply forget how strong the wind is when it comes into contact with anything as light as a winged seed or feather. Perhaps they forget too, that the life force in these little seeds is very strong and will waken into life after they have been lying dormant for a long time. Perhaps they forget too, that Gossip is a Sin, not a Pastime.

Fairy stories should have happy endings, but this is not a fairy story and there is only one way to end it. The needs The Woman in Our Town carries is her basket will grow anywhere and—they do.

The Wrong Attitude

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

"CHEER up; we'll soon be dead!" This is a remark which most of us must have heard several times. A woman said it to me one day when things were going wrong. It did not cheer me up at all, and I told her so! I hope to live to a hundred at least, and the thought that I should soon be dead was anything but cheerful. This is a good, old world, and no one should be in a hurry to leave it. Even the Maker of it pronounced it good, so why should we not do the same?

Every cloud has a silver lining, and when things are at their worst they are often just about to mend. Sometimes we ourselves have it in our power to make this world a better and more cheerful place. When we can find no remedy for sorrows, someone else may.

Another remark I have often heard is: "You ought to be happy because there are others much worse off than you!" To my mind, this is a completely wrong attitude. Why should we be happy, because there are others more miserable? Shakespeare's heroine, Miranda, was much more lovable when she said: "O, I have suffered, with those that I saw suffer." There was nothing selfish about her.

Those who can derive solace because of the woes of others are not likely to do anything towards the alleviation of the sufferings of the world. After all, why should they do so? If others are cripples, they have the use of their two legs; if others are blind they can see! I wonder this form of consolation has not struck people as intensely selfish. Evidently it has not done so, for over and over again one hears the words: "You ought to be thankful when you think of the miseries of others."

We would not go about everywhere doing good if we were absorbed in our own happiness. It seems to me that we can console our neighbors in countless

ways. When the clouds are dark and threatening over their horizon we can show them how they can come out of their little circle and spread brightness all around them. We often have dull days, days of bodily and mental pain. The only way to get through these days is to spend them for others. We all have our worries, but it is no consolation to a tender heart to know that others suffer more than ourselves. We would like to lift the burden from other people. We would like to make this world a kind of Utopia. If we cannot transform the whole world, we may transform our own little circle of it and enlarge that circle day by day so that others may say: "So-and-so makes all who come near her happy."

In dealing with suffering, many people take the wrong attitude: they think it cheers them up to contemplate others who are suffering more. I like to combat this attitude. I like to fight it for all I am worth, because it is so selfish.

How can you enjoy your silks and satins and fine linen when you think of others in cotton rags? How can you waste good food by such elaborate cooking of the simplest food when you think of others who are hungry? I can never think that we were meant to derive consolation from the sufferings of others. I would not fling at a child the old taunt: "You ought to be thankful; there are others much worse off than you." Rather would I teach her to scatter sunshine all along the way, so that she can bring comfort to comfortless homes. In reality, this is the best way to console ourselves, namely, to make others happy, but there is nothing selfish about the child or woman who, in spite of suffering, goes around spreading the sunshine and making earth the better, just because she has lived in it.



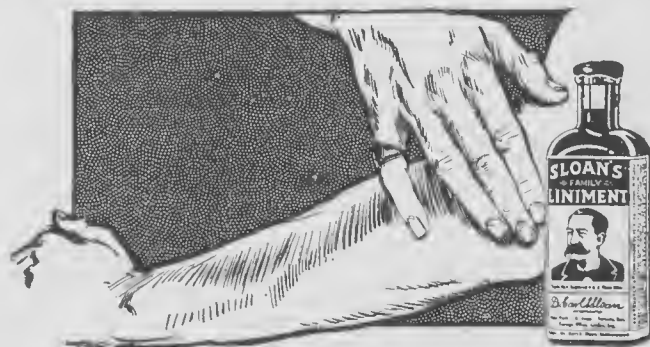
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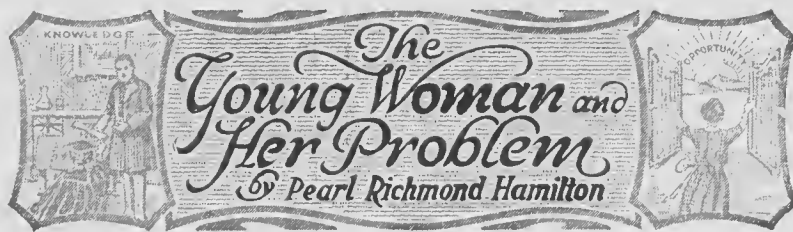
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The New Year

THE beginning of another year! What does it mean? To some an open door of opportunity. Others simply change the date. We trust our readers see a vision of ambitions realized, accomplishment attained, growth. This means happiness because it is progress. We are not happy unless we grow, our bodies must be healthy, our minds clear and our souls clean. Muddy minds, dissipated bodies and dirty deeds lead to unhappiness. I hear of so many parties today that are tragedy teasers. "But if I refuse," said a young girl. "I am dubbed a frump." Better be a "frump" than a degenerate.

We may pay too high a price for popularity. The body is the temple of the soul and we must keep it clean, free from disease and beautiful if we would be savingly attractive. When I write this page I am not ambitious to write a literary masterpiece, but I am ambitious to inspire the heart of every girl to become the woman beautiful that God intended her to be. I pray that God will guide my pen to reach the heart of girlhood and touch the soul of her that she may scorn the tempter of sacred womanhood, nor stoop to indulge in drinks and drugs that poison or recreation that destroys. Only last week I heard of two parties for young people. At one two young girls died before morning. At the other the young girls and boys were so crazed with drink that they broke furniture while one boy sat in the middle of the room and threw ice-cream at the walls.

About the greatest need of the age is good old-fashioned motherhood and fatherhood. I believe the majority of our parents are splendid and noble and the children of these fathers and mothers will be the leaders of the future. The home example, the home atmosphere is the index of the future of the boys and girls who go out from that home. Too much money is even a greater handicap to the young people in the home than too little. This week I have been interested in two girls, one from a home where there is little, the other from a home of wealth. The one is tender and responds beautifully to the appeal for future welfare. The heart of the other is stone cruel, too hardened for intelligent foresight.

A great amount of money is being spent on boys and girls in institutions and homes of detention; in Juvenile Court cases that would not be necessary if the home influence was right. If one wishes to prove the truth of this statement, visit a session of the Juvenile Court where you will find a kind, sympathetic judge who tries to find the cause of each delinquent. He questions until he gets at the home life. The visitor is amazed when he reaches that point. Nearly always he need go no farther. The other evening I gave a talk on motherhood to a group of young women.

Mothers of great men are great mothers, and their development begins in early girlhood. There seems to be a tendency to transgress all forms of law, be they written or unwritten. Every beautiful creation of God is subject to law. Christianity carried the definition of "law." Every law is an operating force in the universe. Law is the divine habit. Dr. J. L. Gordon in his chapter on "Love's Golden Charm of Law," says: "The artist deals with the law of color, the musician with the law of harmony, the architect with the law of proportion, the statesman with the law of historical event, the orator with the law of inspiration. Beauty is the law of proper proportion and perfect blending. Grace is the law of action. Logic is the law of thought. Eloquence is the law of expression. Grammar is the law of language. Love is the law of life."

Robert Browning says:

"I have gone the whole round of creation.

I report as a man may of God's work. All's love, yet all's law."

The supreme law of the universe is love. Law is the will of God. A girl naturally hates ugliness. Beauty is associated with loveliness. The nearer we are to God and the better we understand His laws the happier are we. I have read a book recently entitled *The Scarlet Thread*. At the beginning is a quotation from Hans Christian Andersen which reads:

"Through every piece of rope made for the English navy, there runs the red thread to intimate that it belongs to the Crown. Even so, there goes through the human life, whether high or low, an invisible thread which says we belong to God."

As every New Year begins, I am confident that the greatest resolution a young girl can make is to determine to live near God. Then and then only can her soul feel the harmonies of life. No other influence can so develop a keen, well-trained mind, a beautiful, well-kept, healthy body and a magnetic personality.

A girl charged with spirituality is rich in aspirations that she can accomplish. She is not embittered and warped by trials, nor does she suffer from discord and discouragement. She believes that a great Divine Guide is with her and she can accomplish anything. She grows strong and every faculty is so alert that her sensitive soul catches the harmonies of life and weaves them into work of high perfection. This is exactly what Christianity brings into the life of a young woman. Therefore I wish every reader of this department a Christian New Year for then I know it will be a New Year of supreme joy, accomplishment and success.—A Happy New Year.

Nature's Moving Picture Show

SOMETIMES I think the Nineteenth Psalm was written for Western Canada. At any rate I hope every reader of this page knows it. Every time I read it the beauty of it increases. Last fall in October at Matlock Beach on Lake Winnipeg, the Northern Lights declared the glorious handiwork of the Creator more marvellously than I had ever before seen. For hours the sky overhead flashed color and form that only the brush of the Master Artist could create. Miles upon miles of rainbow ribbons were festooned from the horizon to the millions of stars that jewelled the heavens. I stood amazed, thrilled and inspired at the movement of color and splendor. It seemed that God was around me everywhere because He is in love with the beautiful—He paints the lily on the earth. He distills the dewdrop and shapes the jewel. He fashions the starry night and in the blue fields of space He sets the Northern Lights in motion—Heaven's music picture show for the people of the north to enjoy. It would have been a dark, dark night had there been no northern lights, but as I stood on the sand at Matlock Beach I read the headlines of a magazine at eleven o'clock. Again I looked up and saw the crowning scene of the evening. From the ends of the earth the colors of heaven waved until they met overhead and seemed to form the very gates of heaven. It was the most convincing declaration of God's handiwork in the heavens that I have ever seen. I wonder if there is a place in the world where the heavens declare His handiwork as in Western Canada? Read the nineteenth Psalm and go out under the northern sky. With the thought of the psalm in your heart and the beauty of the heavens to prove it, you will be a stronger girl for the experience.



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The Mystery of the Violets

By Mable D. Balfour

IN the spring of 1930 a stranger came to Vancouver and one morning stood on Victory Square gazing at the monolith that like a great white finger pointed heavenward. His gaze lingered for a while on the top of the pile of granite then travelled slowly downward until it fell on the words, "Is it nothing to you?" when a great sob shook him and he lowered his head. As he brushed the mist from his eyes he noticed in the long grass at his feet a number of violets.

"Violets," he exclaimed lovingly, and stooped down to pluck one, when suddenly curiosity possessed him and with his stick he raised the blades of grass that had been untouched with the mower during the winter, and found that there were literally thousands of the sweet-faced flowers gazing sympathetically, it seemed to him, towards the cenotaph which towered above them.



The Cenotaph standing in Victoria Square, Vancouver, B.C.

"Strange," he muttered to himself, "that violets should be planted here," and as he left the place he trod softly lest he disturb them.

Encountering a passerby he asked, "Can you tell me why...the violets?" pointing his cane in the direction from which he had come.

But the old man shook his head as he solemnly replied, "It's a mystery, sir. Some say..." and his wistful eyes were raised for a moment to the blue dome above them. Then he continued, "Some say...it was God...but..." And still shaking his grey head he grasped his gnarled stick and moved slowly away.

"But that's absurd," said the stranger, again alone. "Someone must have planted them," and still wondering he boarded a car that took him to his hotel.

It was in the spring of 1924 that the cenotaph was placed on Victory Square. When the last block had been put in place and the scaffolding removed, among the curious ones in the crowd about the place was a boy of twelve who listened eagerly to the comments of the on-lookers. "Unveiling on Sunday," "Organizations bring flowers," "Overseas," was what he heard, but these scraps of conversation meant nothing to him, so boldly pushing his way nearer the front he tugged at the sleeve of a man and asked, "What is it?"

"A cenotaph," was the brusque reply from the man who was even then brushing a tear from his brown cheek.

"Cenotaph, cenotaph, cenotaph," repeated Harold, as he hurried back to school and breathlessly approached his teacher.

"Please, Miss Grant," he pleaded, "will you tell me what cenotaph means?"

The usually severe face of Miss Grant softened as she explained the meaning of the word to him.

Did not one whom she had loved—still loved—lie far away in some lonely unintended grave in a poppy-covered field in Flanders?

So she drew him aside and lovingly told him the meaning of the word that was worrying him.

The words "erected for those who are buried elsewhere" kept running through his mind all the long afternoon. That was what teacher said "cenotaph" meant.

At the head of his bed in the tiny room of his humble home, hung a picture of a man in uniform. The original of the photo would not impress most people, but to Harold he was a god... His father! His father who was "buried elsewhere."

"Why," said Harold to himself that night as he gazed at that picture, "It's...it's...for my father."

Very early on Sunday morning as he was delivering the paper, he clutched in his hot hand a bunch of violets that had been hurriedly snatched—root and all—from the garden he had tended so carefully. As he slowly approached the spot which had now become sacred to him he removed his cap and kneeling on the broken earth—a pathetic figure—laid his token at the base of the monument at the same time whispering to the Unseen Presence that seemed to hover near, "They're for my Dad." A great warmth stole about his heart, and the sun which had been hiding behind a grey cloud, burst forth, thus proclaiming another glorious spring day.

Harold was not among the crowds that surged about the Square at the unveiling of the cenotaph that Sunday afternoon.

One after another costly sprays and wreaths were laid at the foot of the monument and lastly a man in uniform came bearing in his arms a lovely sheaf of purest white lilies. The crowd stood in breathless silence as they waited for him to place this costly offering beside the others. He hesitated a moment—there seemed no room—then unconsciously he flicked aside the now withered violets and placed his offering on the white slab.

At that moment a cloud crossed the face of the sun and the heart of the Unseen Watcher filled with pain. The crowds looked skyward and drew their cloaks closer about them and shivered in the cold wind that sprang up.

The little bunch of violets lay face downward on the ground and all day hundreds of tramping feet crushed them deep into the earth until they were seen no more.

The days and weeks passed and the once lovely flowers withered and died, leaving behind them wire frames which had become but ugly skeletons, but the homely posy that had been the offering of a boy with a love filled heart, took root and—

That, Stranger, is the reason why myriads of violets bloom every year in Victory Square.

The Reason Why

An English militant crusader strolled into a barn when a young man was milking a cow. With a snort she asked: "How is it that you are not at the front, young man?"

"Because, ma'am," answered the milker, "there ain't no milk at that end."

Within Four Walls

Continued from page 7

crumbs that Peter turned to look at him. He smiled sadly and yet with a curious gladness.

"That is where she always kept the red geraniums," he said.

He walked over to the window. A gentle breeze was fluttering in. He sat in a chair and minute followed minute and darkness slowly gathered. I was content for I knew that Peter was dreaming over again the days when he and Joy of my Heart kept red geraniums on my sills.



JANIE'S SECRET

By GRACE G. REIHM

JANIE stood in the doorway watching the group that passed down the front walk to Bob Merrill's car. Their laughing voices floated back to her. How gay they were. She stifled a sigh even as she waved a cheery return to their "good nights."

She was stacking sheet music at the piano when a familiar tattoo on the door presaged the breezy entrance of pretty Mildred Keene.

"Where's the hungry horde?" Mildred demanded airily. "Departed to other fields, I suppose. Who was here tonight?"

"Oh, the usual crowd. Jack and Thad and the Benson boys, and—" Janie hesitated. Her color deepened. "And Bob Merrill."

"Humph! Likes your cooking, doesn't he? And so do all the others. What do they think you are—a professional entertainer?"

"Why, they don't think anything about it. Millie, I'm just Tom's sister to them—just Janie. I don't mind the cooking."

"No, but you do mind the lonely evenings after they're gone." Mildred's eyes searched her friend's face. Then she asked gently, "On whom is Bob calling to-night?"

Janie bent hastily over the music. She tried to speak casually. "Peggy Marsh."

"Peggy has 'class,' Janie."

"Yes, I know"—her lips tremulous. "But, Mildred, that hasn't a thing to do with me."

"See here, Janie Norton!" Mildred gripped her arm and propelled her toward the long mirror. "Look at yourself. You need clothes—pretty, up-to-date, colorful things to deepen the brown of your eyes and hair. See what that old drab serge does to you. Why did you buy it, anyway?"

"Because it was cheap. It's no use, Mildred," she added bravely, "I'll have to remain plain Janie."

"Nonsense! It's nice to be a good cook, but if you're ever to get any fun out of life, you'll have to begin to consider the eye." She glanced at her wrist watch. "Mercy! I'll have to fly to keep that engagement with Hal—the last for a while, you know. I leave on the early morning train, but I'll run over the minute I get back."

Lacking her chum's comforting presence, the house seemed more desolate than ever to Janie. She had learned to dread Sunday evenings, anyway. Well—one could always read. She picked up a magazine.

When Tom came in at eleven, he found his sister so engrossed in a letter that he could extract from her only an occasional monosyllable. Which wasn't at all like Janie, he observed, as he went off to bed.

It was some weeks later that Mildred again ran up the Nortons' steps and burst unannounced into the living-room.

A familiar room, yes; but the radiant Janie playing a perfect accompaniment to Bob Merrill's perfect tenor wasn't the girl Mildred had tried to comfort and advise. She was a new and beautiful Janie of unsuspected charm.

It was upon Janie's frock that Mildred's gaze became riveted... a silken crepe thing of wonderful tans and browns with touches of orange and gold.

After the usual commonplaces, with Mildred's eyes begging answer to the question she couldn't ask because of Bob, Janie followed her to the door and whispered, "Come over in the morning. I'll tell you all about it."

"It was the very last night you were here, Mildred," Janie began next day. "I saw a magazine article about the Woman's Institute explaining how it is teaching thousands of girls like me to make their own clothes at home in spare time. I wrote that night. This is the result." She lifted from its closet nook a smart gray crepe dress with an outline check of odd blue.

"And you made it!" exclaimed Mildred. "Janie, it's beautiful! How have you learned so much in these few weeks?"

"Why, I started right in by making lovely things... couldn't help learning because everything is so clear and the Institute guides you in every step. And, Mildred," excitement entered her voice, "I'm making money sewing for others. I made two dresses for Mrs. Ward, and she's so pleased she says she's going to tell all her friends."

"And—Bob?" queried Mildred.

"—takes me everywhere. Oh, Mildred!" her voice broke through sheer joy, "for the first time in my life I'm really happy. I didn't know clothes could make such a difference in a girl's life."

DON'T you want to write the Woman's Institute before night too—just as Janie did? Just a word of interest will bring you—free—an attractive 48-page booklet with the full story of what the Institute can do for you.

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IF it were possible to allow a month to elapse between the reading of a book and the writing about it, how much fairer such reviews would be to the author. Any book worthy of consideration must make an impression upon the memory of the reader. To gallop through five hundred pages that have caused the author much travail of mind and spirit, and then immediately to slap onto paper one's thoughts about that book, is a procedure valueless to the public and unfair to the author. Who, upon meeting an extraordinary personality, would feel competent to judge that character the minute the door closed upon the departing guest?

These reflections have been aroused by my having read within one week two novels by May Sinclair. As a matter of fact I had read them before writing last month's article. I deliberately refrained from mentioning them in order to see what impressions would be left to me after five weeks had passed. I love to think about books long after reading them. I love to dive down into that mysterious pool we call Memory and bring back to the surface as much as I can.

For instance, this morning I said to myself, "Come now, what do you remember of the two novels by May Sinclair?" I thought first of "A Cure of Souls" and immediately there arose a picture of Canon Chamberlain, sleek, self-satisfied, egotistical, selfish, enjoying his peaches, gloating over his omelettes and thinking of his coffee while on his knees to the God who gave him his fat comfortable living. I saw also a poor hysterical creature, Miss Lambert, brought to ruin by over working herself for the Canon, whose utter selfishness permitted him to over-tax this suppressed and emotionally starved spinster. Horrible indeed is the recollection of the manner in which this noble Canon controlled Miss Lambert's mind and used her religious conscience as a willing slave, sparing him as many of his parochial duties as possible. Nor was it difficult to bring to mind the beautiful Kitty, a flame-like widow who cured the Canon's soul by giving him a peep, one day, of her large and boisterous family. The Canon observed their rough play, heard their screeches, shuddered—and left the lovely Kitty on the point, as it were, of a proposal. And the finale of this brilliant book. The Canon married to the soft, sensuous, lovely, useless Molly who is wealthy enough to permit the Canon to resign his charge so that he, as Molly put it in her silky voice, "would have nothing to do all day long but the things you want to do. And here [In the Rectory] you can't settle down for one minute without some stupid interruption."

What a picture May Sinclair has drawn. Will it ever be effaced from the walls of memory?

AND what do I remember of "Arnold Waterlow—A Life?" An impression of a little boy, Arnold, desperately craving for affection but always, from his earliest days, aware of the fact that his father was not as other fathers and his mother so loved his elder brother, that she had none to spare for him. Only by reading this masterly interpretation of a life for yourselves can you appreciate the effect upon Arnold of this early maternal favoritism. What type of man will develop from the lad who has imbibed an inferiority complex through, one might say, his feeding bottle. A curious man was Arnold, always groping, groping after truth and beauty; always serving the mother who had made him feel his unworthiness from his earliest recollections.

There is a terrific love story in Arnold Waterlow. I say terrific, because it does strike terror to the soul who strives to see what is right and what is conventionally right. Arnold loved his wife Linda passionately. But she left him. He grows to love Effie and explains to her the situation, that he will not divorce because one day she may need him and his soul has sworn fealty to her. Arnold and Effie are very happy in each other's love and then the

tragedy. Linda calls to him for help. His soul is pledged to service; had not a woman in his childhood days made him feel that unrequited love was his lot in life? What of Effie whom he loves and who loves him devotedly? Just before Linda returns, Effie dies, not of pneumonia, but of the will to die.

Now here is so interesting a point about Effie that I may be forgiven the personal note. I was having tea with May Sinclair and talking about Arnold Waterlow, which had just been published. I said that Effie's death was unbearable—if only there could have been another solution. Said May Sinclair, and will she forgive the observation that there was the mist of tears in her eyes:

"I did not let Effie die for the story's sake. She had to die. I knew it."

I understand from Miss Sinclair's own remarks that she is at present working upon a novel which will shew a parson in a good light. Does her conscience prick her after creating Canon Chamberlain in "A Cure of Souls." I think not. I think Miss Sinclair must write her novels impelled by a force within her. Seldom is there the slightest sign of the "machinery" of her art.

"Tents of Israel"

THIS is the title of another remarkable novel I read over a month ago. The author is a woman who signs herself G. B. Stern and this new book of hers is published by Chapman Hall Ltd. I think one can best describe this book by saying it is a gigantic canvas on which the author has painted hordes of people, married and unmarried, living in Vienna, Paris, Pressburg, Spain, Constantinople, Buda Pesth, etc. etc. One branch goes to England and settles in London. This family is ruled over by Anastasia the Matriarch—sons, daughters, grandchildren, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law inwardly rebel but accept her despotic rule. Only one, Danny, is openly at war with his grandmother the Matriarch. Strange that he of all the children should dare to criticize. But then you see he wasn't one of the family after all. He had been adopted by the Matriarch's daughter and brought up to believe he belonged to the Tents of Israel! No sooner does he realize this than he breaks his engagement to his cousin for fear she, as she grew older, would try to rule him as her Grandmother had ruled her.

A most unusual and clever book I admit, but a most tiresome one. Only the most patient of readers would take the trouble to find a way out of the family labyrinth. And when one has done so, of what avail? It is clear what G. B. Stern is driving at. She is portraying and condemning that habit common among Jewish families of hording together in a way detrimental to the individual growth of the personality. Perhaps she will say "nothing of the sort. You have read me incorrectly." To which I can but reply, "Sorry. Let it be accounted to me for righteousness that I walked right through 'The Tents of Israel' and tried to meet each member of this enormous family as fruitful as the sands of the sea shore and the stars of heaven!"

A Pollyanna-like Young Man

E. F. BENSON'S latest novel is "David of King's" (Hodder and Stoughton). It is a most accommodating book for one can open it anywhere, read a page or two, put it aside and later pick it up, read anywhere again and still get as much out of it as the author has put into it!

David is at Cambridge and if parents have any qualms about University life, I commend them to this story. Student life—such a jolly, harmless existence with tennis, rugger and mandolins, and a



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scarcity of food at the right moments. Lectures? No I don't think there was anything as harmful as that—in David's time—although he did get a First on the last page.

The last we see of David, estimable young man, is in his own room. He has just opened the window for the purpose of dropping a boiled egg on the baldish pate of his fellow student. College life is very jolly.

A Merry Chime

THOSE who delight in the whimsical, beautifully written essay must treat themselves to a copy of "A Peal of Bells," by Robert Lynd (Methuen and Co.), who writes each week for the "New Statesman" under the pen name of Y.Y. I thoroughly enjoyed every page of this charming little volume. Mr. Lynd reminds me more of Charles Lamb than any other essayist.

Congratulations

I CAN'T conclude this month's chat without reference to the marvellous achievement of a Canadian writer, a one time Winnipeg journalist, Miss Martha Ostenso, who captured the much coveted prize for her first novel. Bravo! Miss Ostenso and may this be but the first of a series of successes in the literary world. I hope by next month I will have learnt some more about "Wild Goose"—as to the date of its publication—so that I may be among the first to get a copy. Reading the Free Press account of this novel which is described as dealing with Manitoba farm life, I wondered whether would-be novelists might not take to heart a great lesson: to write about what is best known to the author and the technique will take care of itself. So many novels are failures because they tell of life outside the author's ken. I prophesy that Miss Ostenso's book will read as if it were life itself.



Miss Martha Ostenso receiving cheque for \$13,500, awarded by Dodd, Mead & Co. of New York for the best first novel

IT is no new thing for a Canadian to carry off a prize in a literary competition, but the very zenith of such success has been reached by Miss Martha Ostenso author of "The Passionate Flight." This young lady, who received her education in Winnipeg schools and in the University of Manitoba, recently submitted a manuscript in a competition for a prize of \$13,500 offered by Dodd, Mead and Company, of New York, for the best first novel. Out of 1,500 stories submitted, "The Passionate Flight," a novel descriptive of life in Western Canada was awarded first place. Miss Ostenso is now in Bermuda enjoying the first fruits of her sudden elevation to fame and fortune.

The subject of this romance of real life was born in Norway in 1900. She was brought to the New World by her parents when she was a babe in arms. Her early years were spent in Benson, Minnesota. She began her high school course in Brandon, Man., and later, when her parents moved to Winnipeg, she attended Kelvin Technical High school, and took one year in the arts course in the University of Manitoba. Then she taught school for a year in the Icelandic settlement east of Lake Manitoba, and incidentally gathered the material used to such advantage in "The Passionate

Flight," which she wrote during a holiday season a year ago last summer in Winnipeg. She was a member of the Free Press reportorial staff before going east. For the last few years she has been engaged in social service work in New York city, and in her spare time has contributed poetry to various American magazines. She began to write verse at the age of seven and when she was twelve her first short story was published in a newspaper.

Her prize-winning novel will not be published until next season, but her first book of verse, "A Far Land," has just been brought out by Thomas Seltzer, a New York publishing firm.

At It Sometimes Happens

The moon was casting shadows over a pair of lovers as they sat in the park overlooking New York Bay. He glanced out and saw the Statue of Liberty rising to its majestic height in the shadowy gloom.

"I wonder why they have the light so small," he meditated aloud.

"Perhaps," she said as she tried coquettishly to slip from his arm, "the smaller the light the greater the liberty."



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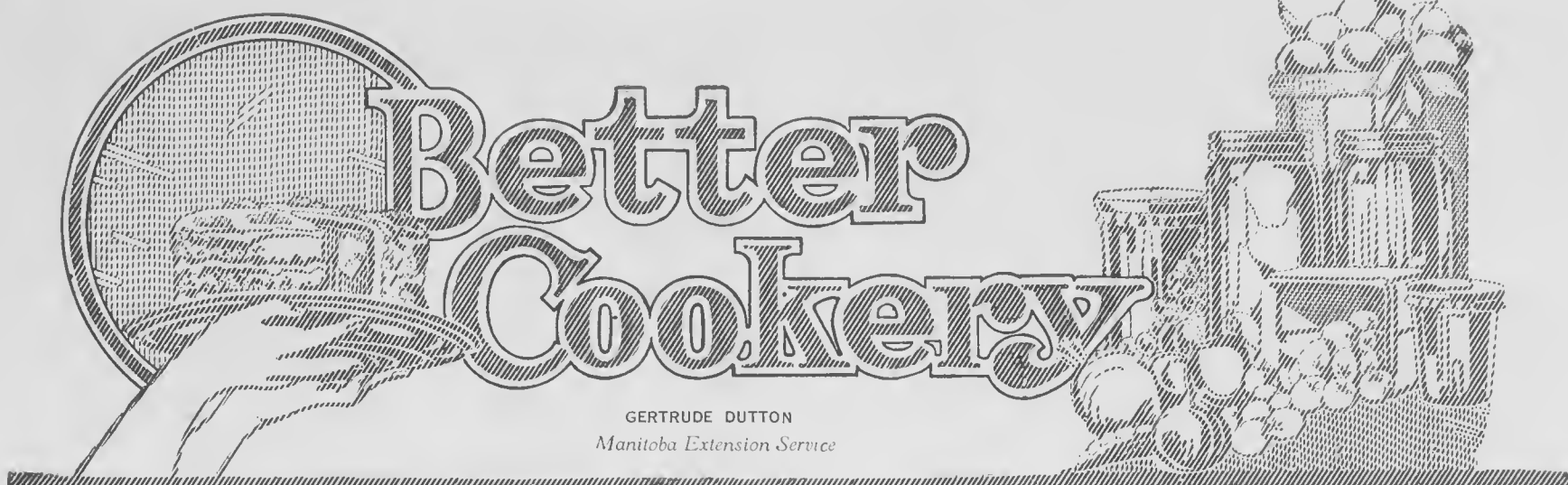
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In Place of Bread

MANY people enjoy some hot "quick bread" for breakfast or supper, occasionally. Most of them are extremely easy to make, inexpensive and delicious.

Baking Powder Biscuit

Bread Flour, 2 c. Shortening, 2 tb.
Baking Powder, 5 t. Milk, about 1 c.
Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.

Mix the flour, baking powder and salt, and sift two or three times. One teaspoon of sugar may be added if desired. Rub in the shortening with the tips of the fingers or cut it in with two knives. Half lard and half butter is a good shortening. With a knife, stir in the liquid to form a soft dough. Turn on a floured board, pat or roll lightly to one-half inch in thickness. Cut out with a biscuit cutter, and bake in a hot oven from 12 to 15 minutes.

Fruit Biscuits

To the recipe for Baking Powder Biscuits add 2 tablespoons sugar, and $\frac{1}{2}$ c. currants or raisins, washed and dried, before adding the liquid.

Cheese Biscuits

Before adding the liquid to Baking Powder Biscuits, add $\frac{1}{2}$ c. of grated cheese. These biscuits are especially good with salad.

Pin Wheels

Flour, 2 c. Butter, 2 tb.
Baking Powder, 5 t. Milk, about 1 c.
Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t. Raisins or
Sugar, 2 tb. Currants, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Cinnamon, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.

Mix and sift the flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Rub in the butter, add the milk. Roll out to $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thickness. Spread with melted butter, sprinkle with cinnamon and fruit, and a little more sugar if desired. Roll up like a jelly roll, cut off pieces about $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick. Place on a buttered tin, and bake 15 minutes in a hot oven.

Muffins I

Butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Flour, 2 c.
Baking Powder, 2 t. Sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Egg, 1 Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Milk, $\frac{3}{4}$ c.

Cream the butter and sugar. Add the well beaten egg, then the milk alternately with the dry ingredients sifted together.

Berry Muffins

Butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Baking Powder, 4 t.
Sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Egg, 1 Milk, 1 c.
Flour, 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ c. Berries, 1 c.

Either fresh or canned berries may be used, draining the canned berries well, and in either case reserving $\frac{1}{4}$ c. of the flour to mix with the berries. Blueberries are especially good. Cream the butter, add the sugar, then the well beaten egg. Add the sifted dry ingredients alternately with the milk. Add the floured berries last.

Rice Muffins

Butter, 2 tb. Flour, 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Sugar, 2 tb. Milk, 1 c.

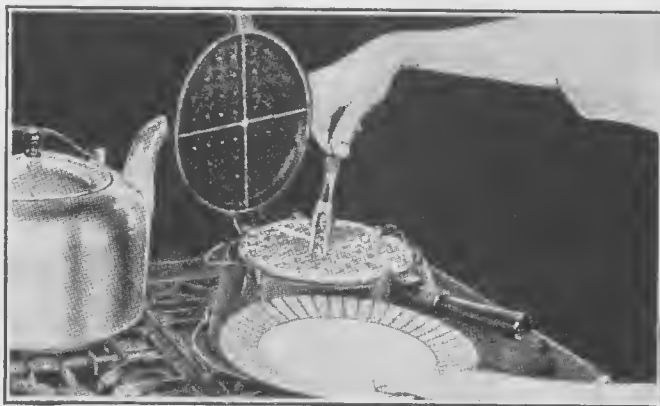
Baking Powder, 5 t. Egg, 1
Rice, cooked, $\frac{3}{4}$ c. Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Make and bake as Plain Muffins.

Graham Muffins

Graham Flour, 1 c. Milk, 1 c.
White Flour, $\frac{3}{4}$ c. Egg, 1
Sugar, 3 tb. Butter, 3 tb.



Waffles or griddle cakes (sometimes called Batter Cakes), make a delightful variety in the breakfast menu, and waffles are especially good for the noon-day luncheon. They may be served with powdered sugar or maple syrup.



Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t. Baking Powder, 5 t.
Mix and bake according to the above recipes.

Whole Wheat Muffins

Use whole wheat flour instead of Graham flour in the recipe for Graham Muffins.

Rye Muffins

Use rye meal for Graham flour in the recipe for Graham Muffins.

Golden Corn Cakes

Corn Meal, 1 c. Salt, $\frac{3}{4}$ t.
Flour, 1 c. Milk, 1 c.
Sugar, 4 tb. Egg, 1 c.
Baking Powder, 5 t. Butter (melted), 2 tb.

Mix and sift the dry ingredients, add the well beaten egg, milk, and melted butter. Bake in buttered muffin pans or in a shallow buttered pan, 20 or 25 minutes.

Southern Batter Bread

Corn Meal, 1 c. Well-beaten Eggs, 3
Boiling Water, 1 c. Baking Powder, 2 t.
Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t. Milk, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Cooked Rice, 1 c.

If there is no available boiled rice, add another $\frac{1}{4}$ c. corn meal. Seal the corn meal with the boiling

water, add the other ingredients in the order mentioned. Bake in a buttered baking dish till firm like a baked custard. Serve from the baking dish, hot, with a spoon, with butter or gravy or syrup.

Date Muffins

Butter, $\frac{1}{3}$ c. Flour, 2 c.
Sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Baking Powder, 2 t. Egg, 1
Milk, $\frac{3}{4}$ c. Dates, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the chopped dates. Mix well, then add the beaten egg, then the milk alternately with the sifted flour, baking powder, and salt. Bake in greased muffin tins in hot oven, from 20 to 25 minutes.

Johnny Cake

Corn Meal, 1 c. Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
White Flour, 1 c. Milk, $\frac{7}{8}$ c.
Baking Powder, 4 t. Eggs, 2
Sugar, 4 tb. Melted Butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.

Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Add the milk, slowly, to prevent lumping, the well beaten eggs and the melted butter. Bake in a shallow buttered pan in a hot oven.

Spider Corn Bread

Corn Meal, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Soda, 1 t.
Sour Milk, 2 c. Salt, 1 t.
Well-beaten Eggs, 2 Butter, 2 tb.

Mix the corn meal, salt and soda. Add gradually the eggs and milk. Heat the frying pan, and melt the butter in it. Grease the sides and bottom of the pan with the butter. Pour in the batter, and cook in a hot oven, 20 to 25 minutes.

Pop-overs

Flour, 1 c. Milk, $\frac{7}{8}$ c.
Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t. Eggs, 2
Melted Butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.

1 cup of milk and 1 egg may be used.

Mix the flour and salt, and add the milk gradually to prevent lumpiness. Then add the well-beaten eggs, and beat the batter for 2 minutes with an egg beater. Turn into very hot, greased iron muffin pans, or custard cups. Bake 35 minutes in a hot oven. The steam caused by such a large proportion of liquid, causes the batter to rise, or "pop."

Sweet Milk Griddle Cakes

Flour, 2 c. Sugar, 2 tb.
Baking Powder, 3 t. Milk, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Salt, $\frac{3}{8}$ t. Egg, 1
Melted Butter, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tb.

Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Beat the egg, add the milk and mix slowly with the flour. Add the melted butter, beat well. Drop by spoonfuls on a hot greased griddle. When puffed, full of bubbles, crisp on the edges, turn and cook on the other side. Serve at once. Beat the batter well each time a portion of it is put on the griddle. Unsalted fat pork rind, or a cube of pork stuck on a fork, is excellent for greasing the griddle.



Corn Muffins



Griddle Cakes

Sour Milk Griddle Cakes

Flour, $2\frac{1}{2}$ c. Sour Milk, 2 c.
Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t. Soda, $1\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Egg, 1

Mix and sift the flour, soda and salt. Add the well-beaten egg and the milk, gradually. Beat well. Cook as Sweet Milk Griddle Cakes.

Rice Griddle Cakes

Milk, 1 c. Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Boiled Rice, 1 c. Eggs, 2
Baking Powder, 1 t. Flour, $\frac{3}{8}$ c.
Melted Butter, 1 tb.

Stir the rice in the milk. Add the well-beaten eggs, then the flour, salt and baking powder and 1 tb. of sugar if desired, and the melted butter. If wished, the eggs may be divided, and the stiffly beaten whites folded in last of all.

Buckwheat Cakes

Flour, 1 c. Sugar, 1 tb.
Buckwheat Flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Egg, 1
Baking Powder, 3 t. Milk, $1\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Melted Butter, 1 tb. Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Mix and bake as Sweet Milk Cakes.

Waffles

Flour, $1\frac{3}{4}$ c. Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Baking Powder, 3 t. Milk, 1 c.
Melted Butter, 1 tb. Eggs, 2

Separate the eggs. Mix and sift the dry ingredients; add the beaten egg yolks and milk gradually, the melted butter and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Cook on a hot greased waffle iron.

Rice Waffles

Baking Powder, 4 t. Flour, $1\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Cooked Rice, $\frac{2}{3}$ c. Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Melted Butter, 1 tb. Milk, $1\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Sugar, 2 tb. Egg, 1

Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Add the milk and egg yolk to the rice, stir well. Add the flour, melted butter, and finally the stiffly beaten egg white.

soft enough to spread. Set in the oven a moment to melt slightly. Serve hot.

Cinnamon Toast

Mix cinnamon and sugar in the proportion of 1 t. cinnamon to 5 t. granulated sugar. Butter hot toast, and sprinkle with the sugar and cinnamon.

Orange Toast

Butter toasted bread. Spread with a mixture made of $\frac{1}{4}$ c. granulated sugar, the grated rind and juice of an orange, and as much yellow pulp as can be scraped from the orange with a silver spoon. Set in a hot oven for a moment to slightly melt the sugar.

Cheese, Cinnamon or Orange Toast are especially good for afternoon tea or for Sunday-night supper.

Nut Bread

Flour, $2\frac{1}{2}$ c. Salt, 1 t.
Sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ c. Milk, 1 c.
Baking Powder, 5 t. Egg, 1
Chopped Nut Meats, 1 c.

Sift the dry ingredients two or three times. Add the nuts, then the well-beaten egg and the milk. Put in a loaf pan and bake about 45 minutes.

Boston Brown Bread

Rye Meal, 1 c. Soda, $\frac{3}{4}$ tb.
Corn Meal, 1 c. Salt, 1 t.
Graham Flour, 1 c. Sour Milk, 2 c.
Molasses, $\frac{3}{4}$ c. Raisins, 1 c.

Mix the dry ingredients thoroughly, add the molasses and milk and raisins. Put in a well buttered mold with a cover—baking powder cans are good—and steam $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 hours. The mold must not be filled more than two-thirds full.

The Secret of Good Griddle Cakes and Waffles

Accurate measurements are essential.



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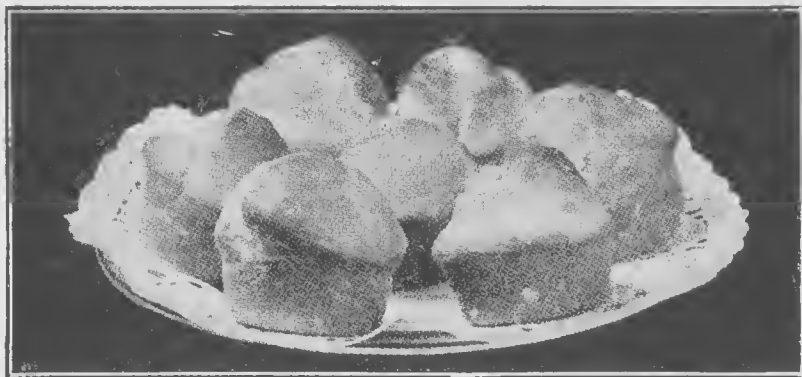
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Twin Mountain Muffins

Coffee Bread

Flour, 2 c. Sugar, 4 tb.
Butter, 2 tb. Cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Lard, 2 tb. Part II
Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t. Butter, 3 tb.
Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Flour, 2 tb.
Egg, 1 Cinnamon, 1 t.
Baking Powder, 2 t. Sugar, 4 tb.

Sift the flour, salt, baking powder, sugar and cinnamon together two or three times, work in the lard and butter with the tips of the fingers. Add the beaten egg and milk. Put in a buttered pan in a hot oven. When partly cooked spread with the 3 tb. of butter in Part II, and sprinkle with the flour, sugar and cinnamon mixed together. Finish baking.

Dutch Apple Cake

Flour, 2 c. Milk, 1 c.
Baking Powder, 3 t. Salt, 1 t.
Melted Butter, 3 tb. Eggs, 2

Mix and sift the flour, salt, baking powder, and if desired 2 tb. sugar. Add the beaten egg yolks, and milk and melted butter. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Spread about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch deep in buttered pans. Lay apples pared and cut in eighths in rows on top. Sprinkle with sugar. Bake in a hot oven about 30 minutes. Serve warm with butter.

French Toast

Eggs, 3 Milk, 1 c.
Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t. Sugar, 1 t.

Bread

Cut the bread in slices. Beat the eggs slightly, add salt, sugar and milk. Dip the slices of bread in the custard mixture and cook on a hot well-greased griddle till brown on one side. Turn and brown the other side. Serve with jam or syrup, or with pudding sauce for dessert.

Cheese Toast

Spread with butter, after toasting bread, then with cheese, grated or creamed till

The griddle, or large heavy iron frying pan, and waffle iron, should be hot and well greased, and the batter thin enough to pour. They should be served very hot.

Before a new iron griddle or waffle iron is used, it should be tempered to prevent sticking. This is done by covering it with fat and placing over a flame or in a hot oven to heat thoroughly so that the fat will burn onto the surface. An aluminum griddle does not need greasing, which prevents the annoying smoke which so often accompanies the cooking of griddle cakes.

Cakes are tough if turned more than once. A spatula is the best "tool" with which to turn them.

Lighter cakes and waffles will result if the eggs are separated.

When the waffle iron is greased and heated, the batter is dropped by spoonfuls in the centre of each section of it, and the cover closed. It should be turned almost at once. If the entire surface is covered with batter, when the iron is closed, it will run over the edges.

Muffins

Many directions for making muffins suggest adding the liquid to the sifted dry ingredients, then beating well, but a much finer grain is obtained by creaming the butter and sugar, then adding the beaten egg and milk alternately with the dry ingredients. Greased gem pans are filled two-thirds full, and the muffins baked in a hot oven for 25 or 30 minutes.

For variety, muffin mixtures may be baked in a loaf pan instead of in gem pans. Children enjoy sandwiches made of this kind of bread, for their school lunches.



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Lessons in

Dressmaking

Conducted by Margaret Smith

will be a feature of our spring numbers, commencing with the February issue.

This is a subject of great interest and importance to every woman. Those who have compared the prices of materials and made-up garments, and realize the economy of making one's own clothes, will welcome this opportunity of learning from an expert of long practical experience.

In the February Western
Home Monthly

School Lunches

This is the third instalment of an article on this important subject.

Lunches Partly or Wholly Prepared at School

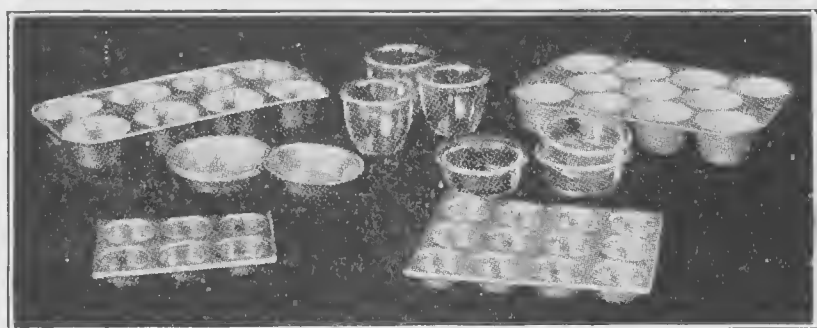
THE basket lunch must usually be prepared at a time when the house-keeper is very busy. In places where there are shops near the school, therefore, children are sometimes given pennies with which to buy food at noon. They like this, of course, for it is a pleasure to make their own selections and they are glad to be relieved of carrying baskets. If they could choose wisely there would be no objection to this plan and it might even be made good training in handling money and keeping accounts. In practice, however, it is found that the money is often spent in unclean places and for unwholesome foods: pickles and pies, or, at best, starchy foods and sweets are likely to make up the bill of fare, and in this way the good effects of careful feeding at home are likely to be overcome. In many places, therefore, the schools are beginning to serve noon lunches or one or two dishes which can be eaten with food brought from home.

Mothers are interesting themselves in this work not only because of its effect upon the health of their children but also because of its relation to education for home making. In their own homes they try to serve wholesome food and also to train their children to good habits in eating. They realize, however, that the meal at school is in some ways a better opportunity for training than those served at home. Unlike the other meals of the child's day, it is eaten during the hours which are set apart for

ment. Though these dishes are especially suitable because they are served hot, sandwiches with fillings of meat or meat substitutes like those mentioned in connection with the basket lunch, are by no means out of the question, even where cooking facilities are limited. It should be possible also to sell the children milk to drink, though, if this is done, the greatest watchfulness is required on the part not only of those in charge of the lunch room, but also of health officers.

The amount of protein offered for a given sum in the milk dishes mentioned above may be increased by the use of skim milk, which, as a matter of fact, has slightly more protein and mineral matter, volume for volume, than whole milk. A soup made with skim milk will contain, of course, more of these nutrients than one made with whole milk and water, half and half. However, the fact should always be kept in mind that skim milk has been handled more than whole milk, and that for this reason it is more likely to have become contaminated. Extra precautions are therefore necessary when it is used. Clean skim milk ought to be easily and cheaply obtained in country schools near farms where good cream is sold.

Fruits and raw vegetables are permissible wherever there is a good supply of water in which to wash them and care is taken to do this. Sweets are, of course, the easiest of all foods to obtain, since they are manufactured on a large scale and very commonly sold.



Your Choice of Muffin Pans

education. The child's mind is, therefore, in a receptive condition, and every precaution which is taken to adapt the lunch to his physical and mental needs is likely to teach a lesson in food and nutrition, silently, to be sure, but effectively. Mothers recognize, therefore, that the lunch at school may be of assistance to them in one of their special tasks. They are recognizing, too, that the preparation and serving of lunches at school may improve the quality of teaching in home economics. Instruction in cookery as an art is, of course, most successfully given where there is a large supply of food materials and of utensils to work with and where the work itself is done with some useful and practical purpose in view. The lunch at school may, therefore, be considered a means of strengthening the courses in cookery and allied subjects. In many places it has already been introduced and is proving valuable in many ways.

It is evident from what has been said about foods in general that there is no reason why suitable lunches for children should not be supplied, even in places which serve only 5 out of 21 weekly meals, and which for that reason cannot afford elaborate cooking apparatus. There are few localities where good bread cannot be purchased either from public bakeries or private housekeepers. The special dishes needed to provide for "tissue building" may well be meat and vegetable stews, cocoa, milk soups or chowders, or purées of dried beans or peas, or other dishes of similar character, which require no oven for their preparation and only the simplest cooking equip-

Simple Bills of Fare for School Use

SOME sample bills of fare follow. Many others equally good could be suggested.

1. Vegetable-milk soup; crackers; rolls; fruit; plain cake.
2. Meat and vegetable stew; bread and butter; sweet chocolate.
3. Boiled custard; lettuce sandwiches; fruit; cookies.
4. Dried codfish chowder; crackers; fruit; maple-sugar sandwiches.

However the school lunch is prepared, it will meet the needs of children who wish to bring part of their lunches if it contains those foods which are most difficult to carry. It is an easy matter to carry bread and butter and sweets. It is the liquid foods like milk and such foods as cooked fruits and soft fruits like berries which, though valuable, contain very little nourishment in comparison with their bulk, that cause most trouble. It happens, however, that these foods which are most likely to be needed in connection with what is brought from home are among those which must be handled with the greatest care. For this reason schools are beginning to feel responsible even for the children who buy part of their lunches only.

In the above bills of fare the first item and the fruit can easily be served by the school, and the others can be brought in the lunch basket. These bills of fare can therefore be used by those who bring part of their lunch. Where there is an oven and abundant cooking facilities the bills of fare for simple lunches prepared wholly or partly at school may be followed at school as well as at home.

Lunches Served by the School

WHILE the carrying of lunches is still by far the most common practice, taking country and town together, there are few cases in which it is not thought desirable for the school to share with the home the responsibility for the noon-day meal. In some places the task for the school may be hardly more than that of providing clean and safe places for lunch baskets, where the food will not be likely to become dirty or to spoil. In others it may be practicable to provide by one means or another a hot dish with which to supplement foods brought from home. In still others, particularly where large attendance and many teachers and other workers make subdivision of labor a comparatively easy matter, it may be possible for the school to establish and maintain lunch rooms.

Costs

Whenever the matter of school lunches is under discussion in a community the cost must be carefully counted. Experience in rural as well as city schools has shown that expenses may be classified under the four heads: Equipment, food materials, service or hired help, and supervision. In a matter of this kind, which, from the housekeeper's standpoint, is closely related to her own problems of nutrition, the question naturally arises, What part of the expense should the school be expected to meet? It is almost universally agreed that the cost of the food materials should be covered by the sale of food and that it can be if a charge of a few cents is made for each dish. The equipment for the lunch room is usually paid for by the school board or by some organization of parents and patrons formed for the purpose of co-operation with the school. Sometimes pupils themselves raise the necessary money by means of entertainments given in the school. The cost of upkeep and new utensils, which is not often large, can usually be met from the profits on the sale of food. This leaves only the two items of service and supervision.

Service, as a rule, is reduced to a minimum, even in large city schools. Pupils are provided with trays and foods are so placed on a counter or table that they can wait on themselves. In some schools they are expected also to return the soiled dishes to an attendant. In some schools where cooking is taught the amount of hired help is still further reduced, for the members of the cooking classes prepare and serve the lunches under the direction of the teacher as part of their class work.

The supervision of lunches is, under all circumstances, a most important matter, which bears vitally upon the problem of health in the home, for upon it depends the character of the foods selected and the cleanliness of the methods by which they are prepared and served. In this connection the report of a successful experiment in school feeding in a large city says:

The school lunch differs from the street lunch (bought at pushcarts or small shops) not only in the quantity and quality of food which children get, but also in the ideas about food which they get. Every time a child buys food he gets with it an idea about food. On the streets he gets an inferior product and a harmful idea and a low standard of food quality and care; in the school he gets a wholesome product and, if properly planned, a helpful idea about food and its care.

Supervision aims to insure this educational value for the school lunch, as well as to guarantee the wholesomeness of the lunch itself. Any means which will give children wholesome and helpful food standards are worth trying, and expense incident to such a plan may properly be charged against education and met by the public treasury.

In large cities a trained supervisor is often employed for all the lunch rooms connected with the school system. In smaller places it is customary for the teacher of domestic science to supervise the school lunch. Where the importance of the task is recognized and due allowance is made for it in planning the pro-

gram of the teacher, there is no objection to this practice. On the other hand, in schools where this arrangement is adopted there is the best opportunity for making the cooking classes and the lunch room mutually helpful. Even the teacher of general branches is considered better prepared for her work if she knows something about hygiene of foods and is prepared to supervise a lunch, as the introduction into teachers' training schools of courses in home economics testifies.

Special Problems of the Rural School Lunch

IT is the small country school with only one teacher that the midday meal presents the most difficult problems. The common custom is still for the pupils to bring their lunches, but there is a growing tendency to try the experiment of preparing part of the meal at school and of allowing time for serving it carefully. If rightly handled, the meal, even under the unusual difficulties presented in the rural school, may offer the most favorable of all opportunities to inculcate habits of cleanliness and to teach sanitation and simple cookery. The situation, however, will require a teacher of ingenuity and enthusiasm for her work. The simplest of equipments includes a large kettle suitable to be used on the stove which heats the schoolhouse, measuring cup and spoons, paring knife, mixing spoon, dish pans, and towels. It will usually be possible for the boys to make a set of shelves for the dishes, using box lumber if no other is available, and for the girls to make curtains or other coverings for the protection of the dishes from dust. The pupils will, as a rule, be found willing to bring plates, cups, bowls and spoons from home, if this is necessary in order to keep down expenses. A fireless cooker can easily be made by the pupils as a class exercise. In this a hot dish for lunch can be prepared before school. The fireless cooker is convenient for meat stews, meat and bean soups, cereal mushes, and many other dishes which require long cooking.

The recipes for the dishes cooked for lunch may be given to the older girls in school, discussed in class, and tried at home. The special dish for the day, which in winter is usually hot and in summer more often cold, can be prepared and served at noon by the girls in turn, working in groups. It will often be necessary to serve the food to the children at their seats, a practice which is not especially objectionable if the schoolhouse is clean and well ventilated and the desks are carefully cleaned before meals, as suggested elsewhere, and the building thoroughly screened to keep out flies, which are always dangerous around food, since they can convey to it the bacteria which cause intestinal and other diseases. At seasons when there are no flies and on days when the weather is favorable it is a pleasant change to serve the lunch out of doors. Clean hands should always be insisted upon, as well as clean spoons, dishes, etc., and individual drinking cups. Furthermore, children should be taught not to drink out of each other's cups or glasses or to use each other's spoons or forks.

It is seldom desirable to prepare more than one dish a day in a small school, and this should, for the sake of variety, differ from day to day. The others can be brought from home. Or ready-to-eat foods (bread, crackers, fruit, or cakes and cookies) can be bought to round out the meal, some one in the neighborhood being usually ready to make such foods for sale if there is no shop where they can be obtained. The choice of the dish to be cooked should be determined partly by what it is possible to do in the way of cooking at the school, partly by what purchased or home-grown food is available, and what the school garden or neighboring fields or woods afford, and partly by what the teacher has learned from experience is needed to go with the foods brought from home. The noonday meal as a whole will then be appetizing and will provide all the needed nutrients as they are now understood.

In the February issue we are including a few School-Lunch menus recipes, and, how to serve.



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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

Work for Busy Fingers

Conducted By Margie Moore

Knitted Sweaters for Winter Wear



Try this delicious Salad Dressing

Take a couple of hard-boiled eggs, rub the yolks—with two boiled potatoes—through a wire sieve. After adding two dessertspoonfuls of white sugar, a little salt and a teaspoonful of dry mustard, mix the whole with one tablespoonful of cold water. Then add a good dessertspoonful of Lea & Perrins' Sauce (which gives the dressing a unique "live" flavour) and slowly mix in three tablespoonfuls of vinegar.

When this is thoroughly mixed add a quarter-pint of cream, stirring it well.

This makes about a pint of really fine salad dressing, which, bottled and well corked, will keep for a month.

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The New MAGNET

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There is no sweater season nowadays, for they are worn on the warmest and the coldest days of the year, but there is no doubt that they are a necessity on chilly days, in office or home when the fire has become low, or out-of-doors in some of our famous Western 30 below weather when the wind seems to cut through the stoutest fabric.

The two sweaters illustrated are suitable for either general wear or sports. The one at the right is particularly appropriate for the latter purpose because of the neck, which may be buttoned up or left wide open while indoors.

Both of these sweaters are worked with Monarch Marcelaine, a new and very pretty wool spun with knotted artificial silk, giving the finished garment a silky, raised or mubbed effect.

BLOUSE 713

Size 36 to 38—9 balls pine green Marcelaine; 1 ball Everglade green monarch down; 1 pair No. 7 and No. 9 needles.

Back—On No. 7 needles, pine green wool, cast on 91 sts. Knit in pattern as follows:—1st row—*, knit 7, purl 1, knit 1, purl 1, knit 1, purl 1. Repeat from * across row, ending with knit 7. 2nd row—purl 8, *, knit 1, purl 1, knit 1, purl 9. Repeat from * across row, ending with purl 8. Repeat these two rows until work measures 12 inches. Then cast on 24 sts. at each end of needle for sleeves. Continue to knit until work measures 6 inches from under-arm. On following row, cast off 19 sts. in centre for neck. *On one side now knit front.* Knit 6 rows for shoulder. Then cast on 2 sts. neck end every other row 4 times. Break off. Repeat same for other front. Then cast on 3 sts. at neck end. Put sts. all on one needle, and continue to knit until work measures 6 inches from shoulder. Then cast off 21 sts. each end of needle for sleeve. Knit to foot of blouse. Cast off.

Band around Blouse—No. 9 needles, cast on 28 sts. 1st row—Knit 6, purl 2, knit 12, purl 2, knit 6. 2nd row—knit 8, purl 12, knit 8. 3rd row—as 1st. 4th row—as 2nd. 5th row—as 1st. 6th row—knit 8, slip next 4 sts. on to an odd needle, then purl 4 following sts. Then purl 4 sts. that were put on odd needle. Purl next 4 sts. Knit 8. 7th row—as 1st.



Knitted blouse of Marcelaine wool with fancy stripe.



Jumper of powder blue with pattern in navy.

JUMPER 710

Size 36 to 38—Monarch Marcelaine. 9 balls powder blue; 1 ball navy; 1 pair No. 7 and No. 9 needles.

Back—With No. 7 needles, cast on 90 sts. Knit 8 ridges powder blue, 1 navy, 1 powder blue, 1 navy. Then in stocking st. (knit 1 row, purl 1 row) in powder blue for 2 inches. Then 1 ridge navy, 1 powder blue, 1 navy. Now with powder blue, continue in stocking st. but keep 3 sts. at each end of needle knit plain on every purled row to form border up sides. Continue to knit until work measures 16 inches. Then cast off 5 sts. beginning of next 2 needles. Then knit 2 sts. together on the 4th and 5th sts. from each end of needle every other row, 5 times, still keeping the 3 sts. knit plain each end of needle. Continue to knit until work measures 6½ inches from the cast off sts. On the following row, cast off 20 sts. in centre for neck. *On one side now knit front.* Knit 6 rows for shoulder, then cast on 20 sts. at neck end. Continue to knit, but keep 8 sts. at neck end knit plain on every row to form border down front. Continue to knit until work measures 6½ inches from shoulder, but when coming to under-arm, increase in same manner as decreased. Then cast on 5 sts. at under-arm. Break wool. Repeat same for other front. Now put sts. all on one needle, and keep centre 16 sts. knit plain on purled rows to form ridges as before, for 3 rows. Then keep centre 12 sts. knit plain for 3 rows. 8 sts. plain for 3 rows. 4 sts. plain for 3 rows, thus forming V in front. Continue to knit in stocking st. as usual to foot of jumper. Then repeat border. Cast off.

Sleeves—With right side of work towards you, pick up and knit 1 st. in each st. around arm-hole. Knit in stocking st. 4 inches. Then knit 2 sts. together each end of needle every 4th row 8 or 10 times to give good shape. Continue to knit until work measures 15 inches. Then on No. 9 needles, knit 1 ridge navy, 1 powder blue, 1 navy. Then knit 2, purl 2, ribbed knitting for 3 inches. Cast off.

Collar—With right side of work towards you, and No. 9 needles, powder blue wool, pick up and knit 1 st. in each st. around entire neck. Knit 1, purl 1, ribbed knitting for 1 inch. Then on No. 7 needles knit in ridges 3 inches. Navy 1 ridge, powder blue 1 ridge, navy 1 ridge. Cast off.

Sew up seams neatly. With navy wool, work pattern in cross st. according to illustration.

Use 1 st. of knitting for 1 cross stitch.

Crochet loops on one side of front to form buttonholes. Sew buttons to correspond.

"And I Make \$4.00 a Day Besides Doing All My Own House Work"

"I USED to take in dressmaking," writes Mrs. Fred Wigfield, who lives in a small Ontario town, "but my husband was opposed to it on account of the people who were always coming in and out." She tells how she regretfully gave it up "as I was always used to having my own money."

One day she read, just as you are reading, what others were doing with the Auto Knitter . . . let Mrs. Wigfield finish her story. "I have made two pairs of socks an hour and make \$4.00 a day besides doing all of my own housework. So far I have all the orders I could fill, and the Company takes all the socks that I can send. I have had the Auto Knitter three years and have made, on an average, \$20.00 a week."

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The plan, briefly, is this: You knit for us at home in your spare time—whenever you like, as much or as little as you like. For every pair of standard socks you send us—standard meaning, knit on the Auto Knitter to a standard size—we pay you a fixed guaranteed price. Our contract to do this assures you of a constant guaranteed market at a good substantial profit.

This contract does not bind you to send, all or any of the socks you make, to us. You may sell them privately if you choose. Remember this, though—for every dozen pairs of standard socks you send us, we send you not only your pay cheque, but sufficient yarn to replace that which you have used. This is free and goes forward to you so that you may go right on and knit another lot of socks.

We sell the socks that are made by our army of workers to large wholesale houses, and in this way have an assured output for every pair that is sent to us. We have been doing this for many years, and the demand for Auto Knit socks is greater today than ever before.

Ten Years of Proved Success.

Auto Knitting is not new or untried. It is an established industry for earning money at home. We pay you for every hour that you can spare. Your pay cheques will reach you promptly. It is a very comforting thought to feel you can sit down in your own home, in your own time and earn extra money for something you especially want. Thousands of men and women are earning money in this way

who could not possibly consider a canvassing or selling proposition.

A Few Recent Letters.

"I am only 14 years of age and am going to school. After school I make a dozen pair of socks, which I sell at a profit of \$6.00."

—TEDDY ATHENHOFFEN,
British Columbia.

"Being over eighty and my eyesight not so good, I made a few mistakes at first. But now I knit a pair of socks in thirty minutes. So far I have made \$200.00."

—S. ROBINSON, Ontario.

"In the 8 months we have had our Auto Knitter, we have made over \$600.00, working only in spare time."

—MRS. H. ARMSTRONG,
British Columbia.

"It is now three years since I bought my Auto Knitter. During the past winter I have never made less than \$100.00 a month."

—G. NIVEN, Manitoba.

"I am the eldest of the family and thought I would like to have a little money of my own. With my Auto Knitter I have made over \$1,000.00 in one year in my spare time."

—MISS C. McPHILLAMEY, Alberta.

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Here you have a young boy and a man of eighty knitting their spare hours into dollars, and a young woman in Alberta who finds time to earn one thousand dollars a year. These people knew nothing about Auto Knitting when they started. They learned—just as thousands have—from the simple instructions that are sent with each machine.

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Style Notes of the Season

FROM present indications, the present silhouette will continue, with its attractive variations of godets or circular flares, low and high waistline, plaits and plait formations. Skirts are short, some from ten to fourteen inches off the ground, as the dressmaker may dictate or the wearer prefer, but what is lost at one end, seems to be gained at another, for hat crowns are higher. Coats are long to cover the skirt or in seven-eighth or three-quarter length. Jackets come in finger-tip length and hip length, and some are shorter.

Daytime dresses show high collars, though many of these are convertible, so that the neck may present a "V" outline or one square or round. Some high collars are smart with the full length centre front closing. The side-buttoned effect may also be accomplished with a high collar. The long, close-fitting sleeve is most popular, sometimes it is varied by a finish at the wrist suggesting a flare or ripple. Dress sleeves as well as coat sleeves, show puffs below the elbow. On some ensemble dresses one sees short sleeves. Evening dresses show long shoulders but no sleeves, excepting a puff or cap. The ensemble costume with tunic dress and long coat is the one most popular.

Fashion is trying hard to bring the waistline up to normal or higher, and one sees the Empire waistline on some very attractive styles for evening wear. New to us, but delightfully old-fashioned are the ruches which appear at the foot of skirts and dresses. A pretty ruche may be made of velvet ribbon. The idea is to make the hem appear thick. Fur bands give the same effect.

All sorts of things are being done with fur this year. It is applied on velvet, cloth and other materials in the form of birds, flowers, butterflies, etc., symmetrical designs are also used.

Chinchilla is a distinctive fur, though leopard apparently is the most popular. Mink, ermine and sable are most fashionable. Then there is fox, nutria and krimmer as second best. Bands of fur in shaded arrangement trim the bottoms of coats and gowns. Squirrel tails are made into bands for a novelty trimming and are dyed to match the gown. Fur lined coats are smart. Barrel Muffs are in vogue, some all of fur, others of fur and fabric. Shoulder capelets, jabots, revers and double breasted closings mark the approach of Directoire styles.

Light colors predominate for evening dresses. Evening wraps match the gowns with which they are worn.

For daytime wear black and white is most popular. A dress of black kasha made in tunic style, shows a vestee and revers collar of white duvelyn. A dress of black faille is trimmed with bands of white broad cloth.

For an afternoon dress one may choose crepe with trimming of Chinese embroidery. Fringe is much in vogue for trimming.

For tailored and semi-sports wear, dresses in beige and in corded varieties are in vogue. Taffeta coats and blouses are shown. It is a material that gives service and looks well.

Chic morning or business frocks are made of plain, striped or plaided flannels. Some are in the one-piece style or the "utility," made with tunic top. The absence of belts and the popularity of tunics in all lengths, shapes and styles are two outstanding style features.

Lovely laces, soft and beautifully blended chiffon, shimmering satins trimmed with beads or threads of gold or silver, or ostrich fringe all go to make up wonderful evening dresses. Ombre chiffon is very popular for evening or dance frocks. It is lovely with silver lace.

Corduroy in plain and novel weaves is shown for simple one-piece dresses. Broadcloth is being used with satin or other contrasting materials for suits and dresses.

Large hats are enjoying much popularity. The smaller hats show crowns square or round, with trimmings of embroidery or ostrich. Gold is an effective note in millinery. One-sided draped effects are seen on turbans. A turban will prove very comfortable on windy wintry days. The cossack hat is a smart close-fitting turban.

A Practical Popular Suit for the Small Boy—4947. This style expresses comfort and ease. It is an ideal play or school suit for a little boy. Velvet, serge, jersey cloth or flannel may be used for its development. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 6 years. A 4-year size requires 2 3/4 yards of 27-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Smart Blouse Dress for Youthful Figures—4964. Jersey or flannel could be used for this model. It is also good for wool crepe, kasha or satin. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. If bodice is made of lining it will require 3/4 yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Frock for Mother's Girl—4967. Printed voile, or crepe, crepe de chine or pongee would be attractive for this design. The sleeves may be finished short as in the small view or with the long and comfortable bishop portions. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size requires 2 yards of 32-inch material if made with long sleeve portions. Without the long sleeves 1 1/2 yard will be required. For band cuffs of contrasting material 1/8 yard is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Good Service Dress for Slender or Stout Figures—4162. Comfortable fulness and slenderizing lines mark this desirable model. The back extends over the fronts to form yoke sections to which the fronts are gathered. This is a good style for percale, gingham, gabardine, and flannel. The sleeve may be in wrist length or short, as illustrated. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 6 1/2 yards of 32-inch material. The width at the foot is 2 3/8 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style with New Features—4961. This is a good model for satin faille, and flannel as well as for figured crepe, or serge. The collar is convertible. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material. For collar and cuffs of contrasting material 1/4 yard is required. The width at the foot is 1 1/2 yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Stylish Blouse—4943. This model in "tunic" effect may be developed in broad cloth, crepe, flannel or linen. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length, or short as in the small view. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. To make as illustrated in the large view for a 38-inch size will require 3 3/4 yards of 32-inch material, with 1/2 yard of contrasting material to face collar and cuffs. If made with short sleeves 3 3/4 yards will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



4959



4943



A Dainty "Party" Dress—4945. Crepe de chine, or chiffon voile would be very pretty for this style. It could be in white or in the pastel shades so attractive. Frills of the material or lace may serve as trimming. As pictured, peach color voile was used, with frills of the voile in a contrasting shade. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4-year size requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Pleasing Skirt Model—4950. Plaid suiting, twill, or charmeen would be attractive for this style. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37 inches waist measure, with corresponding hip measure, 35, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45 and 47 inches. To make the skirt for a 29-inch size requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. The width at the foot is $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Very Pleasing Bath Robe Style—4959. Striped flannel, corduroy and eiderdown are good materials for a garment like this. It could also be made of quilted silk or satin, or of blanket cloth. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Good Model for Mature Figures—4486. The combination of plain and striped material here portrayed is very appropriate for this style. The long lines and "V" shaped vest, are especially becoming to women of mature figure. Ratine and linen or gingham and chambray could be used for this model. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $5\frac{3}{8}$ yards of one material 36 inches wide. To make as illustrated requires 2 yards of plain and $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of striped material. The width at the foot is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Good Model for a School Dress—4937. This will be very pleasing in the new striped flannels, and also in serge, jersey and wool repp. The sleeve may be short or, in wrist length in bishop style. The collar has tie ends, to be slipped through slashes in the front of the dress. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. For vestice, collar and cuffs of contrasting material as shown in the large view, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 40 inches wide, or $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 54 inches wide is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



A Comfortable Play Garment for the Small Boy—4922. Checked gingham and linene are here combined. This style is good also for serge, flannel, or jersey weaves. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4-year size requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch material. For collar, cuffs and facings of contrasting material as illustrated $\frac{1}{2}$ yard will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Simple Dainty Party Frock—4915. Crepe de chine, taffeta or voile could be used for this style. It is also good for gingham, wool or cotton crepe, or challie. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 1, 2, 4 and 5 years. A 4-year size requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 32-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Jaunty Top Garment for the Growing Girl—4537. Velours, bolivia, chinchilla, plush and other pile fabrics are attractive for this model. The fronts may be closed in double breasted style, or in revers effect as illustrated. Braid trimming and fur form a smart finish for this desirable model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Gown—4931. Satin and embroidery are here combined. This is a good style for faille, crepe or charmeen. The sleeve puff may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make the gown for a 38-inch size as shown in the large view will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of plain material and 15 inches of embroidered material 40 inches wide. With sleeve puffs $\frac{1}{2}$ yard more of the plain material is required. The width at the foot is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A New Doll Outfit—4597. This is a very desirable model and one that will please the little "doll mother" for not only the garments but the doll as well may be made from this pattern here given. The doll may be of drill or unbleached muslin, and stuffed with floss hair or cotton batting. The dress could be of gingham, cretonne, chambray, silk or crepe, and the cap, to match, or of lace or embroidery. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes for dolls: 12, 16 and 20 inches in length. To make the doll in the 16-inch size requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch material. The dress and cap require $\frac{7}{8}$ yard. The cap alone requires $\frac{1}{4}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Work Garment—4936. This model fills a long-felt want for women who like to work about the house or in the garden, with comfort and freedom unhampered by skirts, that hinder. Drill, khaki, seersucker, chambray or sateen are suitable materials for this style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Practical Undergarment—4932. Cotton or silk crepe, batiste, radium silk or crepe de chine may be used for this style. The garment is the step-in style, with long vest portions and circular drawers. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



Where Does She Get Such Clever Ideas?

Over their tea-cups they marvelled at the ingenuity of their hostess—it was really such an unusual luncheon, so dainty and so nicely served. And the secret was—just 30 minutes' study each week of the free Maple Leaf Club lessons with occasional personal assistance from

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You will agree after one trial of this brand that you have never used so satisfactory a flour. Made from Canadian hard wheat, carefully selected, and tested at every stage of its milling, and sold under a definite guarantee of uniform quality. It will give superior baking results whether used for bread, cake or pastry.

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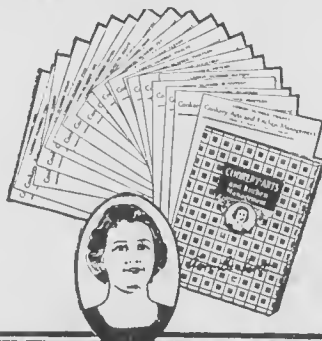
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EXHAUSTED WOMEN QUICKLY RESTORED

COUNTLESS thousands of women must work day after day in their homes, in offices and stores who are really unfit for their tasks. With bodies exhausted and nerves overstrained, they must get through each day by will power alone.

Such women should not be content to drag on, making their sacrifices of health, strength and even happiness. They should begin at once the upbuilding of their bodies.

Wenkened bodies can quickly be restored. Amazing improvement often is shown in just a few days. Signs of returning vitality soon appear.



Wincarnis gives to wasted bodies the very elements they must have to be nourished back to vigor. For fifty years this strength giver has reinvigorated weak, nervous, exhausted men and women.

If you are lacking in strength and your vital nerve force is failing, go to your druggist today and begin the safe Wincarnis treatment. A sixteen-ounce bottle, which is a fourteen-day Wincarnis treatment, is sold for \$1.50 by all leading druggists. Wincarnis is so effective that only three table-spoonsful a day need be taken. Try Wincarnis at once and see the difference just a few days will bring.

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We are offering a wonderful trial assortment arranged in remnant lengths suitable for useful and necessary purposes, such as ladies' and misses' suit lengths; also men's shirt lengths; also odd lengths and pieces of all kinds, latest styles, colorings and materials. Money cheer-



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Baby Loves A Bath With Cuticura Soap



Bland and Soothing to Tender Skins.

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WITH THE MANITOBA WOMEN'S INSTITUTES

DURING the month of November, Miss Esther Thompson, Director of Women's Extension for Manitoba, visited Institutes at the following places, namely: Makaroff, Roblin (where a joint meeting of the Tummell, Cromarty and Roblin Institutes was held), Valley River, Sifton, Winnipegosis, Minitonas, Swan River, Bowsman, Avonlea, Benito, Grandview, McCreary, Oehre River and Makinak.

The Institutes have been busy with the annual meetings and election of officers, and making out reports of the year's work. Splendid things have been accomplished by the Institute in the past year, and they are looking forward to even greater activity in the new year.

ARIZONA had a very enjoyable time at their annual dinner. New equipment has been purchased for their community hall.

ARNAUD debated "Resolved that the pioneer woman had done more for her community than the modern woman." The decision was in favor of the modern woman.

AUSTIN are planning for a concert and dance. A dressmaking and millinery class, conducted by one of their own members, proved a decided success. Families in the district needing help have not been overlooked by the Institutes.

BASSWOOD are busy quilting for families in need.

BELMONT have done some splendid community work during the past year. Two years ago they had a Deleo lighting plant installed in their skating rink, for which they raised over \$800 in 18 months. They are now starting work on a memorial hall. They find when they engaged in some big community enterprise they have no difficulty in interesting all their members. In this Institute about half the women are from the country and half from the town. There is good co-operation and everything runs smoothly.

BENITO are well satisfied with the reports brought in by the convenors of their various committees for the year.

BRANDON had a demonstration, which proved very interesting, on the art of table setting.

CARMAN have appointed a committee to look after Christmas stockings for the needy in their district.

CLEARWATER helped provide clothing for a child about to undergo an operation in the city. The members are trying to have a fire escape put in the community hall.

COLD SPRINGS are endeavoring to increase their membership and to get their members to take a greater interest in their programme.

COULTER held a silver tea recently. They are busy working for their December bazaar.

DECKER served lunch at their seed fair. Flowers were sent to local people who were ill, and a presentation was made to a member of the community who was recently married. The debt on the memorial hall has been wiped off.

DELEAU had a thorough discussion of Institute work and decided that it was well worth while.

DELORAIN have done some splendid work during the past year—among these was that of purchasing ground for a cemetery.

DOMINION CITY held a Child Health Conference during the year at which 14 children were examined.

DUGLID had some splendid papers at their meetings during the year—all but one were given by the members themselves. A great deal of time was spent on sewing for poor families.

EDRANS have devoted a great deal of time to relief work.

ELKHORN had eleven meetings during the year at which all the papers and demonstrations were given by the members of the Institute. Aid has been

given the hospital at Virden and donations sent whenever possible. The Institute has helped to clothe some of the poor in their community. By raising and donating funds they made it possible to have a new vault and chapel built in the cemetery. The average attendance is 24. All members work together cheerfully and harmoniously which makes it possible for them to do such good work.

ELPHINSTONE met with success at their November bazaar. Food and other donations have been sent to the Children's Aid Society and the Greek Relief Fund. An interesting paper was given on "The Care of House Plants" at a recent meeting.

ELVA bookbinding team put on a very instructive demonstration at the last Institute meeting. The members of the Institute endeavor to visit all the sick and afflicted in their community.

EMERSON had a very interesting talk by one of their members who visited the British Isles and Europe, in company with the Canadian editors. She spoke on her visit to France and Belgium.

GIMLI have given a donation to the Federated Church to help pay for their new hall.

GLADSTONE have furnished part of the town hall for the holding of meetings, bazaars, teas, etc. Donations were sent to other organizations which asked for help. Poppies were sold to aid the monument fund. The Red Cross committee have accomplished some good work during the past year. A great deal of clothing has been collected, re-made and sent to needy families. At the Child Health Conference 60 children were examined.

GYPSUMVILLE have already started work on some plays to be put on during the winter months. The members are endeavoring to develop their own talents so that they can conduct their meetings within themselves. Ten new quilts have been made.

HAMIOTA responded to their roll call by presenting a gift for a child, after which 42 gifts were sent to the Children's Aid for the Christmas stockings. A very delightful grandmother's quilting party was held recently. Eleven quilts have been made during the year and distributed locally or sent to the S.S.B. Several bales of second-hand clothing were re-made and sent to needy families, and new clothes were made for two little school girls. The Horticultural Society formed this year by the Institute has proved a great success. A splendid display of flowers and vegetables was put on at their snow. Flowers have also been kept blooming around the cenotaph during the summer and the grass and walks have been well kept.

KILLARNEY held a child health conference at which ten children were examined. Equipment has been purchased for the rest room in the school, and considerable relief work has been done.

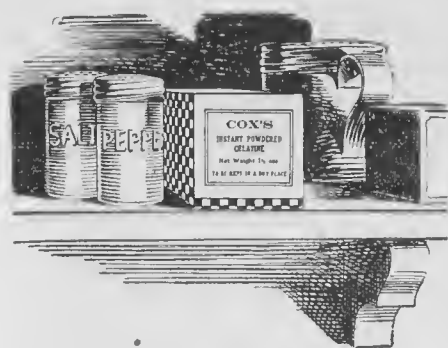
LANGRUTH have finished paying for their piano. A bazaar and dance are being arranged.

LAKE FRANCES had twelve meetings during the year at which all the addresses were given by their own members. The school children were entertained twice during the year and a dental clinic was held. The chief difficulty now is the raising of funds to build a community hall.

LA RIVIERE served lunch at their dance on Hallowe'en. A demonstration on fire fighting was held at the school.

LEXORE had an interesting discussion on "Women's Place in Business" recently. Plans are being made for a Christmas bazaar.

LYLETON are endeavoring to get a doctor to come to practise in their community. Games have been purchased for use of the children in the rest room. Interesting addresses on "Armistice" were given by two visitors.



Mrs. Brown
always has Cox's
Gelatine on hand
just as surely as
salt and pepper

MRS. TOM BROWN is the town's best cook. When it comes from her hands, the simplest dish is perfect; when it arrives on her table, the simplest meal intrigues eye and taste.

One of Mrs. Brown's rules is to keep Cox's Gelatine on hand—always. She has the French trick of using it to enrich soup. She knows, too, that it improves gravies and sauces. With it and a little left-over meat or fish, she concocts appetizing savories and salads. And she has a long list of plain and whipped desserts made with Cox's so that she is never at a loss for "something different."

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Write for free booklet, "Cox's Gelatine Recipes." It gives over 100 uses for this better gelatine.
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Vapo-Cresolene makes a strong appeal to those afflicted with Asthma, because the little lamp, used at night, is at work vaporizing the soothing remedy while the patient sleeps, and the difficult breathing is quickly relieved. A patient calls it a boon to sufferers of Asthma.

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"Used while you sleep"
Cresolene has been recommended and used with great success for forty years for the relief of coughs, influenza, bronchitis, spasmodic croup and whooping cough.
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MAKAROFF have a very live Institute. In conjunction with the mothers of the community, a hot noon lunch has been arranged for the school children.

VAPIVKA sent a bale of warm clothing to the S.S.B. During the year the Institute was instrumental in having medical supervision of the school. A tonsil clinic was held, at which 22 patients underwent operations.

ROBLIN have in their midst some very capable leaders and all are doing splendid work. Hot noon lunch is served to 250 school children in the consolidated school. The Institute co-operates with the Public Health Nurse in promoting welfare of the children.

ROSEISLE have given considerable assistance towards fixing up the cemetery during the year.

In British Columbia

FRUITVALE—Stable committee reported inability to obtain lumber, and suggested carpenter get supplies needed and go ahead with repairs. Cemetery reports, plot being purchased by cemetery board and work to go ahead. Cheque for Conference Expense Fund to be forwarded. Sale of work, whist drive and dance to be held on 21st November. Donation of \$20.00 to Crippled Children's Fund moved and carried. Purchase of 25 cook books from Nelson agreed on. Refreshments served, meeting adjourned. Annual meeting next month.

HUNTINGDON sick committee reported no sickness. It was thought no immigrants should be brought to this district at the present time. Mrs. Gordon's, Victoria, classes discussed, again laid over. Also the taking up of "Pottery Classes" laid over and try to arrange later. Members having found that the 100 lb. sacks of sugar put up by a B.C. sugar refining company, to be dirty, owing to the looseness of the mesh of the sacks, a resolution to be sent. 1924 Federation fee of \$3.00 to be sent. Dr. Young to be asked why the Health Report of Huntingdon Schools is omitted in the Health Report.

The Kidnapped Kelly Kid

Continued from page 17

Mrs. Ferguson stared at him with wide-open eyes.

"Did she say she was going to hunt a little 'dirl'?" inquired the woman.

"She surely did."

"Then I'll bet it was Kitty Kelly herself," affirmed Mrs. Ferguson. "Her coat's disappeared since the flyers were sent out. My own candid opinion is that she was somewhere around the house all the time and is now roving around looking for some child that she thinks is lost. Where did you see her?"

"Up near the fire station."

"Let's go and see if we can find her!" said Mrs. Ferguson.

Together they went to the place where the muffled child had been seen, and by inquiry traced her street by street until at last they found a huddled figure on the steps of the Palace Theatre.

Mrs. Ferguson shook the little figure none too gently and peered beneath the hat that was tilted jauntily over a pair of sleepy eyes.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" she inquired tartly. "I thought as much. And what might you be doing?"

"Looking for a losted little dirl," murmured the tired one. "But I can't find her nowhere."

"It's you that is lost," said Mrs. Ferguson.

The child looked up at her with wide open eyes.

"It can't be me, Mrs. Ferguson," she said calmly. "I'm right here. I can't be losted when I'm here, can I?"

"You come with us and tell that to your mother," commanded Mrs. Ferguson firmly. "Where were you this afternoon anyway?"

"Sleepin' with the kitty in the boorrer drawer," announced the child. "I can crawl in the boorrer drawer and wiggle it almost shut and then no kidnapper can catch me while I'm asleep. Ain't that a good way for a little dirl to do?"

The fireman snickered but Mrs. Ferguson's eyes flashed fire.

RUSSELL have done considerable social service work. The Red Cross and Institute worked together in holding a tonsil clinic at Russell. They have also helped to purchase books for the public library.

SOLSGIRTH have a library containing over 300 books. Chairs and a piano were added to the rest room equipment. A shower of garments for the needy in the district was given recently.

TREHERNE have been busy looking after the needy in their locality. A few improvements have been made in the school.

FILLEY RIVER are endeavoring to have a hot lunch started in the school.

WHITEWATER have sent donations to the Children's Aid and bales of clothing to needy families.

CAWSTON—Our last meeting should have been our annual meeting, also election of officers, but owing to bad roads and weather we had a poor attendance, so postponed our election until January. We are preparing a Christmas treat for all the children in our district. The school children are to put on a concert on the 18th and following the concert there will be a tree with children's presents on, also candies, nuts and oranges for all the children. We are to have a Santa and a regular old time Christmas treat is expected.

METCHOSIN—Mrs. McVicker showed a large collection of hand-woven rugs and pillows, etc., in great variety of materials. Discussing the questionnaire on immigration sent by Mrs. Porter, several members spoke of the need for telling people that they must have some means, to ensure a successful start in a new country. Others thought skill was more necessary. Arrangements were made for a radio concert, dance and whist drive; and for a masquerade dance for New Year's Eve. The president in opening the meeting read the Clubwoman's Creed as used by the Alberta Institutes.

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If you are worrying over graying hair, and wondering what on earth to do, just fill out and mail me the coupon. By return mail I will send you my special patented free trial outfit. It contains a trial bottle of my restorer with full directions for testing on a single lock.

A Dainty Preparation

My scientific restorer is a clear colorless liquid, clean as water. It makes your hair soft and fluffy.

No interference with shampooing, nothing to wash or rub off. Easy to apply, simply by combing it through your hair.

No streaking or discoloration, or any "dyed" look. Restored color is absolutely even and natural in all lights.

Mail Coupon Today

Don't let disfiguring gray streaks and silver threads spoil your appearance and add ten years to your age.

Just fill out the coupon—carefully, stating exactly the natural color of your hair. If possible enclose a lock in your letter.

You'll get the free trial bottle by return mail. After testing, get a full sized bottle from your druggist or direct from me.

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Please print your name and address—
Mary T. Goldman, 539A Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is:
Black..... dark brown..... medium brown.....
auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn
(light red)..... blonde.....

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HERE'S a Folding Table that has a use in almost every room of the home. Easily carried, stands firmly on strong legs, serves the purpose of a permanent table wherever required.

For cards or Mah Jong, sewing, writing, homework, meals upstairs or out of doors. Size 30 inches square. Tops covered with green felt, leatherette or green linoleum.

Ask for the New Elite by name.

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Free Book about Cancer

The Indianapolis Cancer Hospital, Indianapolis, Indiana, has published a booklet which gives interesting facts about the cause of cancer, also tells what to do for pain, bleeding, odor, etc. A valuable guide in the management of any case. Write for it to-day, mentioning this paper.

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The Gift of Time

ON New Year's Day we all look to the future. A year is a well-recognized length of time to mark our journey through this world, and for thoughtful men and women there must be an element of solemnity in the fact that another milestone has been passed in this journey. We have put the old year behind us. We greet the year that is beginning. It is a new span of life, opening before us, with possibilities of new opportunities. New Year's Day brings us a renewed sense of the gift of time. Is not this gift of time the greatest thing in the world? Its worth depends upon our use of it. Time is the very stuff of life and it is exceedingly precious. New Year's Day brings home to us the solemn truth that at best our lives continue for only a few fleeting years. We have but a short time. Literature has expressed the consciousness of life's brevity in some of its most moving pages. Hour glasses of running sand, marked candles, sundials, and clocks and watches of every description show how in all ages the responsibility of putting this precious gift of time to proper use has been recognized.

We Have All the Time There Is

WE need not flinch before the consciousness of life's brevity. True it is that life is but short at best, but this is no justification for discontent or rebellion or despair. The greatest spiritual and moral service has been accomplished by men spurred on to effort by the shortness of the time allowed them. Time cannot be used well by anyone who is not invigorated by a definite purpose. It ceases to exist for those who do not husband it and put it to good account. It slips past the listless, the distracted or the followers of mere pleasure. Such people are declaring constantly that "they have no time." They are thus the destroyers of opportunity. If we would use time well, we must use it in working with a definitely formed purpose. Time by its very nature is always coming to its end. We have only the present to use. Time unceasingly hurries on. It comes to us out of a mysterious future and it passes on through the fleeting present to the irrevocable past. So many years we have lived, and they are all numbered; and we cannot tell how many more remain. But we do know that, be they many or few, their worth will not be measured by mere duration.

Opportunity and Good Resolutions

MODERN civilization has in a very real sense increased our time. Not only do people live longer, with a vigor which continues to old age, but many contrivances for economizing time have made each day longer in its possibilities. We thus have more of life's stuff than our forefathers had. Probably most of us do more than they did. But this does not mean necessarily that we make better use of time. Mere activity does not mean the best use of time, and greater length of life does not mean necessarily that the worth of our lives is increased. That depends on ourselves, or rather it depends on what we make of ourselves in our lives. For time means opportunity for shaping character, purifying desire and disciplining the will. Its true measure cannot be stated in terms of days, months, and years, but in its results attained in personality. What we do is done in time and sooner or later is no more than a memory, if it does not fade altogether into nothingness. What we are, issues from time and abides forever. We all confess our recognition of this fact, often quite unconsciously by making good resolutions for the future on New Year's Day.

The Present Comes Out of the Past.

THE beginning of a new year is a fitting and appropriate time for taking thought not only about our individual lives but about the national life of the country. Looking backward is important, for there are lessons to be learnt from the past, but looking forward is more important. The real gains of a nation cannot be calculated in terms of material prosperity alone. Behind the visible signs of progress are the human beings who put their lives into it. If there are cities standing now where fifty years ago only the grass grew, the cities did not spring up of their own energy, or by the waving of a magic wand. If there are millions of acres of prairie soil growing wheat where once the buffalo and the Indian roamed, these acres did not plow or harrow or seed themselves. What has been achieved represents the toil and effort and devotion of men and women who have lived and worked and passed on. The West is no longer a new land, in the sense in which it was a new land only a few decades ago. As the years go on; as generation follows generation, the lives and work of Canadians who have gone before become a more and more outstanding fact when we consider the Canada of our own time. It is the condition of the Canadians at the present time that has to be taken into account if we would measure Canadian progress rightly; but we cannot forget the part taken in the making of these conditions by Canadians who are now at rest in their graves.

The Philosopher

The New Year for Canada

THERE is nothing truer, if we would but realize it, than that the years are what we make them. The main factor in this shaping of the years is the disciplining and strengthening of our wills. It is true that we can shape thus our individual lives, and it is true the community life, the national life, flows in the channel which the individuals making up the community, and making up the nation, provide for it. To develop more and more the ability to live together and create an environment which will tend to the betterment of life for all—that is the problem of the present age. The consciousness of that problem is more in evidence than ever before; every community is conscious of it, and it may be said that the world at large is conscious of it. Great movements are taking place throughout the world—political, economic, social and otherwise, all having in one form or another as their object the bettering of human life. And of all the peoples in the world, there are none with better ground for confidence and optimism than the Canadian people. The world may seem to be going wrong in one place or another, but we must remember that Time is the great tester of truth, and that what is best will survive and flourish. This is no country for the croaker and the pessimist. Canadians have every reason for tackling the New Year with courage, energy and confident hope.

At the Village Station

The wide, stone, window-ledge is worn quite smooth,
The loungers have been many; I, too, lo!l
And wait, and listen, and dream.....

The telegraph taps out its dots and dashes
In scattered drops, and little drips, and splashes.
On erstwhile frigid drifts the ardent sun
Beams till they melt and run away to hide
In soft confusion.
A long clear sigh follows the western breeze,
While the pungent tang of rank tobacco assaults the nostril,
Then abdicates to spring's pure ambient air.
A raucous crow goes calling, calling, calling—
What, or why, he knows not. No bright eschscholtzia
Can match the yellow flash that whirrs
Across the browning fields—the fleeting grossbeaks
Winging, and chirping as they wing.
A lazy steam breathes from the sodden plank.
The baggage truck creaks idly by—and waits.

Straggling, in ones or threes, the leisured travellers
come
And saunter up and down—and wait—and listen.
How odoriferous is the somnolent air! I bask...and
drowse.....

A shrill, clear sound awakes the startled echoes
And stirs the world to life.
Children scamper,
Women haste,
Men move mightily;
The platform shakes, and a loud rumbling
Like the growl of baited beasts, pervades the place.

People seek the wicket for singles, and returns.

A deafening rattle...bells ring...whistles shriek
and blare,
Cinders fly and blind me;
Reluctantly I draw my eyes from off the hazy
distance,
Past dancing waves of heat-light. The far-off tinkle
Of running water dies in a monstrous roar.
The sun grows dark and hushed is every bird.
All is noise and clangor, so I sigh and saunter forth.

Spring's gone like magic! Why leave we, I complain.
Spring's miracle, that for a year, we shall not see
again,
To view the daily miracle of the daily train?

Ah! You pretty girl, in research, I surmise,
Has found the age-old answer—in a brakeman's eyes!
—(Mrs.) Clara Hopper.

The Spirit of Canada

ARE we treasuring sufficiently the heritage which has come to us from the investment of endurance, courage, resourcefulness and heroism by the pioneers? Canada represents the emotions and hopes and ideals, as well as the work, of generations of Canadians. We of the West can now say this with reference to most of this half of the Dominion, which only a few generations ago was named The Great Lone Land. It is from the soil of the country, from the historic tradition of the country, from the influence of the lives that have gone into the making of the country, that the sentiments emerge which create and perpetuate nationality. It is the spirit that quickeneth. It is in the things of the spirit that the strength of a nation is. This is no less true of Canada than of any other nation; and these are things which we may well give thought to at the beginning of a New Year.

An Era of Transition

OUR calendar years are clean-cut divisions of time, each corresponding to the circuit of the seasons; but for all that it is true that a new year begins every morning for every one of us. Time is continuous. It cannot be divided into areas that do not overlap. The twentieth century began, according to the calendar, at the moment the bells began to ring out midnight on the night of December 31, 1900, and usher in the New Year, 1901. But centuries cannot really be marked off as sharply as all that. One age merges gradually into another, the old ideas and customs giving way slowly before the new, with many rallies and advances and fallings back. The Great War has made a dividing line in history more deeply marked and more profoundly important than any dividing line according to the calendar. We are living in an age of transition in which the world is moving into the new era, whatever it is to be. This generation will not see the transition ended. Certain tendencies are making themselves more and more evident as shaping the way to the new era; and among them none is more evident than the tendency towards greater extension in the democratic experiment of people governing themselves. The record of democracy in action is attacked by cynics, skeptics and reactionaries; but with all the dangers and disadvantages which accompany its workings, with all that can be said in derision of its mistakes and shortcomings, it is becoming constantly plainer and more undeniable that democracy is the only possible road to the better future towards which humanity is striving.

Snow

WHAT native-born Canadian could ever be happy in a land where there was never snow? Every Canadian man and woman has happy memories of pleasures in childhood and in youth which had, as an inseparable element, snow sparkling in bright winter sunshine or in winter moonlight which can be as beautiful as the moonlight of the most romantic night in midsummer. What innumerable happy snowshoeing, sleighing, skating and tobogganing parties has the moon shone down on from the deep blue of star-sown Canadian skies? Happy is the child who lives where snow lies upon the ground during the winter season, and where there is sunshine on winter days, and rainy fog never darkens the sky. Out come the children with their sleds, the true glow of winter in their eyes, the true color of the West on their cheeks, heaven's own rouge. The big rolling snowball is once more in the making, and again the snowman is being built up. Old people who have reached the evening of life are glad to see the children playing in the snow. The sight is a good one for old eyes, and brings back happy childhood memories.

On Seeing Others As They Are

WHAT untold numbers of people, century after century, have found comfort in the parable of the Publican and the Pharisee, not by taking the true significance of that parable, but by thanking God in their hearts that they are not like the Pharisee? It is true of too many of us that our chief difficulty in appreciating worth in others is our exaggerated sense of our own worth. Until a man has learned the hard lesson of humility, not all the study and talk of a lifetime will enable him to see others as they are. Let any one who doubts the truth of this reflect upon the everyday instances that are within his own knowledge—the boastful spirit of the newly-rich vulgarian who counts himself superior to everyone with fewer dollars than himself, the vaingloriousness of the youth who imagines learning to be wisdom and looks down upon those whom he considers "ignorant," or the attitude of the person who seems to be saying:

"Of course, you can never be like me,
But be as like me as you're able to be."

Those who do not understand others sympathetically do not understand them at all. He who would estimate others rightly must know himself, and he who would know himself must have something more than that acquaintance with his own worth which is apt to indicate the existence of very little worth with which to become acquainted.

Loosen Up That Cold With Musterole

Have Musterole handy when a cold starts. It has all the advantages of grandmother's mustard plaster WITHOUT the blister. You just apply it with the fingers. First you feel a warm tingle as the healing ointment penetrates the pores, then comes a soothing, cooling sensation and quick relief.

Made of pure oil of mustard and other simple ingredients, Musterole is recommended by many nurses and doctors. Try Musterole for bronchitis, sore throat, stiff neck, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, croup, asthma, neuralgia, congestion, pains and aches of the back and joints, sore muscles, sprains, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds of the chest. It may prevent pneumonia and "flu." 40c and 75c, at all druggists.

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New, marvelous solvent to treat bunions. Stops pain instantly—banishes the ugly hump and tired, aching, swollen, burning condition. You can wear a smaller shoe with comfort. Test it at my risk. First trial convinces. No clumsy apparatus, no rubber mold or protector, no uncomfortable leather shield or felt pad, no plaster, nor mussy liquid.



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It is PEDODYNE, The Complete Bunion Treatment. You will say it is wonderful—amazing, so quick, so sure does it act. Don't waste time and money on useless methods. Don't suffer. Try PEDODYNE at my risk. Write to-day before you do another thing. Just say "I want to try PEDODYNE." Address

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First Radio Beam Station in British Empire's Chain to be Erected in Canada

PLANS are now mature by which the first of the Empire wireless chain units will be constructed in Canada. This will be located within a few miles of Montreal.

The first station will comprise two units: the sending station to be located at Drummondville and the receiving station at Yamachiche. Each will comprise all that is most modern and will operate under the revolutionary "beam system" the latest development of Guglielmo Marconi.

These stations, immediately upon their completion will enter into direct communication with the large new beam station being erected in England by the Marconi company, for communication with Canada under the ownership and operation of the British Post Office.

It is believed that this first station at Montreal will be followed by another at Vancouver which will carry on two-way communication with Australia as well as trans-Canada and a third station the location of which has not yet been decided upon.

Establishment of the new beam station near Montreal is regarded as the most important development in trans-oceanic communication ever undertaken within the Empire. The new station will be operated by the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of Canada, Limited.

Each of the new beam stations will comprise five structural steel towers of an approximate height of 300 feet. The sending and receiving units are located some distance apart in order to eliminate interference. The stations will be connected directly to the Montreal and other offices and will be operated, it is believed, by remote control. By this means messages will be dispatched directly from the Montreal offices and be received instantaneously in England. This will afford the most direct transoceanic communication now possible anywhere in the world.

It is stated that the beam system of wireless as perfected by Marconi has a great many advantages over either the old wireless system or the present cable systems. For one thing, the initial cost for equipment is very much less than for the old stations, with the contingent complexity of land wires, etc. The initial cost, moreover, will be nearly the final cost, inasmuch as operating expenses are surprisingly low. As compared with the cable, there is immediately eliminated the expensive cable systems, and the necessary heavy maintenance of local despatching offices and inspection and repair vessels. Speed also is unbelievably greater, while the certainty of communication is beyond all vestige of a doubt.

Concentrated Power

Under the beam system the waves, instead of being radiated from the sending station, as at present, will be shot out in a definite direction and under highly concentrated power. It is asserted that these direct wireless rays will pierce any known atmospheric disturbances and for great distances. That fact has been established by Marconi in his experiments of the last two years, in which he has demonstrated that these direct beams may be received when all other wireless communication is impossible.

It is understood that the British and Canadian interests intend to work in much closer co-operation in the future, it being their intention to use the beam system in the establishment of two-way communication between a number of land points at distances varying from a few hundred miles up to thousands. It is claimed that the beams can be used with equal facility over short or long reaches, and over the land as well as the sea.

In some quarters it is suggested that the system may also be developed to embrace telephony between land stations and that the possibilities ahead in the development of such a system are beyond all present powers of estimation.

Meantime, Canada, as soon as the first stations are completed, will take its place as the first link in the chain of British Empire wireless.

New C.N.R. Station at Moncton, N.B.

ONE of the finest and most powerful broadcasting stations on the continent was officially opened by the Canadian National Railways recently at Moncton, N.B., by W. D. Robb, vice-president in charge of radio of the Canadian National Railways.

This station will come on the air twice a week with the call letters CNRA. So far, it has been the custom of the C.N.R. to give each station the initials of the railway, C.N.R., plus the initial letter of the city in which the station is located. In this instance, however, Montreal had laid claim to the letter "M," so it was decided to give the Moncton station the letter "A," which stands for Atlantic, as Moncton is the headquarters for the Atlantic region of the C.N.R.

The new station forms the ninth link in the chain across the Dominion. They own and operate their own radio broadcasting station, "CNRO," Ottawa, Ontario, and also broadcast from the following cities: Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Edmonton and Calgary. They have not built their own stations at these points, but use existing stations. In addition to the broadcasting station erected at Moncton, the C.N.R. has in mind the erection of a broadcasting station at Vancouver, B.C. When this latter one is in operation, they will have a sufficient number of stations to cover all Canada.

At present, the stations are being used for publicity, entertainment and to enable the various officials to give "talks" to their own employees.

Like each of the other C.N.R. stations, CNRA is to be devoted to the interests of the community in which it is situated. This means that the Maritimes will have their own concerts, news, etc., supplied by their own talent, instead of having to listen to concerts broadcasted in far-away parts of Canada or the United States, good as they may be.

The station will operate on a wave length of 435 metres, and is powerful enough to broadcast the human voice to all parts of the Maritimes, as well as south along the Atlantic seaboard of the United States. The normal rating of the station at Moncton will be 500-watt antenna output.

The new station duplicates in many details the Ottawa installation and improves upon other details to permit more perfect radiation and better efficiency.

Two steel towers of the "Eiffel Tower" type are each on a base 34 feet square and taper to 3 feet square at the top. They are 150 feet in height and 200 feet apart and support the aerial.

It was considered best to have the alignment of the aerial 60½ degrees west by 30½ degrees east for transmitting from this territory. The western end points towards the greatest receiving zone extending through the New England States and the country along the St. Lawrence and Atlantic seaboard, so the main radiation is given from this end.

The station opened with a programme of very fine order, calculated to please all tastes. Those taking part were artists brought to Moncton for this special occasion who have contributed to radio programmes of the C.N.R. in other cities. The CNRA station will be at the service of the Maritimes at all times to help their interests, which are also the common interests of Canada.

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"Best for short-wave reception."

Says The Philadelphia Public Ledger (August 19, 1924): "It is a well-known fact that vacuum tubes with small elements are best for radio-frequency amplification, particularly for short-wave reception. For this reason Myers Tubes should be used throughout." Besides having small elements, the grid and plate leads extend from opposite ends of the tube preventing the usual noises common to the bulbous or incandescent types.

Three types. All ready to mount. At your dealer's or sent postpaid for \$4

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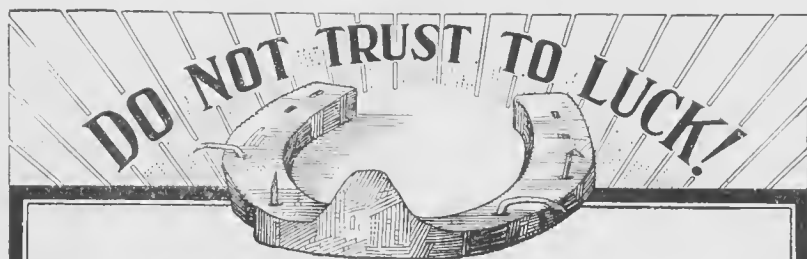
DEALING chiefly with other people's money, men give unlimited time and effort to the wise administration of business, while attention to their own affairs is often casual, and sometimes even careless.

You sell your time, efforts and abilities, from which a profit is due you. Your "overhead" is the cost of living and your savings alone represents your profit.

Our booklet, "The Measure of Your Income," and our Budget Book will help you to increase your personal profits. Ask for a copy.

The Royal Bank of Canada

B428



Luck or Law

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THE Great-West Life
ASSURANCE COMPANY
HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG

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THERE are scores of ways in which your Bank can help you — methods that will surprise you by their convenience and safety.

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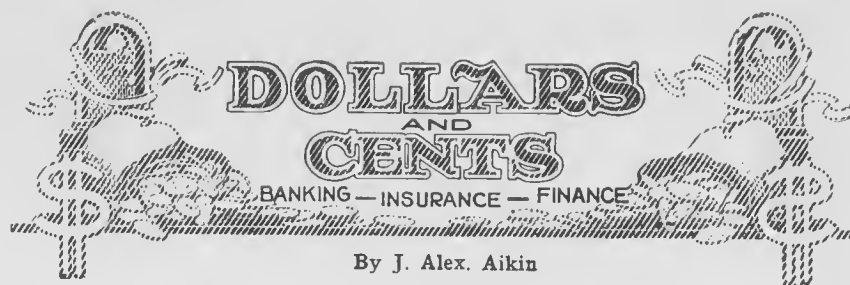
If it is a time sale, your banker will handle and collect the note.

Our Manager will be only too glad to outline to you the scores of ways in which he can serve.

Bank of Montreal

Established over 100 years.

TOTAL ASSETS IN EXCESS OF \$700,000,000



By J. Alex. Aikin

Bank of Montreal Report

THE 107th annual general meeting was as usual an important gathering in financial circles and the reports presented fairly comprehended the trade and finance of Canada. The Bank of Montreal had another successful year and although the profits were \$42,000 below the previous year, the operations of the bank for the twelve months under review resulted in a profit of \$4,454,000. This amounts to 8.06 per cent. on the total capital, reserves and undivided dividends of the Bank of Montreal. It is to be noted that the commercial loans of the Bank in Canada were less than a year ago at the close of the Bank's year by \$22,000,000, due to the trade depression of the past year in this country, which made it impossible to find suitable employment for these increased resources at commercial rates of interest. At October 31st, 1924, the commercial loans in Canada stood at \$214,000,000 and other investments \$140,000,000, as compared with \$236,000,000 and \$103,000,000 same date in 1923.

The address of the president expresses confidence in the strength, stability and productive power of Canada as third among the nations in the extent and value of its resources, minerals, water-power, forests and fisheries.

"While hesitating to prophecy I am satisfied that a gradual improvement in the trade situation is occurring," President Sir Vincent Meredith states in the early part of his address. He then proceeds to show that for the 12 months ending with October 31st the trade of Canada, imports and exports, amounted to \$1,895,000,000, being \$160,000,000 greater than the same period one year ago. It was also observed by the president that for the first seven months of the current fiscal year in national finance and trade the exports of Canadian goods were \$120,000,000 greater than imports as compared with a favorable balance for the same period in 1923 of \$15,000,000.

Passing from this evidence of expanding trade the president proceeds to state that while "Unquestionably Canada should revert to a gold basis the moment the basis can be held, it would be financial suicide to resume a position we may be unable to maintain. It is pointed out by the President that while the reserves of gold in the Dominion treasury and banks is approximately \$160,000,000, it was \$154,000,000 ten years ago. Meantime the circulation of currency has increased, the logical consequence being that specie payments might easily make heavier demands upon the gold than could be met with ease. On the other hand the President pointed out that with the Canadian dollar at par there is no immediate reward to be won by resuming specie payments until the capacity to pay becomes more inviting.

Reference is made in the address to the fact that Canada had produced \$214,000,000 of minerals in the past year. The President proceeds to express satisfaction with the improved conditions with many farmers due to the harvesting of a fair crop in many districts for which better prices were paid which resulted in an aggregate of revenue being approximately equal to the previous year with its heavy yield, in Alberta and parts of Saskatchewan.

The trade review of Canada by provinces made by the general manager, Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, expresses confidence of the advantages and ability of Canada to make progress. "We have a great country and we have the inestimable advantage of living under the best of all flags."

In the review of the Prairie Provinces the general manager observes that the revenue for this year's crop at prevailing

prices will carry the West another step in the direction of better times; the way having been paved by the exercise of economy in operation and by hard work, stimulated by a wholesome determination to get out of debt. "The future may be faced with renewed confidence in the recuperative powers of the West."

Co-operation in Taxation

THE national taxation conference at Ottawa did not get farther than the preliminary stages of looking at the situation and leaving it for future consideration at an adjourned meeting. The interim will give an opportunity for the country as well as the taxing powers to ponder what is best to be done and will undoubtedly be persuaded that in line with the trend of things to a lower price level, taxation should take the same course. That will surely call for more rigid economy in the administration of public affairs.

Some of the arguments brought to the conference and offered by provincial representatives in support of their case were worthy of the day and of being carefully weighed by the federal government. The burdens of education, police and health services, which are almost exclusively borne by the municipal and provincial bodies, are directions which will admit of further expansions and increased demands in the future. They may well place before the national authority the need of co-operation and aid.

The principle was adopted at the confederation of the provinces that by reason of the wider scope of the federal tax power an annual subsidy should be paid the provinces. The situation is even more acute now than at the beginning, with the growth of population over the large areas served by the provincial governments, especially in the Western provinces. In that light it would seem to be but fair that more financial support should be given the provinces.

It has been considered an advisable, though certainly questionable policy, on the part of the three provinces to levy an income tax. But on top of that the provincial governments levy a direct tax on real property which is added to and collected with the taxes of the municipality. In Winnipeg, for instance, the municipal commissioner's levy for the provincial treasury amounts to five mills, which is included in the 28½ mills levy taken from the taxpayers of this city. If it were possible to devise a means of provincial revenue, through economy and aid of the federal treasury, to discontinue that taxation, it would be at once possible for the City of Winnipeg to reduce the assessments on real property, which is from ten to twenty per cent. too high, and bring relief to the overburdened taxpayers. The tax levy is not so high in Winnipeg as in some other western centres, so what has been said of Winnipeg will apply to other cities with more emphasis. But it has come to pass that the system of heavy direct taxation on real property, with the one-sided burden on the unproductive vacant land that the cities are becoming large land owners and find their tax revenue base being steadily reduced. The most effective cure will be to make a radical reduction in the tax levy, reform the land tax and give the landowners an inducement to hold on to their land, thereby retaining them as taxpayers, and stop the active confiscation of real property. The situation has some alarming features about it and there should be more indications from provincial leaders to show they appreciate what is ahead. They are rather too anxious to look after their own budgets, much as Turks are used to do, with slight regard to the very direct effect of taxation on capital investments and productive enterprises.

Hopeful Note at Bank's Meeting

THE annual general meeting of the shareholders of the Bank of Montreal not only marked the closing of a very successful year, but was also featured by comprehensive and informative addresses by Sir Vincent Meredith, the President, and Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, General Manager.

The deduction to be drawn from the address of Sir Vincent Meredith is that Canada is slowly but surely emerging from the slough. That is the notable feature of his remarks. Light is breaking through the clouds, our difficulties are gradually getting behind us, bright spots begin to appear, and the buoyancy of confidence can be more generally felt. In itself the more cheerful tone taken by the President is an excellent tonic calculated to inspire faith in the basic stability of business and to aid in recovery of commercial and industrial activity.

Many hurdles, however, have yet to be surmounted. Meagreness of immigration is alluded to by Sir Vincent as deterrent of national progression, and is unquestionably a great and unexpected disappointment. One might reasonably have anticipated that the conjunction of restricted immigration by the United States and vast numbers of unemployed in Europe would have poured into Canada a large and continuous stream of people. On the contrary, the stream has dwindled to a dribble, and, at best, population has been nearly stationary. Immigration is the foremost national problem of Canada; the panacea for most of our difficulties, since by immigration the weight of taxation is lightened, the volume of production is increased, the market for manufactures is enlarged, and transportation troubles removed. Sir Vincent, however, does not despair. So favored a land as Canada cannot always call in vain for people to come and occupy it, and he holds faith that when the reactions of the war have passed away, when economic conditions have been restored in Europe, and when the advantages of Canada are still more widely known, there will be a pouring in of people even in excess of the great incursion of twelve or fifteen years ago.

Necessity for Economy

Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, the General Manager, spoke frankly of the business situation in the last year or two. As all know, it has not been satisfactory, but, after reciting untoward facts, he expressed his hope and belief that "we will emerge from our difficulties presently."

Sir Frederick's picture of the advantages offered settlers by Canada is not overdrawn. Things which make the joy of life this country possesses abundantly, but, to reap pleasures, industry and thrift must be practised as everywhere. The war left a legacy of difficulties, trials and tribulations, but in the words of Sir Frederick, "let us not look back or waste time in bootless mourning." If the homely virtues are practised, Canada will soon reach a plane of prosperity. Meanwhile, despite drawbacks, the best proof that conditions are far from desperate is found in the fact that well-managed banks continue to earn fair profits while paying a good rate of interest on deposits and extending due accommodation to worthy borrowers.

The Royal Bank of Canada

ANY satisfactory feature of the annual statement of the Royal Bank of Canada for the year ending November 30th, 1924, is the fact that deposits increased by \$40,000,000, and stood on the date given at \$338,291,427 interest bearing and \$123,537,341 for deposits not bearing interest, a total of \$461,828,769.

That this confidence displayed by the public toward the Royal Bank is animated by intelligence may be demonstrated by the statement which indicates that while the total assets of the Bank

have increased to \$538,789,509, the quick or liquid assets of the Royal Bank stand at \$278,024,739, which is 54.5 per cent. of the total liabilities to the public. That is surely a strong position into which the Royal Bank has come.

A gratifying feature of the report from the shareholders viewpoint, as well as of the depositors, is that the profits for the year's operations were comparatively well maintained. The trade and industrial conditions of the year did not call for such large advances on loans and discounts, nevertheless the profits for the year amounted to \$3,878,976, as compared with \$3,909,316 the previous year. This enabled the payment of the regular dividend and \$465,000 special reserve, with \$1,143,806 held in profit and loss account.

The report also shows that Dominion and Provincial Government securities now stand at \$53,039,825, up from \$28,783,050; Canadian municipal securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public securities, other than Canadian, amount to \$25,634,914, as against \$15,900,363.

Included in liquid assets are also cash holdings of \$89,961,243, up from \$81,604,539. The principal accounts covered by this item are Dominion notes, \$34,730,446, as against \$29,446,597, and United States and other foreign currencies, \$27,349,189, compared with \$23,711,772. Current coin stands at \$16,881,608, down from \$16,946,169. The quieter business conditions throughout the country have resulted temporarily in a slackening off in demand for accommodation. Total current loans and discounts of \$257,225,355 compare with \$264,722,967 a year ago.

After an appropriation of \$400,000 bank premises account shows a net decrease of \$209,451.16.

The annual meeting of the Royal Bank of Canada will be held January 8th when this highly creditable report will be submitted to the shareholders.

A Natural Monopoly

THE City of Winnipeg owns a power plant. The Winnipeg Electric Street Railway owns a plant. There is competition between the two as to supplying light and power. Both have gone into the business of selling electrical supplies of all kinds. The City of Winnipeg finds itself advertising washers, cook stoves, electric lights, fans, lamps and small merchandise of all kinds. Naturally the stores that consider this their legitimate business are annoyed. They take the ground that they cannot pay taxes to the City if the City takes away the business. Private individuals cannot fight against a corporation. The only thing they can do under the circumstances is to close shop. Even the mighty Winnipeg Electric Railway is up in arms at this new extension of public merchandising. On the other hand the City says that as it supplies electric power, all the appliances are a natural part of the business. They say the electrical business is not for private individuals. And so it goes.

Now the Province of Manitoba finds itself in a similar position. It has a monopoly of radio distribution. It is reported that it now proposes to go into the manufacture and sale of all radio supplies. This will naturally mean the closing out of all radio-selling plants in the Province. There are twenty good stores in the City of Winnipeg alone. But Manitoba says the tail goes with the hide. The radio business is altogether a public venture. Private firms must keep out of it. There can be no interfering with a natural state monopoly. As a result those who sell materials and instruments are up in arms. How can one pay his business tax, his income tax, if he has no income? There is only one thing to do—to quit the country.

So there are two sides to this question. The province which distributes freely must be recompensed for the cost involved. Should it tax those who sell radio outfits or should it tax the radio-users? Should it take the whole business into its own hands and through knowing just what people possess radios, impose

The Royal Bank of Canada



GENERAL STATEMENT

29th NOVEMBER, 1924

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock Paid up.....		\$20,400,000.00
Reserve Fund.....	\$20,400,000.00	
Balance of Profits carried forward.....	1,143,806.90	
	21,543,806.90	
Dividends Unclaimed.....	7,814.01	
Dividend No. 149 (at 12 per cent. per annum, payable 1st December, 1924).....	612,000.00	
Bonus of 2%, payable 1st December, 1924.....	408,000.00	
	22,571,620.91	
	\$42,971,620.91	

Deposits not bearing interest.....	\$123,537,341.85	
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date of statement.....	338,291,427.71	

Total Deposits.....	461,828,769.56	
Notes of the Bank in Circulation.....	29,821,936.74	
Balances due to other Banks in Canada.....	824,923.90	
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada.....	11,159,913.64	
Bills Payable.....	5,884,277.65	

Letters of Credit Outstanding.....	509,519,821.49	
	31,298,066.69	
	\$583,789,509.09	

ASSETS

Current Coin.....	\$16,881,608.11	
Dominion Notes.....	34,730,446.00	
United States and other Foreign Currencies.....	27,349,189.70	
Deposit in the Central Gold Reserves.....	11,000,000.00	

Notes of other Canadian Banks.....	89,961,243.81	
Cheques on other Banks.....	3,004,799.55	
Balances due by other Banks in Canada.....	25,656,809.28	
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada.....	746.66	

Dominion and Provincial Government Securities, (not exceeding market value).....	28,797,188.34	
Canadian Municipal Securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian, (not exceeding market value).....	53,039,825.09	

Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks, (not exceeding market value).....	25,634,914.13	
Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days) Loans in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks and other Securities of a sufficient marketable value to cover.....	17,677,562.02	

Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days) Loans elsewhere than in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks and other Securities of a sufficient marketable value to cover.....	16,454,174.21	
	17,797,476.79	
	\$278,024,739.88	

Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest) after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts.....	148,499,355.15	
Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less rebate of interest) after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts.....	106,747,583.45	
Non-Current Loans, estimated loss provided for.....	1,978,417.24	

Bank Premises, at not more than cost, less amounts written off.....	257,225,355.84	
Real Estate other than Bank Premises.....	13,350,717.05	
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank.....	1,668,230.00	
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit, as per contracts.....	447,580.69	
Shares of and Loans to Controlled Companies.....	31,298,066.69	
Deposit with the Minister for the purposes of the Circulation Fund.....	289,501.00	
Other Assets not included in the foregoing.....	1,020,000.00	
	465,317.94	
	\$583,789,509.09	

NOTE:—The Royal Bank of Canada (France) has been incorporated under the laws of France to conduct the business of the Bank in Paris. As the entire capital stock of The Royal Bank of Canada (France) is owned by The Royal Bank of Canada, the assets and liabilities of the former are included in the above General Statement.

H. S. HOLT,
President

C. E. NEILL,
General Manager

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS, THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA:
We have examined the above statement of Liabilities and Assets at 29th November, 1924 with the books and accounts of The Royal Bank of Canada at Head Office and with the certified returns from the branches. We have verified the cash and securities at Head Office at the close of the Bank's fiscal year, and during the year we counted the cash and examined the securities at several of the important branches.

We have obtained all the information and explanations that we have required, and in our opinion the transactions of the Bank, which have come under our notice, have been within the powers of the Bank. The above statement is in our opinion properly drawn up so as to disclose the true condition of the Bank as at 29th November 1924, and it is as shown by the books of the Bank.

W. GARTH THOMSON, C.A.,
of Marwick, Mitchell and Co.
A. B. BRODIE, C.A.,
of Price, Waterhouse & Co.

Auditors.

Montreal, Canada, 26th December, 1924.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th November, 1923.....	\$1,085,830.67	
Profits for the year, after deducting charges of management, accrued interest on deposits, full provision for all bad and doubtful debts and rebate of interest on unmatured bills.....	3,878,976.23	
	\$4,964,806.90	

APPROPRIATED AS FOLLOWS:

Dividends Nos. 146, 147, 148 and 149, at 12% per annum.....	\$2,448,000.00	
Bonus of 2 per cent. to Shareholders.....	408,000.00	
Transferred to Officers' Pension Fund.....	100,000.00	
Appropriation for Bank Premises.....	400,000.00	
Reserve for Dominion Government Taxes, including War Tax on Bank Note Circulation.....	465,000.00	
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward.....	1,143,806.90	
	\$4,964,806.90	

H. S. HOLT,
President
Montreal, 26th December, 1924.

C. E. NEILL,
General Manager

a luxury tax to cover costs of distribution? Or should the province, recognizing that it will prosper only as it supports trade and commerce, encourage accessory merchants, music dealers and others interested, to engage in the sale of radio supplies?

Though Canada administers the Postal Service, because it is a natural monopoly,

it does not go into the business of selling paper and envelopes, because it recognizes the limit of natural monopoly. Is there something parallel to this in the case of radio distribution? He is a bold man who, if he is the official head of the radio department, has enough confidence in himself to settle the matter by a wave of the hand.

By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Preparation

HAVE you a purpose of your own?
Are you trying to improve something?
Have you an idea which you are trying to express?

Is it your desire to become proficient in any branch of work?

A writer on vocational education says that the status of a man's life depends largely on how he answers these questions.

Desirable Habits

THE following list of desirable habits is reprinted from the Canadian Teacher. Use this list to check yourself on a ten per cent basis for each habit and ascertain your total out of an hundred points:—

1. The habit of thoroughness.
2. The habit of promptness.
3. The habit of politeness.
4. The habit of appreciation.
5. The habit of cleanliness.
6. The habit of work.
7. The habit of thoughtfulness.
8. The habit of correct speaking.
9. The habit of enjoyment of work.
10. The habit of honesty.

Something for Nothing

NOW that a young army lieutenant has made a fortune playing the stock market, writes Thomas Mounahan, a lot of other fellows will probably take all the money they can save, borrow or otherwise command and emulate him.

May they lose! This is said in a spirit not of enmity but of helpfulness.

It has been the making of many an adventurous young man to lose all his money early in the gambling game. Quick success is likely to turn a fellow's head altogether, and commit him to a gambling life, in which he is almost sure to break financially sooner or later, and altogether sure to lose something fine and strong from his character.

Winnings in games of chance are always to be regretted. Losses may turn the gambler to investments worth while. More important still, they may turn him to honest, constructive, purposeful work, work of a creative sort, which puts society ahead at the same time that it puts him ahead.

This is the essentially immoral thing about speculation, however it may be tolerated by law or sanctioned by the moral code—it is not constructive. It is parasitical. It fools people's heads by a false show of "making money" where no money is really made, and it saps their characters by giving them as their aim in life the getting of something for nothing.

There can be no true morality, no genuine character, without performing useful service, giving society full value for what the individual gains from society. And though young men sometimes overlook that fact, what life is for is to develop character.

The Stamp Collector

THE exhibition in Winnipeg recently of Canadian and foreign stamps totalling well over a million dollars in value, indicated a widespread Canadian interest in this popular hobby. King George, it is said, has one of the finest stamp collections in the world, but he limits his investments and in competing for rare stamps he is often outbid by wealthy American collectors.

The standard American handbook on the subject is Scott's Standard Postage Stamp Catalogue, the 1925 edition of which is now ready. The publishers, the Scott Stamp and Coin Company, of 33 West 44th Street, New York, have in a volume of over fifteen hundred pages accomplished a wonderful work of condensation in giving the description and value of every postage stamp that has ever been issued by any government in the world. Space is provided also for memoranda, and there is an illustrated section giving the watermarks of the principal stamps of the world. Hundreds of illustrations occur throughout the volume, making it easy for the collector to identify his specimens. The coinage of each country is given, and there is a very complete alphabetical index. Collectors who are not familiar with this volume should communicate with the publishers.

A Short Course in English

NO. 4—The sentence was the subject of article No. 3. This month, the paragraph is dealt with.

The paragraph, which is now shown by indentation, was indicated originally by a paragraph sign, used to vary the monotony of unbroken lines of printing. Paragraphing as at present employed works for the convenience of the reader. It makes easier reading

for the eye by breaking up solid masses of reading matter, and it makes easier reading for the mind by providing frequent resting places. As the word is the unit of the sentence, so is the paragraph the unit of a composition.

All sentences relating to the same general thought should be placed in one paragraph, and a new paragraph should be made when the thought changes. Put into a paragraph only that which helps to develop its subject. "Into a salad," says one writer, "you may put anything; the more things the better; but a paragraph is not a salad."

Paragraphs may be classified under a number of headings. One well-known classification of paragraphs deals with them under the following headings: Narrative, Descriptive, Expository, and Argumentative. A narrative paragraph tells what happens.

A descriptive paragraph is written for the purpose of informing the intelligence or stimulating the imagination.

An expository paragraph states facts clearly.

An argumentative paragraph is written for the purpose of causing certain assertions to be admitted as truth.

The following selection from the writings of Edgar Allan Poe is a descriptive paragraph:

"On all sides—save to the west, where the sun was about sinking—arose the verdant walls of the forest. The little river which turned sharply in its course, and was thus immediately lost to sight, seemed to have no exit from its prison, but to be absorbed by the deep green foliage of the trees to the east—while in the opposite quarter (so it appeared to me as I lay at length and glanced upward) there poured down noiselessly and continuously into the valley, a rich golden and crimson waterfall from the sunset fountains of the sky."

"To write well is at once to think well, to feel rightly, and to render properly; it is to have, at the same time, mind, soul, taste."—Buffon.

Question: Is this sentence correct? "The captain, as well as the mate and pilot, were frightened."

Answer: Words joined to a subject by with, including, as well as, or no less than, do not affect the number of the subject.

The correct form is: "The captain, as well as the mate and pilot, was frightened."

Look in the February number for article No. 5, which will deal with the business letter.

Answers to Inquiries

J. N., a correspondent at Battleford, has been written to directly in reply to the inquiry concerning studies in composition.

F.A.P., a correspondent at Stratheona, has been written to personally in answer to his letter about the influence of words.

T.H.L., a correspondent at Yorkton, writes taking exception to the article about investment in bonds that appeared in the October page. Our correspondent takes the stand that money is not entitled to earn dividends. It may be that in an ideal state some way may be found of dispensing with money, or of doing away with interest charges. Our article, however, dealt with things as they are and from that point of view we still hold to the position that the young man who invests in a bond is entitled to interest on his savings, and is helping in the industrial development of the country.

The Study of Literature

PROFESSOR B. A. HEYDRICK is the author of a pocket handbook entitled "How to Study Literature," that ought to be very helpful to those who wish for aid in working through the books of great writers in all departments of literature. This book of 150 pages can be secured for eighty-five cents from the publishers, Hinds, Hayden and Eldredge, Inc., 11-15 Union Square West, New York City.

The volume is divided into two parts. Part one deals with narrative poetry, lyric poetry, dramatic poetry, fiction, the essay, and the oration. Part two contains specimen studies which illustrate the principles set out in part one. There is also a special section dealing with figures of speech, another with versification, and a third contains a valuable list of books, properly classified, for students who wish to follow a recommended course of reading.

The author, in his introduction, says that "The aim of this manual is to facilitate the systematic, careful and appreciative study of literature as literature. It furnishes means by which the student may ascertain for himself the chief characteristics of the book studied. It acquaints him with the fundamental principles of literary construction, and asks him to decide for himself how far these principles have been observed."

The following statement furnishes an example of the clear and interesting English in which this book is written:

"It is necessary to distinguish two classes of books: those which aim merely to give information, and those which move us by their beauty or their power. Books of the latter class are called literature."

The study outlines in part one will prove especially helpful and stimulating to students who may be engaged in home study. The following paragraph from the outline for the study of fiction shows how much is to be learned even from the study of titles of books:

"The title of a story may name the principal character as in David Copperfield; or it may suggest the plot, as Kidnapped; or name the scene, as Middlemarch; or the time, as Ninety-Three; or mention some significant object, as The Scarlet Letter; or indicate the nature of the story, whether tragic or the reverse, as The Light That Failed; or the title may be merely fantastic: chosen to arouse curiosity, as Kipling's 007. Sometimes a title serves several purposes: The Last Days of Pompeii gives both place and time; Sentimental Tommy names the chief character and suggests the tone of the story. Modern titles often aim at this suggestiveness, as The Choir Invisible, The End of the Passage, etc."

The study of this little volume should greatly enrich the reading powers of those who are interested in improving their minds by a careful study of some of the world's great books.

Where the Dollar Goes

AN American student of economics has recently completed a study of the distribution of the consumer's dollar. His findings result from an inquiry that followed through to the consumer the products of forty manufacturers in various leading branches of trade, and his conclusions are these:

- Manufacturer's cost to produce, 37c.
- Manufacturer's cost to sell, 12c.
- Manufacturer's profit, 4c.
- Wholesaler's expense of doing business, 10c.
- Wholesaler's profit, 3c.
- Retailer's expense of doing business, 28c.
- Retailer's profit, 6c.

This set of figures illustrates the plain fact that distribution is at present more expensive than manufacture. It may be that co-operative movements can lower costs of distribution, but just now the demand for the services of neighborhood and district stores is costing the consumer a substantial part of his dollar.

The Man With the Hoe

TO a community in which the basic industry is agriculture, the following quotations should be of interest:—

Command large fields, but cultivate small ones.—Virgil.

Time spent in the cultivation of the fields passes very pleasantly.—Ovid.

Earth is here so kind that just tickle her with a hoe and she laughs with a harvest.—Jerrold.

An agricultural life is one eminently calculated for human happiness and human virtue.—Quincy.

The first farmer was the first man, and all historic nobility rests on possession and use of the land.—Emerson.

If we estimate dignity by immediate usefulness, agriculture is undoubtedly the first and noblest science.—Dr. Johnson.

Trade increases the wealth and glory of a country; but its real strength and stamina are to be looked for among the cultivators of the land.—Lord Chatham.

The first three men in the world were a gardener, a ploughman, and a grazier; and if any man object that the second of these was a murderer, I desire he would consider that as soon as he was so, he quitted our profession and turned builder.—Cowley.

God Almighty first planted a garden; and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures: it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man.—Bacon.

And he gave it for his opinion that whoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together.—Swift.

But let the good old corn adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us for His golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God! —Whittier.

Lucy's Christmas Surprise

By Mrs. Edgar A. Nilsson

LUCY WEST uttered a sigh of relief, as she threw the dish-water out. She left the tidy kitchen and found a seat on the vine-covered porch. The cool prairie-breeze reminded her of fall and the endless tasks she must perform. The fruit to be put up, soap-making before the frost came, the school sewing for the children, and Ruth's extra sewing to be done before leaving for Normal (this alone made her head feel dizzy) seemed more than one pair of hands could do.

Her thoughts were interrupted by footsteps sounding on the path. It proved to be Tom West returning from Town Council Meeting.

"You look tired, mama, to-night," Tom said, settling in an easy chair on the porch.

Lucy half forced a smile and said "Think so?"

In the nineteen years of married life Tom had often made the same remark. The six children coming, and the house practically the same as it had been when she came as a bride, small and with no conveniences, did not tend to lighten her work.

As Tom finished his pipe he said, "I guess I'll turn in, five o'clock comes pretty early in the morning."

Walking to the door he said "Nearly forgot to give you the cheque Treasurer Brown sent."

Lucy was on her feet in a moment, her hand extended. She had earned \$15.35 in prizes from her pastry and fancy work at the town fair. She made an excuse to Tom about seeing to the bread before coming to bed. She went to the pantry and climbed on a shelf secured a little broken dish. She took a pencil and a piece of paper and added the \$15.35. Her nest egg was beginning to form quite a size, surely she could carry out her plans this fall.

Ruth kept her mother busy with the sewing, for in a week she must leave school.

"Now, you be sure and ask father, won't you mother for every girl there will have at least one party dress," Ruth said as she left for the store.

Lucy West had always been a medium through which the children approached their father.

After supper was over and Tom and Lucy were left alone Lucy said in her quiet way, "Ruth must have a party frock for the school socials."

Tom straightened in his chair and said: "It seems to me the children now-a-days, think of nothing else but clothes. They ought to be thankful for something to eat and a warm place to sleep, think of the poor starving people in Europe and—"

Lucy was grateful one of the babies needed her. She had heard so much about starving Europe from Tom.

The money Mrs. Wicks paid Lucy for berries bought the dress, but belonged rightfully in the little broken dish on the pantry shelf.

Now that the thrashing was done, and most of the grain marketed, Lucy, as she placed the hot vegetables on the table for dinner, thought Tom surely would feel like improving the home. For this year there would be no land-payments to meet. She would suggest it to Tom, perhaps he had not thought of it.

The children had finished and left the table before Lucy had fairly started to eat. She was just going to make the suggestion when Tom interrupted her thoughts, as he said, "Well, mother, I secured that other eighty to-day. Only paid down \$800 and the rest crop payments."

"Only \$800," thought Lucy, as the innumerable things passed through her mind that she could do with that amount in making the family more comfortable.

After dinner Lucy left for town. She called at the Lumber Yard and told the genial agent about the built-in cupboard she liked, which she had seen in a magazine. She also asked him to estimate the cost of putting building paper on the two up-stair bedrooms, which were so cold for the children to sleep in. Also the cost of five storm-windows.

The agent promised to make an estimate of the cost and mail it to her, but she said she would call.

A few days later one of the twins was taken suddenly ill and the doctor pronounced it appendicitis and an operation

Continued on page 43

Canada's Pioneer Mothers and The Canadian Pacific

IN the development of this nation the pioneer Canadian woman has taken her full partnership share of the burdens of pioneer life with her husband. She has been the centre of the family with sons and daughters moving in their various orbits about the mother star.

Her life has been that of a Spartan woman in peace and war. Probably having left a home of comfort she cheerfully faced the problems of home building under pioneer conditions.

To her—the Canadian mother in the new and remote sections of this country—the coming of the Canadian Pacific was a blessing. For by bringing the world's goods and facilities to her door, the railway set her free from the exhausting, if picturesque, isolation and loneliness. It lightened the duties of maintaining a home with resources limited largely to what the land itself would give her. The isolation and loneliness of the pioneer women of Canada were banished when the builders of the Canadian Pacific flung the line from coast to coast.

The Canadian Pacific, as it contributes to the welfare of the home, is a co-worker with the Canadian pioneer woman in her work of home building.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

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LIST OF PIECES

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I Wonder What's Become of Sally.
June Night.
Old Familiar Faces.

Why Live a Lie.
Where the Dreamy Wabash Flows.
Yearning For You.
Red Hot Mama.
You Know Me Alabam

Latest Dance Hits

Somebody Loves Me.
Southern Days.
Follow the Swallow.
Paprika.
Tessie Stop.
Teasing Me!
Look a What I Got Now.
Doodle-Do-Do.
Doo.
Little Bit of Jazz

Canadian Specialty Shops,
Niagara Falls, Ont.
Please send your collection of 16 very latest songs, fox trots and waltzes on eight double-face, ten inch records, guaranteed satisfactory in every way. I will pay the postman only \$3.98 plus delivery charges on arrival. This is not to be considered a purchase, however. If the records do not come up to my expectations I reserve the right to return them at any time within 10 days and you will refund my money.

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Mahomet Goes to the Mountain

When railway terminal moves away from workers, they and their families must move, bag and baggage, to the new location, as they did at Jasper, Alberta.

By ALAN N. LONGSTAFF

"IF the mountain will not come to Mahomet; Mahomet must go to the mountain." Thus runs an old Persian saying, and thus, in modern workaday life, are many problems decided. In the long-ago days, "Arise, take up thy bed, and walk," seemed a large order to those who read of it and have since almost forgotten. But when, in addition to the bed, there is a little matter of the piano or phonograph, the kitchen range and all the impedimenta that one gathers together during the course of two or three years of housekeeping, then the order becomes a he-man-size proposition. As for instance, in the removal of some 200 persons from Lucerne, the one-time divisional point of the Canadian National Railways in the Yellowhead Pass of the Rocky Mountains to Jasper, present terminal and headquarters of the Jasper National Park. The how, why, when and wherefore of it all makes rather an interesting sidelight on Canadian railroad history.

To begin at the beginning, the building of two trans-continental lines of railway through that narrow, low-gradient defile in the Canadian Rocky Mountains known as the Yellowhead Pass, meant that at any part of the journey through that part of the two systems, passengers in the train on one line could almost "toss a biscuit" to passengers on the train of the other railway. But the World War, commencing in 1914, threw the proverbial monkey-wrench into the machinery of railroading in Canada, as it did in many other walks of life and business here and elsewhere, and eventually the two railroads became one—the Canadian National Railways system.

During those war years, however, the cry went up from the Allied nations for railway-building material to span the spaces of Europe, in order that troops and munitions of war might go forward to the Allied armies as required, eyes were cast toward the steel laid on the right-of-way of the Grand Trunk Pacific through the Yellowhead Pass, and orders were given by the Canadian Government for the lifting of this steel and the transportation of it to the war fronts where it could be used. The steel was lifted, and, as a result, many incipient towns and villages on the Grand Trunk Pacific right-of-way ceased to exist; their population, if any, gone and the station buildings closed and

boarded up. Among these were Lucerne, on the north side of the lake of the same name, while Lucerne, on the Canadian Northern steel on the south side of the lake, continued its gradual growth as the business of the railway demanded more and more work being done at this point.

The terminal of the Grand Trunk Pacific was at Jasper, headquarters of Jasper National Park, while the mountain terminal of the Canadian Northern system was at Lucerne. Then came co-ordination of the two lines and their operation as the Canadian National Railways. The operation of two termini, only 22 miles apart, was neither economical nor feasible, so it was decided to move the terminal facilities from Lucerne to Jasper. Then further steps toward complete co-ordination brought about the decision to eliminate some of the grade at this point in the mountains by lifting the steel from the Canadian Northern line for a distance of eighteen miles and relaying the steel on the Grand Trunk Pacific grade, which offered the advantage of lower grade with consequent higher haulage possibilities for westbound trains.

Lucerne, the terminal on the old Canadian Northern right of way, then found itself off the railway line altogether, while Lucerne on the north side of the lake and half a mile distant, was on the main line of the Canadian National Railways, with half a mile of the lake between the station and the town.

Removal of the terminal facilities, however, entailed removal of some two hundred persons, who had constituted the population of Lucerne, B. C., to Jasper, Alta. Then, as the employees whose jobs had "walked away from them" so to speak, had erected homes at Lucerne, B. C., it became necessary to consider the question not only of housing them at Jasper, where houses were not available in any numbers, but also of indemnifying them in some way for being compelled to give up the homes they had built and move out to a new location. The net result is an increase of over 200 in the population of Jasper, the present terminal, and a ready-made village of between 80 and 100 houses and other buildings at Lucerne, B. C., all ready to blossom forth as a mountain summer resort whenever there may be "resorters." And, located as it is, on the shore of a beautiful lake and under the

shadow of the Seven Sisters peaks, Lucerne is already attracting attention with this end in view. Negotiations have been opened in some cases between Edmonton people and the railway men who own the houses at Lucerne, for their purchase as summer homes for the Edmonton residents who seek to enjoy the Canadian Rockies at their best. Lucerne, which is just over the summit of the Yellowhead Pass, has everything a summer resort needs, except population, and since the railway men's houses were practically all of good frame or log construction it is not unlikely that the removal of the terminal will lead to the establishment of a summer colony of mountain lovers here.

Eighty-three houses owned and occupied by railway employees were vacated with the removal from Lucerne, and in Jasper a number of houses were built by the company, as there was already somewhat of a housing shortage at that point. These have been sold or rented to employees, and encouragement is also given to those railway men who decide to build houses for themselves at Jasper. Being under the jurisdiction of the Superintendent of the National Park, the town of Jasper is laid out on the lines of a model city. The government owns all the land in the townsite, but leases building lots to prospective builders for a term of 42 years, renewable at the end of that period. Houses are required to come within certain restrictions as to style and value with the result that Jasper promises to become one of the prettiest towns in that section of the Dominion.

Electric light service is available to Jasper residents and during the summer a surface water system serves all houses. As the pipes are laid above ground, this utility is not available during the winter months, but with the construction of a sewerage system during the coming year, it is anticipated that an all-year water service to the houses will be made available. So that the removal has given employees a chance to secure homes amid even pleasanter surroundings and with more year-round comforts than they found possible at Lucerne and with still a good prospect of being able to dispose of their former homes to advantage, as the fame of this section of the Canadian Rockies spreads among lovers of the mountains.

Beautiful Within—Continued from page 8

lessened her beauty, she had already gained a richness of character heretofore unknown.

Weeks drifted into months, when there finally came that all-too-exciting morning when Rae was to be taken from the plaster cast. Jane, waiting near her mother's bedroom door, quivered with anticipation. Voices reached her; then suddenly the shrill voice of her mother held her petrified.

"I tell you John, I can't stand it to be maimed for life. Heavens, has it not been hard enough to be the mother of a crippled child, without being one myself—"

"Mother of a crippled child." Jane repeated softly.

Suddenly the truth came like a well-poised arrow. Her mother was ashamed of her. Being beautiful within didn't matter after all. Slowly she moved; scalding tears welled up in her burning eyes when, upon reaching her bedroom unnoticed, she crouched against her small walnut bed.

The idea that her mother hated her kept running through her muddled brain. Why, she had loved Pet, the horse, better than herself, now that she thought of it. Numb with grief, she lay prone upon the bedroom floor.

Alone with John, Rae had regained a semblance of control over her shocked nerves.

"John, I feel so ashamed; I did not mean what I said. I have almost hated my baby at times, but—I don't now. Please forgive me for my foolishness, but I loathed the thought of always being lame, or never being able to ride again. I—I—"

"Dearest, as if that made any difference. Think of Jane, who has known nothing else from babyhood."

"John, I've been thinking a great deal of her lately. She needs something that she has never had—a mother."

John Reamer gazed at his wife as if she had suddenly gone mad.

"A mother," repeated Rae musingly "a real mother."

All at once with sparkling eyes she exclaimed:

"John, bring her to me and do not ask any questions; I will explain later!"

Something swelled up in John's heart as he left the room; a strange, happy feeling took possession of him; why, he could not fathom, but almost immediately he returned. His bewildered face astonished Rae.

"What is it?"

"Jane—She—"

He held out a note written by a childish hand.

"Judt and I are going away; Mother only loves beautiful things and Judt and I are not beautiful, that is—but that's a secret." It was signed "Jane."

"John, do you see what I have done? Oh, I could kill myself. Beautiful!" she screamed. "I do not know the meaning of the word. John, hurry," excitedly, as she tried to rise, but the effort left her breathless.

"Steady, Rae, I'll have her back in no time."

But hours of incessant hunting brought no results.

Rae went through agony during the time of suspense, while not until midnight did the party of searchers discover an unconscious little bundle, Jane. She lay like one dead, clasping tightly Judt, found deep in a secluded dell about a mile from the Reamer home, her clothes tied in a pathetic little parcel by her side.

John, appearing with the insensible child at the bedroom door, left Rae sick with misery. So her awakening had come too late. He had found her, but—

"John, give her back to me. Is she—"

"She is all right, but exhausted. Let the nurse take her, Rae."

"No, no! Get her nightie, John. Hurry dear."

When Jane opened her eyes some time later she found herself in her mother's arms. Uneasily she stirred, while Rae held her breath. A look of terror filled the child's eyes as she realized who held her.

"Daddy!"

Funny how easily the words slipped from her quivering lips, but here,

perhaps, was one person who understood.

John came to the side of the bed, but Rae held the shivering form tight.

"John, leave us."

The child hid her head as John left the room, frightened and dismayed, as Rae kissed the little neck. How soft and velvety it felt against her burning cheeks.

"Sweetheart, baby, Mother did not understand."

Jane never moved.

Rae stroked the crumpled mass of dark hair as she raised the pathetic little white face. The look the child gave her made Rae desperately ashamed. To think that she had done this to her own flesh and blood! How selfish she had been; how horribly inhuman.

"Jane, darling, look at Mother!"

"Why did you run away, dear?"

"Because," she choked.

"Yes, darling."

"Because you only—only love beautiful things."

"Beautiful things," murmured Rae as she looked at this child of hers, whom she had so nearly crucified.

"Yes, dear, Mother always loved beautiful things too much, but now she believes and knows that lasting beauty comes from within."

Jane looked surprised as she replied interestedly:

"Then Nanny was right."

"What do you mean, dear?"

"She said one could be beautiful on the inside; that being lovely on the outside didn't really matter."

Rae hugged the small figure. How thin the poor little body felt.

"Nanny spoke the truth!"

Suddenly the pent-up emotion of the woman made her crush the child to her, while scalding tears dropped down upon the child's upturned face.

Terrified, Jane patted her mother's smooth cheek.

"Don't, Mummy."

Then Jane, too, burst into tears as she kissed her mother passionately, all the yearning love of years bursting forth. Shyly she glanced at the surprised look on her mother's tear-stained face.

"Jane, baby, kiss me again. Mother has missed so much all these years. Kiss me, sweetheart, and teach me to be beautiful within."

Paint and Posies—Continued from page 16

we have the whole spectrum to choose from—dark and light, sombre and gay.

Three coats are usually required to give a good finish. One must be careful that no small carelessness (I had nearly said "laziness"), spoils what should be a delightful effect. For instance, if the article should have metal handles, these will, of course, be removed before the painting is commenced and replaced when the surface is completely dry. One coat will not be applied until its predecessor is quite dry. The paint will be kept stirred so that there will be no unsightly blobs caused by thick drops. (The amateur will find it a relief that a good prepared paint will require nothing but an occasional stir with a short stick to keep its consistency right; there is no need to worry oneself trying to regulate it and the color range is so great nowadays that one can usually find the exact shade required, all ready for use).

Those Artful Decorations

WE are no longer satisfied to paint plain surfaces and leave them at that; often, we aspire to the delightfully decorated pieces—with their quaint baskets of flowers, gracefully trailing vines or smart conventional designs.

Can the amateur achieve these, too? Indeed yes. Not by the same method as the artist, but by a very practical one which will give results that cannot be told from those of the skilled artist.

The transfer patterns which she uses to stamp lines for embroidery, are familiar to every woman. These same patterns are the key to the amateur's furniture decorations. A piece of carbon paper is also necessary. Lay the carbon paper, dark side down, on the wood, being careful, of course, to place it in exactly the right position. Then, with a pencil or wooden skewer or any pointed instrument, trace the pattern. Do

not move it until the whole design has been gone over, because it is very difficult to get it back in just the same position.

Select very soft shades for your decoration, especially a gray-green for leaves, etc. The color chart supplied by the merchant who handles tube paints, will provide a safe guide to the colors. No one but the experienced artist should attempt shadings. The flat colors will give just as good an effect and are much safer. Just fill in each section of the design, using a small brush and working slowly, so as to get the outlines even. (It is always a great comfort to reflect that if one does make a slip and go over the edge, it is easy to touch in the ground color again afterwards, and restore the outline). A little piece of clean cheesecloth is a help, for small surfaces can be wiped with it while the paint is still fresh, and one more aid given in keeping the design clear.

This bit of cloth is very important when we use plain lines or bands of contrasting color as trimming. Sometimes there is a beading which lends itself well to this purpose; again, we carry one color right to the edge and make the edge itself different. It is impossible to avoid going over the edge occasionally, but prompt wiping keeps the line straight. It is wiser to restrain our attempts to trim with straight lines to such cases, because it is really difficult to make the long bands and lines seen in shop furniture, with the simple equipment of the home artist.

A Clear Case

Stage Hand: "Did you say you wanted a window or a widow?"

Show Manager: "I said window, but they're both much alike. When I get near either of them I always look out."



Many men came and went in her life

SHE fascinated each one only for a little while. Nothing ever came of it.

Yet she was attractive—unusually so. She had beguiling ways. Beautiful hair, radiant skin, exquisite teeth and an intriguing smile. Still there was something about her that made men show only a transient interest.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

And the pathetic tragedy of it all was that she herself was utterly ignorant as to why. Those of her friends who *did* know the reason didn't have the heart to tell her.

* * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.

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and her warm breath forming hoar-frost on it and on her up-turned collar.

There was just a chance that she could get away with it after all. If no one recognized her before noon on the morrow—

She wondered if she could have changed much—enough to escape the eagle eyes of small town folk who not only "spot" the stranger but bore a hole in him! She had been seventeen when she left Minterville. That was ten years ago. A mental picture of herself as she had been then brought a smile to her hard lips. She had been what the townsfolk called "a clever little thing," with rather a sweet face and a reputation for mischief of the innocent, harum-scarum brand. She had had a handful of youthful admirers whom she favored or flouted as the mood seized her and girl friends by the score. She had had high ideals about Art. And very little pocket money. She had worn "turned" dresses and gone to bed at nine o'clock and knew "rouge" and "nerves" only by name. Those girl friends—stout, dull, good-natured matrons now—would they recognize little Sadie Stubbs in this elegant creature in imported clothes? Already she was the focus for every masculine eye along Main Street.

She registered as "Mrs. H. W. Long, Pittsburg, U.S.A." ordered an early luncheon served in her room and spent the morning studying Canadian railroad timetables, and napping. Shortly after twelve o'clock she issued forth into the streets of her native town, avoiding the business part of the main street but coming out upon it further up in a deserted but affluent neighborhood. She carried only her handbag. Discreet as she was she met and passed a score of people and attracted no little attention. Once after having endured a prolonged gaze from a man in a black lamb coat she almost lost her nerve, was the risk going to be too great?

The prospective job was too alluring, however. It was one after her own heart, the kind of job that held the greatest degree of zest and gave the widest scope for the exercise of her best talents. Mere shoplifting could be done by anybody. It was too easy and too unsportsmanlike, providing scarcely any thrill. So was pocket picking. These sordid arts were beneath her. They were like a hunter shooting at a deer from ambush or a fisherman neglecting to give his catch a chance to fight for its life. But in Little Quicksilver's method of gaining access to a safe there was a sporting quality, a degree of fairness. It was a game of skill rather than chance and to the victor belongs the spoils!

At the upper end of Main Street there was a double row of handsome brick residences. She knew them as belonging to the town's "upper crust." The second from the end one on the west side bore in its front gate in iron scroll-work the name "Alexander Murchison." It was in at this gate Mercuria turned. (Ten years ago the present owner of this house, the man who, as Bud had intimated, owned nearly all of the town, had been a poor and obscure "small business" man.) Mercuria had decided upon several things that morning, first that Mayor Murchison must be of the age now which indulges in a nap after his noonday repast; second that being a Scot he would be extra cautious in money matters; and third, that the bullion and bonds were most likely in his private safe at home since they formed one-fifth of a dissolved trust company purchase and were neither registered nor invested as yet. Bud had explained that the head of the proposed new syndicate was in Europe and that the rest had been awaiting his return.

Five minutes after being admitted by a neat maid Mercuria was seated opposite Mayor Murchison in his house study. She was explaining with a smile that wasn't too dazzling that her paper was getting out a special section about big business men—the articles later to be brought out in book form. In another five minutes she had obtained his photo—he was a handsome man and correspondingly conceited—and was jotting down some notes. At length she rose.

The Lone Hand—Continued from page 5

Being a stout man and feeling dull and drowsy after a hearty luncheon the Mayor did not at once rise, and having hoped for this, Mercuria advanced in a friendly, chatty way and standing just back of him and to the left, spread out before him the sample plates for the proposed book. As he leaned over interestedly she whipped from her handbag the small phial containing the powerful drug, the handkerchief, and a snub-nosed revolver hardly bigger than a man's forefinger. The latter she kept by her as she worked over the safe in the wall behind him.

IN less than fifteen minutes Mercuria was standing on the little depot platform and the train she had so carefully arranged to catch was coming in. Everything had gone according to schedule. She was obliged to lose only the suitcase, which she hadn't had time to return for. In her handbag, stuffed to repletion and weighty with many thousands of dollars in gold bullion there was everything, she told herself, that really mattered.

The train was a "local" bound for a junction one hundred miles east where a connection could be made with a south bound main line express direct to Great Gotham. Mercuria however had no intention of making this junction. Part of her role in this instance as in many others, was to keep the authorities guessing.

She knew every station along the line. She even fancied she recognized faces of old acquaintances in the passengers, here and there, but she didn't desire to pursue this train of thought. She longed to examine the contents of her bag and didn't dare even to remove a handkerchief without due precaution. How heavy bullion was! It might have been pig-iron—and only six little rolls!

At an insignificant town about seventy miles on, Mercuria alighted. A dozen other passengers did likewise and in the attendant bustle, aided by the semi-gloom of a winter afternoon twilight, she escaped undue notice and gained the seclusion and security of a hotel bedroom. Here without waiting to remove hat or coat she turned out the contents of her bag on the bed. With an irresistible longing to see the yellow of gold she pounced first upon one of the long rolls. She unrolled the white paper wrapping—and then, for the first time in her safe-cracking career, Mercuria almost fainted!

A dozen small iron washers had tumbled out on the white counterpane!

She tore open the other five. The result was the same. After a long, dazed minute her slim fingers reached out for the bonds. She slipped off the elastic band, reading twice over the bronze-and-red superscription on the top paper to give herself hope. Then trembling she opened out the packets. Every paper was a blank!

On the back of the last one appeared some pencilled lines in a heavy, precise hand. She read:

"To whom it may concern—The Scots may be deficient in a sense of humor but you will admit they are usually strong on preparedness.—A. M."

And she had called Minterville a dead burg!

The next morning Mercuria awoke with a throbbing head and a sore throat. For four days she lay in bed too ill to care whether this might be a visitation of her usual good luck or merely the result of carelessness in coming north with insufficient winter clothing. On the fifth day she felt well enough to proceed on her way. Twenty minutes before train time as she paced the platform at Graysville, attired in a complete new set of clothes, purchased in the little town for her by one of the hotel maids, she received a shock. Turning suddenly she found herself face to face with a man in a black lamb coat. Now Mercuria had prepared herself for just such an eventuality, and was ready with a polite but chilling disclaimer, as she thought. But her illness had left her shaky and unnerved. So that when the

man smiled and advanced with the light of glad recognition in his honest brown eyes she could only stand stockstill and half smile in return. She found herself murmuring a name:

"John Driggs!"

"I knew it was Sadie Stubbs!" he cried. "I knew it!"

Their hands came together. After a few inconsequential remarks the man narrowed his eyes.

"Didn't I see you in the old home town a few days ago?"

"I was there between trains," Mercuria admitted.

"Too hoighty-toighty to recognize any of us, eh?" he grinned. "Or were you the lady who vamped old Murchison and nearly killed the old fellow?"

Mercuria eyed him steadily. He was joking!

"What do you mean?" she asked, dry-lipped.

"Why it seems a female crook—but of course you've read it in the papers!"

"I seldom read the papers."

"Well this lady safe-eracker got into his house, passing herself off as a newspaper woman from Pittsburg and chloroformed the old codger. Then she opened his safe and took some papers and beat it. She didn't get anything of importance they say but she nearly did for the Mayor. He has heart trouble and she gave him an awfully strong dose of the drug. He didn't come to for twelve hours and then they thought he was dying. There are only a housekeeper, a maid and a janitor there and none of them happened to be in his wing of the house for several hours. His only son was telegraphed for—he was in the States—and when he arrived the old man sat up and made a new will and then sank back prepared to pass in his checks. But he's still alive and the doctor now thinks he'll pull round all right."

"And the—lady?" asked Mercuria faintly.

"Oh they're hot on her scent! Have traced her to Chicago they say."

Mercuria's spirits lifted suddenly.

"This Mr. Archison is a widower, then?" she asked, to make conversation.

"Murchison. Yes. Don't you remember him—Sandy Murchison of the Retail Grocery? Used to wear an apron and smell of ham and cheese? Drove the delivery-rig too sometimes. He's some punkins now, believe me! This son and he quarrelled three years ago and the old man made out a will leaving all he had to charity. They're both high-headed and full of Scotch stubbornness. Don't you remember young Robbie, Sade? He'd be about your age."

Mercuria shook her head.

"A smart fellow but quiet. No good at business. Won't make the man his father is. He's all for intellectual stuff. He—"

"Well, as long as they made up again," Mercuria put in with a stifled yawn, "I suppose the—er—accident to Mr. Arch—I mean Murchison might be called a blessing in disguise. Here comes my train."

John Driggs had been admiring Mercuria in a way that needed no words. Now he moved a little closer to her and said, gently, with a half-sigh:

"I'm a widower these six years, Sade."

"That so?"

"Got a dandy little farm, and only one child. I operate a car agency too and travel round a lot but I'd hanged sight rather farm. Only it's so lonely."

"A lot of people are lonely, John."

"Ain't it the truth! If—if ever you get tired of art, Sade—"

"I never get tired of my art," said Mercuria, decidedly.

"What firm are you with?"

Mercuria smiled a tight little smile. The train had rushed in.

"I play lone hand, John," she said.

"I—I used to be awfully sweet on you at school, Sade. Mind?" said John, earnestly as Mercuria stood on the car step. "There were a lot of us stuck on you. There was Dave Hilborn. He's station agent at home now. And there was—"

"Good-bye John. Glad to have seen you," said Mercuria as the train moved out.

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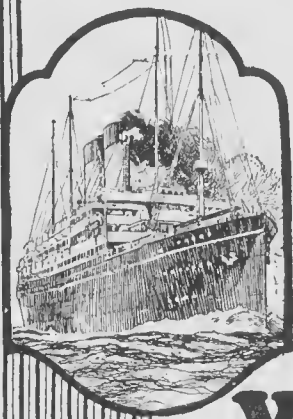
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WHITE STAR-DOMINION LINE RED STAR LINE

The Lone Hand

Continued from page 42

She was very thoughtful during the journey back to New York. After all, a little farm and a good man who was "sweet on you"—there were worse things!

A feverish longing was upon her to hear the violinist play *Traumerei* again. Unable to help him this time she could try again, as soon as Bud could raise a scent. It was really only a matter of time.

Though it was already evening when she arrived she went directly to the dark little cafe. The "first violin" was not in his place. A red-bearded Russian was there instead. She made an effort at eating, failed, and presently sought out the manager, distress in her eyes and a kind of dark foreboding in her breast.

"Oh dat liddle fella? Yas, he *vas* smart," agreed the Hungarian with a tinge of regret in his tone. "He vent off very sudden one day. Somebody *vas* sick—dying. A ledder came yesterday to a chum in the orchestra. He is now going abroad, it says, to study under the greadt Leopold Auer."

"But—but he was *poor*!"

"But his papa *vas* rich, lady," smiled the manager.

"Oh!"

Mercuria turned away but in a moment was back.

"His name?" she asked, casually. "Did you know his name?"

"A moment, please."

The proprietor began to thumb a greasy office-book. Presently he looked up, a podgy forefinger resting on a written line. "His name, lady, *vas* Robert Murchison."

In her hall bedroom that night Little Quicksilver performed an ancient rite—one she and her kind frequently practise. She tossed a quarter.

"Heads I go back to Minterville and marry John Driggs," she muttered. "Tails I stiek to my—art."

And tails won.

Lucy's Christmas Surprise—Continued from page 39

was necessary at once. Lucy and the child were ready, when the doctor called in his auto an hour later to take them over to V—, where the hospital was located.

Tom was tired when he got home that evening, supper was late, the babies sleepy, Tommy had forgotten the coal and kindling, and most of all Lucy wasn't there.

After supper was over and Tom sat alone thinking about Lucy, how she gave her all to him and his family and how little was given to her in return. Of course, his silo and blooded cattle were a paying investment, and the land could be sold for more than he gave, but perhaps Lucy would enjoy life more if she had some of the comforts while she was young and could enjoy them and perhaps she would not always be here. This thought alone made Tom resolve to make Lucy's work as light as possible in the future.

In the morning he hired a woman to help Elenor clean and went over to engage Stewart to paper.

As he passed the Lumber Yard on his way home, the agent called him in and said, "I have the estimate ready for your wife, Tom, thought perhaps you would take it home with you."

Tom wrinkled his brow and said, "Sure, she'll be glad to get it." He could scarcely wait to get home to see just what the agent had given him.

Elenor met her father at the door, and was bubbling over with enthusiasm as she told him about the finding the broken dish in the pantry containing the money and an itemized list of paint, paper and curtain material, and how grand it would be to fix the house up before her mother returned home.

Tom took the paper from Elenor and said, "I'll look it over."

After looking over the agent's report and Lucy's little book with a list of eggs, milk and butter she sold and the things she was trying to buy, he decided he wouldn't stop with cleaning and papering, but would make the old house look like a real home where friends like to gather.

Carpenters and plumbers were put to work, a painter was busy and the hired woman made the sewing machine sing

hemming new curtains, towels, etc., in fact the whole family were busy and happy.

Lucy stayed with her sister in the city and was invited to spend Christmas there, but much as Lucy would have enjoyed it, she thought about her home folks who needed her so much and sent word to Tom that they would be home Thursday on the train.

Christmas was Friday and there were many things to do but every one had the Christmas spirit of giving their best, so everything was in readiness when Tom stopped the horses at the door.

Lucy could scarcely believe her eyes, which were wet with happy tears. Soon they heard sleigh bells ring and the laughter of a merry party who stopped in front of their home, much to their surprise the neighbors and friends opened the door and entered calling "A Merry Christmas." Two men entered carrying a big tree, which was loaded down with gifts for everyone, and the kind-hearted women had not forgotten the goodies that help make Christmas.

After the merry party had left for their homes and the sleepy babies were in bed Tom and Lucy were left alone to begin their lives anew. Lucy's eyes were dim and Tom's throat was dry. Lucy was the first to speak, "You're a dear, Tom, and I love every one of you for making this my very best Christmas."

What He Thought of It

The young playwright was reading a new drama to some critics, when he noticed that one of them was asleep. Stopping, he awoke the sleeper and reproved him. He was reading his play, he said, to obtain the opinion of the critics. How, therefore, could a man who was asleep give an opinion?

The offender pondered a moment and then ended the discussion by saying: "Sleep is an opinion."

In These Latter Days

In days of yore cave men could beat their wives with a club—nowadays it isn't even safe to beat them at bridge.

Drift Inn

Continued from page 11

"Anyway you won't have to marry Carleton. But are you sure you really prefer me?" teasingly asked he.

"Please Harry, I don't think I can stand much more. But how do you come to be here?"

"Carleton must have taken the wrong turning and gone right around the mountain. This is one of the convalescent cottages belonging to the Wendo place. I have been out here taking the cure, but thank goodness, I am discharged, and was to leave yesterday, only I delayed to say goodbye to the rest of the boys. When the snow came on, I was forced to wait until the storm was over, when I snowshoed home. But what about getting some sleep before attending the Christmas festivities? You will be quite safe with me on the sleeping porch. As soon as it is light enough, I'll get a sleigh and we can all take the early train into town, and celebrate our new engagement, and incidentally relieve Carleton Davis of any responsibility in the matter of the conventions. Poor Carleton sleeping the sleep of the just in Drift Inn."

When Knowledge Costs Money

"Farm products, complained the consumer, "cost a great deal more than they used to."

"Sure they do," agreed Farmer Cornotssel cheerfully. "When a farmer has to know the botanical name of what he's raising and the zoological name of the insect that eats it and the chemical name of what will kill it, somebody's got to pay."

"Boys," interrogated the Sunday-school teacher, "can any of you quote a verse from Scripture to prove that it is wrong for a man to have two wives?"

"Well, Thomas," encouraged the teacher as a bright boy raised his hand.

Thomas stood proudly up. "No man can serve two masters," he quoted.

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The Home Garden

Conducted by Allan Campbell

Birds as an Adjunct to the Garden

THE real home is one that has a garden, and the garden, as a beauty spot, is enhanced by the presence of birds. Their merry sounds are a constant reminder of the fact that the growing season is with us. All those who are lovers of nature will welcome the presence of the many kinds of birds that enter this country during the spring months.

Looking at the question from a more practical and less sentimental standpoint, it is not a generally appreciated fact that the birds that frequent our gardens and on which our boys try to improve their marksmanship, are really a benefit to the country by the good work they do in devouring insects that are injurious to crops. The millions of weed seeds eaten by birds is a check on a serious menace, while failure on the part of the birds to consume vast quantities of insects, even for a short period, would plunge the country into disaster. In order to co-operate with them, the locating of bird houses will encourage them to adopt the home grounds as their chosen settlement.

A better knowledge of the habits of our birds, especially on the part of the boys of the "22" class, would contribute materially toward the preservation of the crops through the agency of the birds. There are many birds that have a bad name for destructiveness and such characteristics may, in a way, be true, but their destructive work is very much constructive as far as the tiller of the soil is concerned, inasmuch as they make war upon the enemies of our crops.

It does seem rather inconsistent to make an outlay for the purchase of insecticides, which may at times be necessary in spite of the good offices of the birds, and at the same time endeavor to shoot indiscriminately at birds that come to visit us.

Nature establishes a fine balance, and if either side of the balance is tampered with by man, there are usually abnormal conditions with an eventual swing back in time to normal, while the author of the troubles learns a lesson in nature study, and though wiser, is possibly sadder.

There are numerous birds that keep a vigilant patrol over certain regions, and but for their presence, insect plagues would run riot throughout the districts in question. Some figures given by authorities on the numbers of insects eaten by birds are certainly astounding to the lay mind. For the purpose of scientific investigation, a number of birds of different kinds have been shot and their crops examined. One Nighthawk, for instance was found to contain over 300 grasshoppers in addition to other insects. It has been estimated that about \$125,000,000 loss is caused annually by insects to crops and trees in Canada, and that being the case, we may well sincerely hope that the 300 grasshoppers may continue to form the meal of the Nighthawk. The Chickadee is also welcome to its three or four hundred

insects per day, while the Meadowlark should be unhampered in its search for all the insects that compose its varied diet, such as cutworms, army worms, grasshoppers, etc.

The Kingbird, the Flicker, the Catbird, and the Franklin's Gull, do good work for the farmer, as they have a large capacity for insects, and consume those that are a source of anxiety to all crop raisers. A list of the birds that are working in our interests would take considerable space to describe, and while the insect eaters are keeping a serious menace in check, the short billed weed seed eaters, such as the Sparrows, Snowbirds, Juncos, Grosbeaks and Waxwings do excellent work in another sphere.

A man who shoots an innocent dove may do so under the impulse of the urge of the hunting spirit that has been handed down to him through generations, but if he be a farmer or a gardener, he is certainly making a rod for his own back, as it is on record that 7,000 weed seeds have been found in the crop of a single dove.

About the last week of February, the Prairie Horned Lark with considerable pluck and endurance makes his arrival in Manitoba and it is the habit of these birds to raise three broods in a season. They are keen insect eaters with a marked preference for cutworms, hence should be welcomed by all gardeners on account of such service in ridding the garden of one of its worst enemies.

More Poultry Facts

The slogan "100 hens to every farm and 10 hens to every backyard," comes as a slogan from the Canadian National Poultry Association. There is a decidedly increased interest in poultry keeping in this country, and those who have become recruits in this industry do not seem to be disappointed in their choice. There is no doubt about a market for the produce from the poultry plant, provided that it is of a certain standard, the only trouble seems to be that there are not enough winter eggs to meet the demand. Poultry thrive in every climate and under almost any condition.

Little expense is required to start, and in some of the towns there are vacant lots and back yards that would be found to be just the place to start a poultry plant, and with reasonable care, the keeping of poultry will add interest and profit to the members of the household. A good start may be made with a small beginning, such as obtaining a setting of eggs or a dozen day-old chicks from a poultryman known to keep good vigorous stock, and the rest will depend on the enthusiasm and careful management of the purchaser of such eggs or chicks.

At first it was considered that the climate of Canada, outside of the milder parts, was unfitted for poultry keeping, but it has been found by experts and investigators to be one of the best for the purpose. The cold of our winters in the West does not seem to have a very

bad effect on the laying capabilities of the hens that are entered in the Egg Laying Contests, as such birds are housed in the ordinary cotton front colony houses and receive rations that are plain but not of a "forcing" nature.

There is generally an amount of meat scraps and other waste from the table of any family, and this material might just as well be turned into eggs as thrown away. There is always the sporting feeling of the hunter shared by the individual with the basket when he or she goes to the poultry plant to collect eggs. For the business man in town, it is nice to have eggs coming in fresh from the poultry house at a time when eggs are scarce in town, and the grocers are telling you that they have eggs—at a price—but cannot recommend them. The feeling of being able to get eggs from one's own poultry house, gives a fine feeling of independence.

Of course there may be objections to poultry running, at large, by neighbors who have a leaning towards horticulture, and find that the cultivation of the gardens by hens is done at too high a rate of exchange. When such a condition is likely to be the cause of strained relations between otherwise friendly neighbors, there is an alternative, and that is, to go in for half-yearly poultry keeping by buying well matured pullets in October and November, feeding them heavily but judiciously for winter eggs, and in the spring one may enjoy a succession of poultry dishes, or the birds may be sold.

For the town amateur poultryman, this plan has many advantages, as it utilizes the table scraps in return for eggs when the latter are high in price, and it leaves the backyard for the poultryman to turn his attention to horticulture during the summer season, and it is not impossible to sell his birds in the spring for as much as will replace them with pullets in the fall.

On the farm, much better results may be obtained with poultry if the housing be well ventilated, sanitary, and constructed so as to admit as much sunlight as possible. A good plan for a farmer is to have movable colony houses that may be drawn by a team of horses from one location to another. For instance, suppose there has been threshing done at a reasonable distance from the barnyard, where the mill set is bound to be scattered with good poultry feed, and in that case the colony houses can be drawn up to the set and the poultry may help themselves to their great satisfaction. Should the farmer possess an orchard, that too is an ideal place to have the colony houses in the summer, where the birds may obtain shade from the sun, and scratch among the trees.

If the hens are properly fed they will do very little damage to the grain and vegetable crops, even should the hens destroy some of the grain or a few vegetable plants such loss may be charged against hen feed, for which the resulting eggs will compensate.

Buying Nursery Stock

Seed catalogues should be studied as soon after being received as possible. The fact must be considered that there are thousands of homes where the seed catalogues will be received all at about the same time, and it is a good policy to place an order for seed and plants as soon as possible to avoid delays and disappointment. There may be a last-minute rush on some very desirable lines and these belated orders may all be too late, as such lines may be exhausted and time will not permit of deliberating over a second choice. In order to be on the safe side, should there be any doubt about obtaining the special varieties ordered, it is as well to fill in a list of what one considers the next best in each case. Do not go in for new varieties on a large scale, but if there is a desire for experimenting, just have such experiments carried out in small areas, and confine the large areas to those seeds that have stood the test of time.

Where one has planned to plant fruit trees, these should also be ordered early, and if they arrive too early for planting, they may be kept in boxes of damp moss or earth in the cellar. One of the advantages of having young trees arrive



A charming view of Birtle, Manitoba, in its setting of rolling hills and green meadows

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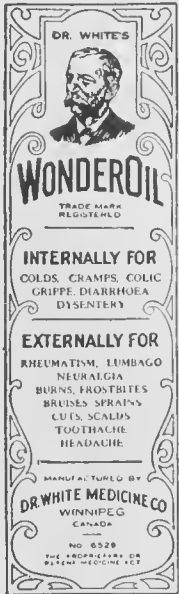
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Home Garden

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early, is, that they may be inspected in time to see whether they are going to live, and if the trees are faulty, this will allow time to negotiate another supply from the nurseryman before much time is lost.

When seeds arrive early, a few of each may be subjected to a germination test in order to see if they are worth the time and garden room or not. The garden deserves the very best varieties and one's time should not be taken up in planting seed of poor quality and low germination power. Then again, it is wasteful to sacrifice good seed on poorly prepared land.

Earliness is important in a great many lines of horticultural produce, and to be prepared for an early start is a wise plan. The season may prove to be backward, but we must not be too apt to be governed by supposition, rather let us be prepared to get away with a good start under normal conditions.

Tyranny of Offspring

Continued from page 14

Surely they weren't going to fire him, not after all these years. What was it, —the tenth of the month? By gad! Just twenty-five years since he started working for the firm—just twenty-five years exactly. With a dazed expression on his face he put on his coat and brushed up a little and at two o'clock sharp knocked at the door marked "Manager's Office."

A cheery voice boomed, "Come in," and he found himself standing in the presence of the two partners and the business manager. The senior partner motioned him to a chair in front of the desk.

"Sit down, Lorrimer, we've got something to say to you."

Lorrimer moistened his dry lips with the tip of his tongue before muttering, "Thank you, sir."

"Now Lorrimer, we've called you up here to-day to eh—well—" the senior partner looked at his companions slyly, "well it's this way, Dad, you've been on the books for twenty-five years to-day, and we felt that—" there were large tears starting to gather in the corners of Lorrimer's eyes, and he tried to camouflage the fact by a vigorous use of his handkerchief, "well the fact is that we decided to give you a little cheque as an appreciation of your long and faithful service, and you are to take a month's holiday at our expense, take the wife and the kids away eh?" He had risen from the table and was holding out a cheque. Lorrimer took it with trembling hand: he couldn't say anything he wanted to say. He felt rather like a fellow who has taken a licking and has no strength left to hit back. Outside in the warm sunshine he looked at the cheque for the first time, it was for five hundred dollars. "Oh shucks! Why did they do it?"

HE would hurry home to Kate and the kids. What a surprise it would be, what a surprise; he could hardly believe it was true. People jostled him on the sidewalk, and then looked back at the man with the vacant expression who seemed to be treading air. He enquired at the station for the next car: it was leaving in about ten minutes, so he sat down on a bench and took out the cheque to have another look at it. A month's holiday, oh shucks, it was too good to be true, and he felt like throwing his hat into the air. Beside him on the bench two women were talking in low tones and as bit by bit their conversation began to filter through to his excited brain he started to listen.

"Oh wasn't it terrible?" one of them was saying, "and the poor man away at the time—quite likely he doesn't know yet."

"Were they all burned?"

"Yes, as I understood it—the house caught fire soon after the man had left for work this morning and the woman and all six children were burned before, —" some words were lost in the noise of the busy station.

Lorrimer edged nearer, a sickening dread clutching at his heart.

"Yes, near Sunnybrook—about eight miles out—" There was a clanging of bells as the motorman gave a last warning and Lorrimer rushed over to the car just in time. Breathless and pale he sank into a seat.

"Woman and six children—all burned—my God!" He thought of asking the motorman. He caught his eye and the man turned his head away. Lorrimer was afraid to ask him. Looking round the car he saw all strangers, nobody he dared to ask.

Overpowered by apprehension he counted the small stations as they flitted by. Crowhurst! The next was his, in five minutes he would be home—Home—a little voice within was mocking him: what had he said to Jim that very day at lunch-hour—or was it years since? "Well—you haven't got any woman or kids to bother about." Sunnybrook! Stumbling from the car he started towards home at a slow run, mumbling, "Woman and kids" over and over again as he went. He could see the huge maples in front of his house, a thick smudge of smoke was filtering through the branches, its pungent smell filling the air. Like a dead man he stumbled to the gate blinded by smoke and paralyzed with fear. "Woman and kids—woman and kids," the crazy words were chasing across his brain.

* * * * *

KATE stood in front of him, a babel of voices came from behind the smoke, he looked up, the house was there; the red roses over the dining-room window ablaze in the afternoon sun.

"Oh Jack, you're not well—what's the matter?" it was his wife speaking. From round the corner the children came running, "Why it's Dad," and then after having danced around their bewildered but happy parent several times, "Too bad you came home before we got the rubbish burned up, we wanted to surprise you."

With a mighty effort Lorrimer recovered his self-possession. Kissing his wife with unusual warmth he said, "Oh I'm all right Kate—and I've got some bully news too—it was just the smoke that queered me, I guess!"

Some Rare Things

Continued from page 15

This "Goose-fish" was the Angler under his common name as given him by the codfishers. We took one of about half his size, a horrible looking thing and carried it ashore on the bow of the dory and dissected it. Just a head, mouth and stomach, you might say. A wonderful eye. Long stubs of teeth that were sharp on the edges, as my hand found out when it slipped with the seal-pel—a hard wound to heal even with Listerine and adhesive tape—the stand-bys of the fieldworker.

IT is odd how rarely the "Spruce Grouse" is seen here in Nova Scotia. We have been all along the "South Shore" for four years now and not a single one did Laddie bring in all the small bags of grouse he has brought to camp. We knew it was here and the day after we took Brae Moray cottage away up the Clyde River when we were walking along from trout pool to stream I came across a little brown speckled grouse-partridge here, as they also call the "Ruffed Grouse." She had a bright yellow baby with her: it was brown marked on the wings and it ran like all possessed for the spruce tangle near the trail, but she came right to my feet and broke a few wings and quivered away in mock death until I "coo-ee-ed" for Laddie and the camera, then she sought the wee one.

When my assistant arrived there was no sign of the Spruce Grouse, so I crossed the trail and into the ferns and soon got on to her tracks and Dash, the wee Airedale pup, did his first good action, in finding the peeping, frightened youngster. Laddie took it up tenderly in his big strong hands and I carefully took it in mine as we sat down with the big camera and waited for Mrs. Grouse.

She was not long in coming when that little bit of yellow and brown started to complain, but she evidently feared the dog, so I placed the baby on a dry knoll

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Something to Learn Fairies and Chimneys

You know the smoke from chimneys—
It often isn't smoke.
It's nothing but the fairies
Having such a joke.
Round they fly, and round about,
Higher still and higher
"Dearie me," the people say,
"A chimney on fire!"

You know the noise the wind makes
At night time now and then—
It's just those naughty fairies
At their tricks again—
Sitting in the chimney
Round and round in rows
Singing all together
And warming up their toes.
—Rose Fyeman, from "Fairies and Chimneys."

("Don't you love these little verses?
You should get the little book called
"Fairies and Chimneys," and read them
all)."

DEAR Boys and Girls of the Cosy Corner:—I can't let the first issue of the New Year go by without giving you some good wishes and without thinking for a few minutes about this very new thing that we are all beginning together, this New Year of 1925. You know, you hear a great deal about people turning over a new leaf when the New Year begins. Do you know at all what that means? It means closing up all the little meannesses, bad tempers, ugly words, lies, and unkind things that we have done just like we close up a book, and beginning with our new page such a nice, neat, clean entry that we will be proud of it, not only in the first week, but the second month, and the twelfth month. You have known perhaps a boy who the teacher said was "the worst boy in the school." He seemed to spend his time thinking up horrid things to do; he played tricks on everyone and kept the school and his own home and every place he went in an uproar. Or perhaps you have known a girl who had to "tattle tale" about everything, or who boasted about all the things she had that you didn't have, or who told mean little lies. Do you know that right down inside that boy or girl is a little tiny voice just like there is in you and me, that keeps saying, "I want to be good, I want people to like me," but that boy is making such a fuss and noise himself that he can't hear it, and the girl is so busy making up things that she doesn't pay any attention to it. But one day, perhaps it is New Year's, the boy thinks to himself, "None of the other kids like me, I wonder why?" and the little voice gets very bold and says right out loud, "I want to be good, I want people to like me," and he hears it and he thinks, "Well I'll try it and see." Now that's a New Year's resolution, that's turning over a new leaf. He may only try it for a little while and then forget, but the little voice is much bolder now and he'll hear it again. And the girl thinks "Why don't the other girls ask me to their parties?" and the little voice inside her says, "You tell lies and you want people to like you." And she hears that little weak voice and begins to wonder if it wouldn't be a good idea to try telling the truth, and that's her New Year's resolution. She forgets sometimes and slips back but the little voice keeps on, and after a while she tells the truth as easily as she used to tell lies and what a different look she has! And the boy—why he's using all that strength of his and his clever brain to be captain of the football team, and grow the best garden in the summer and raise the fattest pig and be the best cross-word puzzler. That's what turning over a new leaf means, and it's such a good way to begin the New Year. Try it with your little meannesses and see! And happy New Year to you all, boys and girls and fathers and mothers and big brothers and sisters and everyone. And be sure and watch those chimneys for the fairies!



Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

"IN READING THERE IS KNOWLEDGE"

Something Received

SO many nice poems on November, but only a few of them that remembered November as the "tucking in" time and that is what we wanted in our little verses. The prize this month to a very small girl, only seven and a half years old and yet I am sure you will like her verses:

When Mother Nature puts to bed
Her children very small,
She tucks them in and kisses them,
The flowers, the leaves and all.

And then she calls the bunnies in
In their little coats of brown,
She changes it and puts on white
Of fur as soft as down.

And then she calls the bluebirds in
And many others too,
She tells them all about the south
And then away they flew.

—Enid Lillies Butler, aged 7½ years.
1546 12th Ave., Vancouver, B.C.

A special second prize to Jean F. Pielou, aged 14, of East Braintree, Man., who is one of the Cosy Corner's best poets, for she has sent other nice verses before:

November cold is here at last,
And with her comes the snow.
To cover up the little flowers,
And keep them warm you know.
Old Nature helped November and
They spread a blanket white;
And all the little flowers said:
"November dear, good-night."
November gave a coat of white
To all the poplar trees.
To shield them just a little from
Old winter's chilling breeze.

And still another special to Mary Anderson of 222-5th Ave., New Westminster, for verses which are not such good poetry, but they are accompanied by very nice little sketches.

A November Football Match

When the day arrived for George Wood's and Tom Reid's team to play for the rugby championship, one of George's team was sick, so they put on a substitute, Doug, Copeman.

The game began with one of Tom's team getting the ball, and running down the centre of the field towards the goal, when he was tackled by George, but they easily made the goal in the next down.

When George's inning came he used all his force at it but dropped the ball. Tom's team had won.

A prize of a gold button goes to Richard Dockrill of 140 Queen St. S., Hamilton, Ont., for a story of a November football match, and there is special mention for Leile M. Quance, Robson, B.C.; Margaret Little, Oak Bay, Victoria; Marion Brooks, Rimby, Alta.; Norma Pattinson, Haultain St., Victoria; Marjorie Pearcey, Kelowna, B.C., for their poems.

Something Received

Maimie Shannon, of Hartney, Man., writes: "May I join your Cosy Corner? We have taken the W.H.M. but our sub-

scription ran out and we did not bother although we liked it very much. We soon found out we could not do without it so we started again. We live in town. My dad is the section foreman on the C.N.R. I am 12 years old and in grade VI. I would like to get some letters."

Gladys Harrington, of Ardath, Sask., writes: "I am writing to you many thanks for my slate drawing book. I have homework nearly every night and have just finished some. My sisters and I milk nearly every night and morning. I usually like to milk. I go to school. I have six sisters and brothers. We have great times playing."

Clinton Godwin, of Winnipegosis, is nine years old and wants to join the Corner. We shall be glad to have you Clinton. To win a gold button you must try one of the Things To Do.

Katherine Yourell, of Ceylon, Sask., wants to join too. She has eight cats, a dog, a pony, and a calf. A pretty lucky little girl, I think, for eight years old.

Raymond Hazell, of Strawberry Hill, B.C., sends us a Christmas verse which I am sorry we have not room to print. Yes, indeed, we want you in the Cosy Corner, Raymond. Read Clinton's letter above about how to join.

Edith Thrift, of Winnipeg, thanks the Cosy Corner for her prize and tells of falling on the stairs and hurting herself. I hope you are all right by this time, Edith.

Ardith Sammons, of St. James, Man., was also very pleased with her prize of a drawing slate and is enjoying it.

Sleeping on Red Hot Coals

"MOVE over, can't you, Bill? You're sleepin' on all the hot coals!"

"Move over, yourself, the fire's almost out under my shoulders!" No doubt words of that startling sort have passed more than once between old prospectors who have chosen a bed of coals to sleep on during a chill night in the Southwest. For sleeping on a bed of coals is not a trick of magic. It is a common occurrence in the desert.

The desert of Western America and particularly Death Valley, the borax lake basin that lies in Eastern California, is like an oven by day; but at night it takes on a chill that makes your teeth chatter. Owing to the heat by day prospectors and plainsmen who have occasion to tramp across the desert carry no more baggage than they actually need; seldom do they take along more than one blanket. Without an Indian "fire bed" therefore they would be exceedingly uncomfortable at night.

To make a "fire bed" the prospector, if he is alone, scoops out a hollow in the sand the length of his body and perhaps two feet wide and one foot deep. In the pit he builds a roaring fire of greasewood and keeps it burning brightly for a couple of hours; the fire dries out the loose sand. Then the prospector permits the blaze to die down until all the wood has turned to glowing coals. With a stick he spreads the coals round until

they are evenly distributed over the entire hollow space. Then he scoops up dry sand and sifts it over the red-hot coals until he has covered them to a depth of perhaps three inches. Folding one edge of his blanket into the hollow, he lies down upon it and pulls the rest of the blanket over his body. He is ready to go to sleep.

Under ordinary conditions Bill or Tom, or both, can remain warm and comfortable during the night in such a bed. How to make it is one of the fine tricks of scoutcraft that the white man has learned from the Indian.

The Joke on Themselves

By Louise Jackson Strong

THERE was a hedge between the Taylor house and the Jarvey house, but Joe Taylor and Ben Jarvey had made a little passageway at one end for their own use. One day Ben and Joe made a rush at the same time for the opening in the hedge. Of course they met—and right in the hedge at that. They scrambled to their feet laughing.

"I'm coming to tell you," panted Ben. "that I've got to go to Aunt Ellen's on an errand; but I'll soon get to work on my wood box."

"I'm coming to tell you," Joe was puffing. "that I've got to take a pattern down to Mrs. Miller; but I'll soon get to work on my wood box."

They laughed again, for both had spoken in such a hurry that it sounded like one boy.

The reason for their hurry was a taffy-pulling party at the schoolhouse that night and two wood boxes to be filled before they could start.

"Well, off we go," said Ben. "And the first one that gets his wood box filled can help the other."

Then they counted three and were off. Mrs. Miller was out, and she took a long time to come in. When at last Joe was free he scurried home.

"Ben has beat me back and finished filling his box, I suppose," he thought.

When he reached home he darted round the hedge and called, "Hello, Ben! Got your box most full?"

"Ben hasn't come yet," Mrs. Jarvey called. "Maybe his aunt asked him to run an errand for her."

Joe hesitated. "Well," he said, "I believe I will fall to and fill his box. Then when he comes back we'll fill mine together."

He went to work with a good will. Every minute he expected to see Ben rush up; but no Ben appeared.

Finally he stacked the last armful of wood and gave himself a shake. "If I don't hurry to my own wood box it's good-bye taffy pulling," he panted and made a bolt for home.

Just as he reached the hole in the hedge some one came plunging through from the other side. The two met violently and a second later were sprawling on the ground.

"Ouch! That you, Joe?" called Ben's voice.

"Wow! Yes, it is," answered Joe.

Laughing and grunting, they picked themselves up unharmed.

"All serene!" Joe sang out. "I got back first, Ben, and I've filled your wood box."

At the same instant Ben exclaimed, "I got back first, Joe and I've filled your wood box."

They stared at each other for a moment, and then they shouted with laughter.

"Oho!" exclaimed Ben. "I did your job, and you did mine."

"And now both boxes are filled!" cried Joe. "Hurry, it's most time we were pulling taffy!"

Economy

Mr. Spuffinstein and his little son were walking down the main street the other day when a large sideshow poster caught the eye of little Ike.

"Fader!" he cried, "give me a nickel to go and see the sea serpent."

"Vasteful poy!" exclaimed his parent.

"Wanting to pay a nickel to see a sea serpent! Here's a magnifying glass; go and find a worm."



Some Rare Things

Continued from page 45

in the fern and Dash and I took our way back to the trout stream. Laddie came along in half an hour with the report of three pictures and how she alighted on a branch eight feet from him and swung and clucked and the little brighteyes peeped back, and she flew through the thick alder-studded swale and alighted right beside her baby, and "click" went the camera. Laddie returned the now quieted youngster to her with his most hearty thanks. Thus the work goes on. Go out after trout and you get grouse. As I write this, Laddie is away after salmon for our next story—I guess it will be very far "next," as he has been casting over a month now and not a fish yet. Never mind, he cast five thousand times in 1921 before he got a nine-pounder, and it was worth the effort, we both agreed.

THESE Nova Scotia woods are full of porcupines. Laddie tried to force one down the tree into a sunny patch where he might get its picture, but it bit at the stick and thrashed at it with its tail until it had so filled it with quills that it looked like a section of the porky itself. When the awkward little bear-like beast fell off the branch it caught another as cleverly as an acrobat with its front feet. The back ones go down on the ground much as bear's do. When Laddie inquisitively struck the body of a dead porky with his green stick, the wood came back thoroughly filled. (Under the microscope these milk-white, brown-tipped quills are shown to be cleverly barbed.) If fifty to one hundred would stick into the very narrow surface of a stick, how about a dog? These poor beasts come in to us most literally filled with quills. They have the instinct to sit still and suffer while the pincers are extracting them. The poor, foolish oxen in the woods—they are turned loose all summer—get their soft inquisitive noses chock full of the piercing quills, and these have the habit of drawing into the flesh farther and farther.

IF, when you are following the erratic trail of an otter, or the deeply sunken hoof-marks of a great bull moose across the Barrens, and you suddenly see a dark-looking wee thing go sailing over a laurel or blueberry bush, and you wonder whatever it was—you have probably seen a Jumping Mouse.

This in Zapus Hudsonius, as the classified list has it, a little two-inch, silky-grey mouse with a tail almost twice as long as its body. While it is the smallest among the rodents, it is one of the hardest to capture in the mountains. The one we find in the Nova Scotia Barrens is larger than the Rocky Mountain one. Off it goes in the most remarkable series of jumps, the longest for its size that any animal I know of can make—I believe it can clear ten feet at one leap. No wonder the owl, hunting under the gibbous moon has a whale of a time trying to catch this thing on springs. One is reminded of the kangaroo by the long hind legs and the way the mouse holds its front ones to its body while leaping.

Clever little chap; he has underground tunnels, chosen in dry hillocks, to hold his harvest gathering of seeds. In our milder climates I think it is active all winter. No doubt the stories are correct that it hibernates in the colder regions.

Little, tiny, palpitating thing, as it snuggles so frightened in the warm, close embrace of your fingers! We that are pained to hunt anything, found that the one we pictured was doomed. I think it is so with all birds and animals and fishes that you can capture easily. They are even then dying, poor things, paying the debt we all must pay to Nature; then away into the elements that form us we must rapidly be distributed. Odd little leaper, with that jointed tail. Break but one of the socket joints and it cannot leap, but falls over miserably.

Wonderful how the great Creator made the rodents to keep down the weeds by living on the seeds. Let one of these tiny aerobats die and there is, hard by, waiting, the flies that will deposit eggs that will hatch into maggots; that will consume, and in time liberate the imprisoned elements, back to air, water and salts. What a wisp of a thing is man!

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CURRIER AND IVES and other lithographers showing locomotives, railroad scenes, sporting and historical subjects, views of cities, etc. Old books, pamphlets, letters, newspapers, broadsides wanted by Harry Stone, 137 Fourth Ave., New York City. Offer anything of interest. 5-25

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS AND MAGAZINES sought for and reported free of charge. R. J. Blackbeey, Bookseller (business by post only), 29 Christ Church Buildings, Lisson Street, London, N.W. 1. 12-25

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WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING

When Will It Be Solved?

The world problem is: How to secure good will.—London Times.

Only Good Will Can Cure It

The real malady of Europe is not economic, but moral and political.—Contemporary Review.

And Yet Humanity Grows Better

Nobody can deny that human "cussedness" is as certain as taxes and the grave.—Glasgow Herald

When Distance Is a Hard Fact

Distance doesn't lend any enchantment to the view when you find you're out of gas.—Vegreville Observer.

When Baldness Is Still Hopeful

Every bald man is a prospect for hair tonic as long as he continues fondly to call it a "spot."—Vancouver World.

The Sense of Responsibility

The plain truth is that it is the very essence of moral duty that it be imposed on a man by himself.—Lethbridge Herald.

He Doesn't Let Opportunity Get Away

An opportunist is a man who finds the wolf at the door, and appears next day wearing a new fur coat.—Winnipeg Tribune.

Hot Times in Chili

The deposed President of Chili escaped from the country. Well, let him go. They'll get the next one.—Border Cities Star.

An Airy View of Bad Roads

We are getting ready for airplane traffic. Many of our roads seem to be built for it.—Sault Ste. Marie Star

What Every Wife Knows

Every married woman who thinks honestly knows she would spank her husband if he were smaller.—Regina Post.

Probably a Moderate Estimate

It is estimated that since the dark ages, woman's dress has been reformed only 31,674 times.—Calgary Albertan.

Showing Faith in Canada

The greatest milling concern in the world, the Spillers of Great Britain, have decided that the future of the wheat and milling business is with Canada, and they have acquired a chain of mills and elevators across Western Canada. Their faith in this country is founded on business judgment ripened by long international experience.—Toronto Globe.

The World's Need

This year not food enough is being produced to feed the world consumers. That is one thing. There are millions of people anxious to work producing food or doing any other kind of labor, but they cannot get employment. That is another thing. There are millions of acres of vast spaces, fruitful lands, waiting for the tiller, but no person comes to do the tilling. That is a third thing. Some genius who can set the unemployed to work on the vacant lands to supply food for the hungry will do a great service.—Edmonton Bulletin.

The Great Teacher

Most Americans get their schooling between the age of six and sixteen, says Prof. Dallas L. Sharp, of Boston University. That is true. But most of us do not begin to get our real education until we leave school. Experience remains the greatest teacher. When a school graduate strikes out in the world for himself, one of the first things he has to do is unlearn much of what he has been taught. The delusion that takes most time to get out of the head is youth's inflated conception of the possibilities of success.—Boston Transcript.

True Citizenship

True citizenship always recognizes the ideal motto that "in all things necessary there should be unity; in things doubtful, liberty, and in all things, charity." With a citizenship inspired thus, the country would be invincible without armies or navies, and while it is difficult to imagine such a condition among human beings, there is no harm in hoping that eventually such a situation, will prevail in every section of the globe. Should it ever come about it will be after ages of education and after small beginnings here and there, but it something worth making a beginning for.—Brantford Expositor.

Simple Measures

The scheme of William Irvine, M.P., to offset drought and hot winds in Alberta by filling the physical depressions of the province with water from the rivers is not without merit. A better plan would be to level the Rocky Mountains from Alberta to the Pacific ocean for a width of 200 miles. The moisture laden winds from the broad Pacific could then penetrate right through to our sunny province without being deprived of their humidity by the towering peaks of the Rockies. A barrier might be placed midway so that, on occasions when rainy weather is not wanted, such as during the Calgary Stampede, the rain clouds could be held in abeyance.—Bassano Mail.

While as for Our Senate—?

In Jugo-Slavia, congress is called skupshchina, which is nothing to what our congress is sometimes called.—Duluth Herald.

When the Future Will Look Backward

And to think that in a hundred years people will be calling these days of hardship and hustle "the good old days."—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

A Slip of the Tongue, of Course

One of our merchant princes is quoted as saying that "adversity" made him what he is. Obviously what he meant was "advertising."—Detroit News.

Politics by Radio

And when an orator nowadays talks about "all those within the sound of my voice," he's saying a microphone full.—Minneapolis Journal.

A Question

Rouge of two thousand five hundred years ago has been discovered near Odessa. Were there never any good old times?—London Daily Express.

The Usefulness Is Reciprocal

Rockefeller says he is grateful for the opportunity of being useful to his fellow men. You've noticed the stations of course.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

But Is This the Coon's Point of View?

If the price of his skin keeps going up pretty soon a raccoon will refuse to speak to a man when they meet in the bush.—Montreal Herald.

"Out of the Cradle, Ceaselessly Rocking—"

There has been born to a couple in Liberty, N.Y.; a fifteenth child. Well, we have always heard a lot about the cradle of Liberty.—Peterboro Examiner.

A Jest from the Lake Front

The Brandon man who drunk 36 cups of coffee to see if he could become intoxicated, was so disappointed he couldn't sleep all night.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

In Unity Is Welfare

The air is full of remedies more or less worthy of attention. But the one supreme need is that, as a nation, we pull together.—London Spectator.

There Are Still a Few Left, It Appears

A man was struck by an automobile while riding in a buggy at Ottawa. The news about this is that someone still rides in a buggy.—Brockville Recorder and Times.

A Marriage That Was a Merger

We see by the paper that a widower in Nebraska with nine children married a widow with seven children. The banking institutions of this country have no monopoly of mergers.—Prince Albert Herald.

A Kernel of Truth in This

Remember that while many a car gets smashed to bits at a grade-crossing, what usually suffers worst in it are the nuts.—Philadelphia North American.

A Joke from Across the Atlantic

A man in New York has just come back after forty years and claimed his wife. The report does not state whether he managed to match the ribbon or not.—London Punch.

A Stake with Rubber Tires

It is a fine thing to have a stake in the country even if you have to keep a lock and chain on it to keep somebody from making off with it at night.—Camrose Canadian.

Something Worth Keeping in Mind

There is a lesson for the community life in the fact that good horses pull together and keep things moving, but a bunch of mules is liable to do anything.—Wetaskawin Times.

Much Else in China Needs Clearing Up

If the current Chinese disturbance succeeds in establishing the identity of the fellow who inflicted mah jongg on the world, it will not have been fought in vain.—Boston Herald.

There's a Polar Bareness of Traffic, As Yet

A proposed air route to China will directly lead over the North Pole. Eventually red and green lights may be installed on the pole, with a traffic cop in attendance.—Edmonton Journal.

The Lowly Turnip's Usefulness

The provincial government grants a thousand dollars to the turnip growers to help extend the markets for this delectable Canadian vegetable that helps to improve the quality of the fruit jams of some of the U.S. canning factories. As a foundation for canned fruit preparations the turnip is unbeatable.—Guelph Herald

The Ontario Verdict for Prohibition

A London newspaper says that the verdict in the liquor referendum voting in October was not an intelligent one, because the dry majorities came from the rural districts, "which are behind the cities in education, intelligence and knowledge of the world." But it didn't require an English paper to tell Toronto that. Toronto admits it.—Vancouver Sun.

Same as Broadway

The new gas light for the town streets were lighted for the first time on Wednesday. They give out a good light and are a great improvement. Lights have been placed along Main street and a number of the residential streets. Tofield is getting more like New York every day.—Tofield (Alta.) Mercury.

Rather, It is a Little Dynamo

When looking around for the factors that make a country great, one should not overlook the little grain of wheat. Its lifting power is greater than that of dynamite.—Regina Leader.

A Suggestion

The Chinese celebrate New Year's Day by paying their debts. It might not be a bad idea to put the Chinese in charge of Germany when the year is about to change over.—New York World.

The Soviet Decree against Santa Claus

Once more the children of Christendom will have to feel sorry for the poor children in Russia, where by strict decree of the Soviet government Christmas has been abolished.—London Daily Mail.

A Kindly Wish for E. Ali

We notice that Enir Ali is to be the new ruler of the kingdom of the Hedjaz. Well, En, we don't know much about the job, but hope you'll make the best of it.—Saskatoon Star.

What Many Successful Men Remember

Take any 100 of the successful men in this country and you will find that at least 90 of them were raised in homes where the kitchen was used as a dining-room.—Red Deer News.

Millions for Pocket Fire-arms

Government statistics show that Americans spent more than \$4,000,000 last year for pocket firearms. It might be as well to hold a disarmament conference at home before we recommend it to the world at large.—Seattle Times.

Sorry, But Nothing Can Be Done

A paragraph says that the people on Mars—if there are any people on Mars—are freezing. So far as this world is concerned, absolutely nothing whatever can be done about that.—Calgary Herald.

A Fundamental Truth

The reason our economic problems remain unsolved century after century, is because they are considered as cold-blooded scientific problems instead of human problems.—Neepawa Press.

The Dangers of Civilization

A Leelanau county Indian barely escaped with his life when attacked by hold-up men on a visit to Chicago. The Indian cannot be too strongly urged nowadays, not to venture too far away from civilization.—Fargo Tribune.

The Solution of Humanity's Problems

Some day this is going to be a mighty nice world to live in—but not until people realize that the only solution for most material problems is spiritual.—Golden Rule, decency, tolerance, Christianity.—Yorkton Press.

In Regard to Eggs

A lady phoned in yesterday to know if it would be contrary to the act to eat the eggs from her own flock of hens. To make sure we asked a local storekeeper, and he said he thought it would be all right provided the eggs were fresh.—Leduc (Alta) Representative.

State Control and Individualism

The supreme problem of the future will be not how to thwart the movement toward State control, but how to direct it in such a way as to achieve legitimate ends without sacrificing the individuality of the citizen.—London New Statesman.

Miss Agnes Laut on Ideals

Miss Agnes Laut has been telling us that "what we want to do is to get hold of ideals high and worth while and stick our teeth into them, while standing solidly on our feet." That's a nice way to treat ideals; go biting them.—Calgary Herald.

The Prince Does His Duty

Through the columns of the Edmonton Journal we have just learned the Prince of Wales paid his subscription to the High River Times last year. We regard as a prince any man who pays his subscription as soon as it becomes due.—Saskatchewan Record.

A New Way of Pointing a Moral

The preacher in Montana who took a monkey with him into his church and placed it before him, to point to during his sermon, gave evidence of a love of sensationalism as great as his lack of humor. Being that kind of a preacher, he failed to realize that it might be said of him that he would not be missed if the monkey had been the sole occupant of the pulpit.—Ottawa Citizen.

The Spirit of Sacrifice

At Leamington an 18-year-old girl has given her life to save other members of the family from the flames. At Brampton a brakeman has been killed while attempting to warn a pedestrian of a train's approach. At Windsor three men did not hesitate to risk death when a motor car plunged over the dock, and its occupants could only be saved by rescuers diving down into the depths. An emergency officer who closes an unsuspected hero. Custom is the spirit of sacrifice lives on.—Toronto Globe.